Liberty

JANUARY 30, 194
10¢

LIBERTY

Book: THE UNINVITED
A One-Evening Thriller

LIBERTY

ON GUADALCANA
with the MARINES

LIBERTY

POINT RATIONING:
A New Kind of Money

LIBERTY

MOTHER POWER
The U.S. Woman's First Job

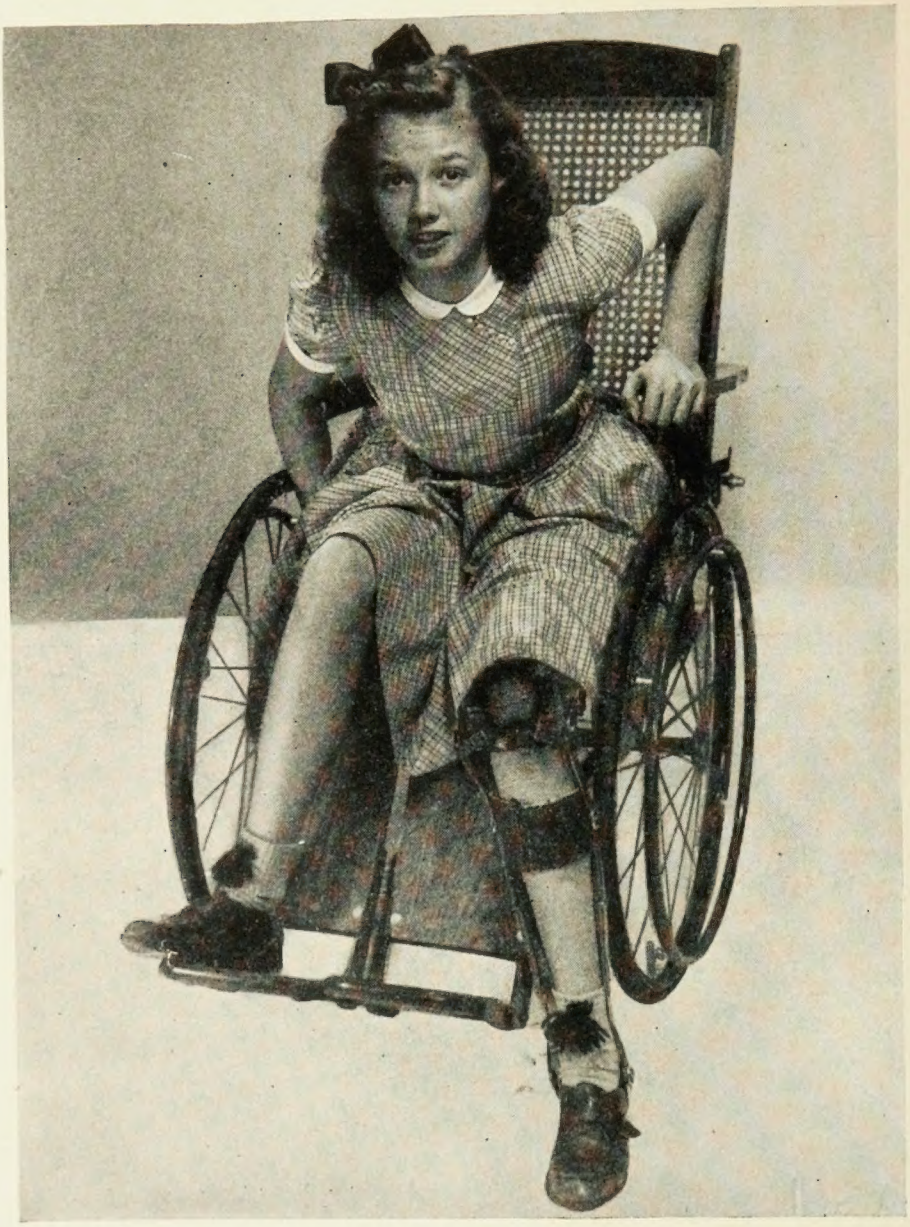
LIBERTY

ETHEL BARRYMORE
The Trouper Extraordinary

LIBERTY

FICTION
MOVIES
AVIATION

"---help me win MY victory"



FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

The War against this crippling enemy on the children's front depends on your support. Your dimes and dollars are the ammunition!

Speed them along to the President at the White House.

ANNUAL APPEAL---JANUARY 15-30

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS AND THE CELEBRATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

Suppose this was your house, your pooch, your Baby!

What's to prevent that dreadfulness from happening here?

Men can't prevent it, unless those men have ships and guns and planes and shoes and chow. All these supplies and machinery of war cost *money*. Because in this country, there aren't any labor slaves; everybody gets *paid* in defense factories here.

So it takes money to fight a war. To keep ships going, and guns shooting, and soldiers eating. So that *they can* keep little houses standing, pups playing, kids like yours SAFE.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

The write incentive!

Writing needn't be "one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration"! Millions of people agree that a Ticonderoga pencil is one of the best incentives to good writing. This smooth-writing pencil "feels" good in the hand; it spurs you on and on. Yes, a Ticonderoga is the most unlaydownable pencil you can buy. Requires 50% less energy in tests also.

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A fine American Pencil with a fine American name..

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J1, Jersey City, N. J.
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BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

Road to VICTORY

Make the Mayfair your stop for pep-restoring sleep and a satisfying meal.—you'll push on towards Victory with renewed vigor • •

HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS

Over 50% of all rooms $3.50 or less single

In This Week's Liberty

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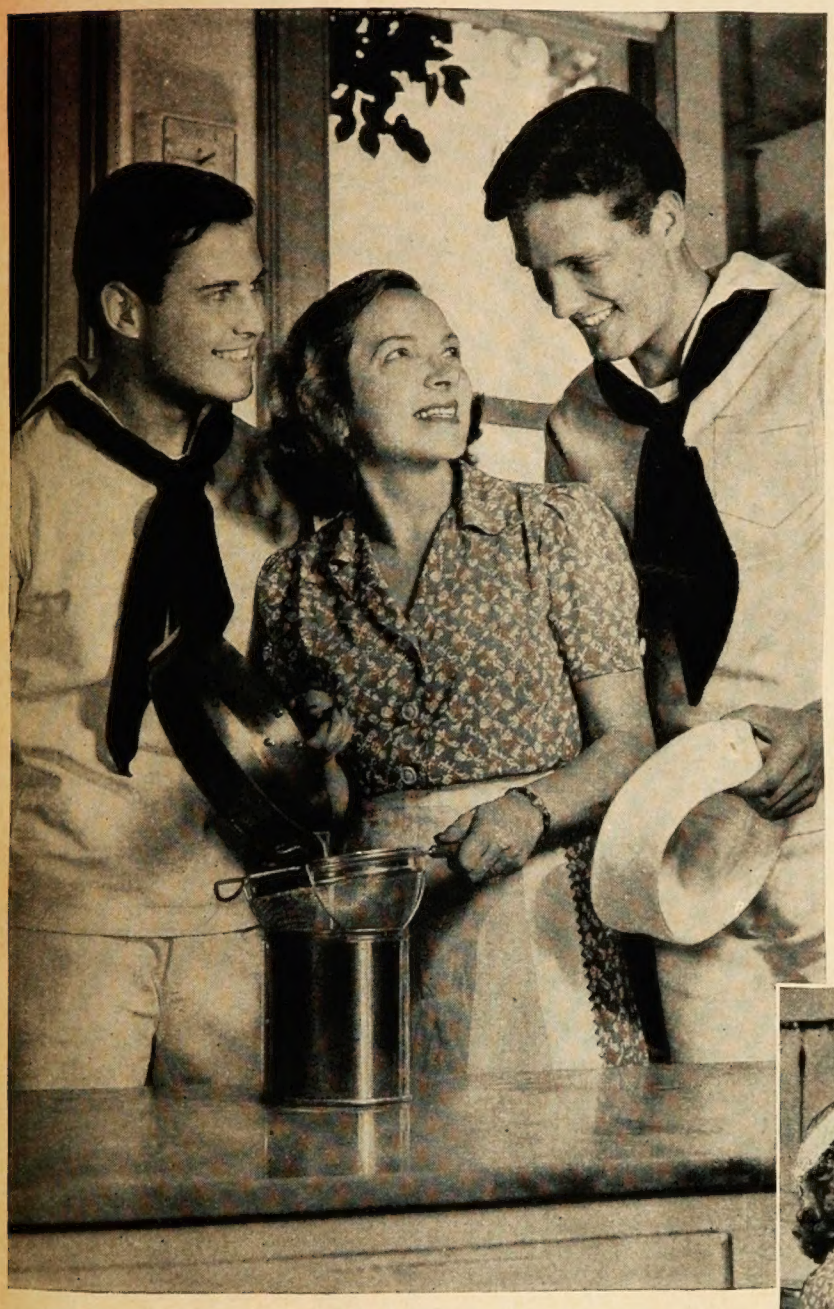
HELEN HAYES shows the Navy how she saves *waste kitchen fats* to help stop the Japs



"I AM sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

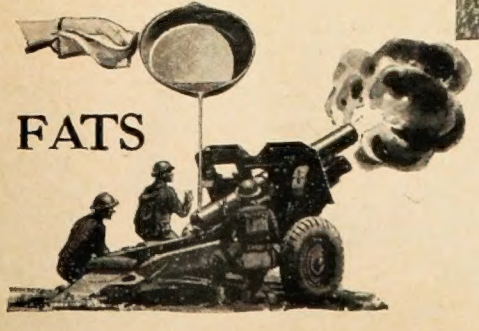
"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is cooperating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."

How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.



SAVE WASTE FATS TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

ANOTHER TAX PLAN

EL PASO, TEX.—If our national income is up some fifteen billion dollars it is due to war expenditures, and if we can come out of this war as well off financially as we were one year ago we should all be in a very happy position.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has the necessary machinery already set up for income tax. I would like to see some agitation for financial statements of present worth (applied to all individuals and businesses), all increase in financial worth, with the exception of 10 per cent, to revert to the Treasury. This would require an annual statement of individual resources. Evasions should be heavily penalized.

By this method, those who are making most out of the war would be the

greatest contributors to the cost of the war.

The above system, *with a retail sales tax*, would be the least painful method of taxation and should bring in the billions.—*Charles S. Graves.*

MARKEY CORRECTS HIMSELF

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.—I wish to correct as quickly as possible an error which appeared in my article How Much Do You Owe Uncle? (December 26 Liberty.)

The mistake was in the application of the 5-per-cent Victory tax. In my text it appeared that this tax would be deducted by the government from *all* wages of persons earning more than $12 a week. However, the fact is that the tax applies only to earnings in *excess* of $12 a week. Everybody receives the $12 exemption before the tax becomes effective.

Thus, I said that the person earning $20 would pay $1 Victory tax, whereas he must pay tax only on $8 of his income—or 40 cents a week. The person earning $50 must pay, not $2.50 as I indicated, but $1.90. He who makes $100 must pay $4.40, not $5. And so on. There was also a mistake in the paragraph describing the new deductions allowed for unusual medical expenses. It should have been stated that expenses of this nature which *exceed* 5 per cent of the taxpayer's net income may be deducted in computing the income tax due—but that such deductions cannot in any case exceed $2,500. I am extremely sorry that the somewhat ambiguous language of the tax bill led me (as well as other reporters) into this error, and hope that this will make plain the facts at issue.—*Morris Markey.*

WHAT A MOUTHFUL!

MARBLEHEAD, OHIO—I thought some of your readers might be interested in knowing the longest word in any dictionary. The word is: pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis. It is the name of a very rare lung disease. The editors admit that it hardly qualifies as a "useful" word.—*Rosalie Fiorani.*

48-HOUR WEEK SELFISH?

BOSTON, MASS.—Let us have some discussion of the agitation for a change in the 40-hour working week. My impression is that this change is being advocated by selfish employers who want to get away from the time-and-a-half overtime stipulation.

They tell you that shortage of man power makes a 48-hour week imperative, but I feel the bosses want to line their pockets again at the workers' expense. They also tell you that wages have been increased on an overall average of 15 per cent, but they don't add that living costs have mounted more than that.

What do *you* say?—*Jefferson Mabie.*

SHOOT OFF YOUR EARS, DAN

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Probably no Vox Popper will ever get the response Deafened Dan (December 26 Vox Pop) is in for.

Why doesn't he bandage his ears instead of shooting off his mouth? I'd prefer that he shoot off his ears and bandage his mouth, however.

If any Japs or Nazis come near his

home, I hope all our "noisy" soldiers keep the 500-yard distance he wishes; then he won't have to hear any noisy guns.—*Rena Lewis.*

YOU TELL HIM, GIRLS!

HOLLAND, MICH.—I think Liberty could do this country a lot of good by publishing articles to inspire young women to become interested in outdoor living and sports and thereby make this country's womanhood healthier. Seems to me there are few young women these days who care about outdoor living or sports. If there are many left, I'd like to know about it.—*Rus Sakkers.*

EVERY HIT AN EXPLOSION!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Every hit in Direct Hits is an explosion, especially sections 5, 6, and 7 (December 26 Liberty). This sort of American optimism is what we need now, and more of it. Why should we have a catastrophe or a "crash to end all crashes"? I wish Mr. Case could keep hammering on this text in other articles later.

Readers should become enough interested to offer solutions—articles maybe, or letters at least—on how to prevent an after-the-war slump. This is in line with the heartening speech Henry Kaiser made before the Manufacturers' Association a few weeks ago. All pessimists and Gerty Glooms should hang their heads.—*John T. Smith.*

DON'T BUY PAWN TICKETS

PORTLAND, ORE.—Your gyps are good talk to hand out to the great army of the gullible (and who isn't in it?). But I'd like to add a gyp that is practiced round shipyards and other places where war workers are easy bait.

It is the pawn-ticket racket. A shabby gent sidles up to you and asks you to buy a ticket on a diamond ring or brooch on which he's been lent $200, and produces the ticket to prove it. He will sell you it for $5. Of course it is supposed that the jewel is pretty fine

to bring $200 at a pawnbroker's, worth perhaps four times the price, so it's a sale.

But when you redeem the trinket and have it appraised, it is found to be worth not more than $50.

How come? Why, the guy of the three golden balls has a shill working for him. So beware!—*James "Rooked" Rann.*

*NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Another Best-Selling Book

Condensed for Easy Reading—Complete In This Issue

BALCONY EMPIRE

By REYNOLDS and ELEANOR PACKARD

★ The inside story on Italy, on Fascist party intrigue, on Mussolini—on the country where Americans may be fighting next. Is it ready to crack? Will it turn on Germany? Read this best-seller in next week's LIBERTY.

PLUS An Exciting Murder Serial, Short Stories, Articles, Cartoons, Verses and Departments.

Don't Miss Next Week's **BIG** *Issue of*

Liberty

. . . FOR ALL

They want to be pilots—but live ones. Recognition course helps the aviation cadet to distinguish enemy planes in a split second.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Numbers Racket

In the airplane recognition courses for pilots, they are discovering that the hand may be quicker than the eye—but not quicker than the trained eye. It's just a matter of conditioning the optic to absorb detail fast.

Deciding in a flash whether that plane on his tail is friend or enemy may spell the difference between safety and death for a combat pilot.

Recognition instructors start by flashing five-digit numbers on a screen for about a second. The student has to write them down. Then the instructors step up the pace. The numbers grow longer, and pretty soon they are seen for only a fraction of the original time.

Finally they begin working on airplane silhouettes. Graduated pilots are able to identify all known types of friendly and enemy planes in—guess what? Just one twenty-fifth of a second, or normal snapshot camera speed.

"Spoiled" Airplanes

All over the United States flying instructors are telling novices: "Nope; go around again." Attempting to land, their students have misjudged their altitude in relation to distance from the airport and strength of the wind.

Now maybe the engineers have a gadget which will simplify this bugaboo. But, first, let's see why landing a plane is so hard. First of all, an airplane *wants* to fly. It's almost as hard to lose altitude, even with the engine throttled back, as it is to gain it. In landing, you must begin to tease a ship out of its flying speed at the right altitude and at the right distance from the field. That's a ticklish procedure at first. One of the best fighter pilots in World War I was the despair of his commanding officer when it came to landings.

The gadget that may make flying a lot more popular is a rectangular piece of sheet aluminum, about six by twelve inches, set into the top of each wing. You purposely approach an airport high to avoid "undershooting." When you get within easy distance of it, you pull a lever and the two "spoilers" pop up on a hinge, destroying the flow of the smooth lifting air on that portion of the wing. The normal glide stops, the plane drops like an elevator. In no time your wheels are ready to touch.

From primary and advanced training gliders, now in military use, it looks as though the spoiler soon will move over to power planes—to the delight of future student pilots.

Wrong Pew

"You are headed into the wind—land straight ahead," the voice of the control-tower operator droned into the pilot's headphones as the airliner coasted in with visibility cut way down.

His wheels touched. He stopped rolling. "What runway shall I use to taxi in?" he asked.

"But you're not down yet!" protested the control tower.

"Oh yes, I am," replied the pilot a bit indignantly.

He was down, all right. He had landed on an army field adjoining the large metropolitan civil airport. It took him forty-five minutes to get the army's permission to take off.

High, Low, Jack

A small boy wanted to know this, but you might have to ask a good many licensed pilots before you got the answer. The youngster had heard about enemy planes bettering our pursuits at low altitude but falling prey to American planes when they ventured upstairs.

His question was: If we can do so well high up, why can't we do a job of infighting lower down?

The answer is simple. A low-altitude fighter and a high-altitude fighter may have the same basic engine, putting out the same amount of power at low altitude. But, to get upstairs and retain enough zip in the engine to tussle with the enemy, the high-altitude job has to lug along several hundred pounds of supercharger and intercooler equipment, as well as more gas for the climb.

When you put that same ship into a fight down low, it has no more power than a low-altitude plane—and it still has to cart all that extra weight. That reduces maneuverability and puts it at a disadvantage against a lighter opponent.

Odds and Ends

United States officials recently hailed production of 49,000 warplanes in 1942, but do you know that, in the last year of the first World War, England was producing at the rate of 50,000 planes a year? The point is that there's plenty of difference between the wooden "crates" of those days and the complicated planes of today. It's not how many but *what* you build that counts.

One of the fifteen buildings comprising the new Chrysler aircraft engine plant in Chicago will cover fifty city blocks. The whole plant will be the world's largest manufacturing unit, capable of producing each week engines equivalent in terms of horsepower to the entire generating capacity of Boulder Dam.

Over 200 pounds of aluminum is being saved in each Consolidated B-24 bomber by the substitution of wood plastics for wing tips, trimming tabs, side gunners' doors, map cases, and other components. Other substitutions are on the way.

Longest direct bombing record of the war to date is believed to be a flight of nine Consolidated B-24 Liberator bombers from bases in India to Bangkok, Thailand, to blast an oil refinery—a round trip of 2,000 miles. All returned safely.

NEXT WEEK

A MODERN MIRACLE

In North Africa, at Guadalcanal, in New Guinea, Iceland, and on other fronts thousands of fighting men who in other wars would have died of blood starvation and shock are now being saved by the new man-made fluids that pinch-

hit for blood. We all know about blood banks, made possible by civilian blood donors. Blood substitutes are the milestone beyond them, quicker, more effective, easier and safer to use. Their precise nature is a military secret, of course, but MONA GARDNER has many amazing things to tell about them and what they have accomplished. And the postwar future, she says, has even greater miracles in store.

WHY "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

Not so long ago many of us feared (and some few hoped!) that our American form of government might give way to a dictatorship. Today, what we want most is to preserve that form with its safeguards to our liberties. Very possibly the best judge of our chances is CHARLES A. BEARD, eminent realistic interpreter to his fellow Americans of the history of their country. In his belief, "it" *can't* happen here—provided we understand those constitutional "checks and balances" we can all name so glibly. He will do us the immeasurable service of making them plain to us.

WILL THE AXIS DROP DOLLARS FROM HEAVEN?

Did you ever hear of attacking an enemy with counterfeit money? It's an old and tried weapon, a type of skulduggery that especially appeals to such masters of trickery as Hitler, Hirohito, and Company. Of late our Secret Service has begun to fear that they might try it on us, right here in America. A single bomber load of phony currency scattered from the skies might be more devastating in its effect than dynamite. Why? MYRON M. STEARNS answers that query in LOOK OUT FOR ENEMY MONEY! —and tells how all of us can prepare now to combat such an attack.

The Nation's 3 Greatest Hits

OSCAR SERLIN
presents
CLARENCE DAY'S

LIFE WITH FATHER

Made into a play by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust — Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney
EMPIRE THEATRE, New York • 50th Jubilee Year • 1893-1943
Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER with PERCY WARAM & JUNE WALKER

ALFRED LUNT · LYNN FONTANNE
The Pirate

"An Occasion for Rejoicing"
NICHOLS—N. Y. Times

An Extravaganza
by
S. N. BEHRMAN
presented by
The Playwrights' Co. and
The Theatre Guild
MARTIN BECK Theatre
45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Eves. 8:40. $3.85 to $1.10
Matinees Thursdays and
Saturdays $2.75 to $1.10.

"Heroic...Hilarious... Overwhelming"
ANDERSON—Journal-Amer.

The Playwrights' Company presents
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Cast of 25 including ALINE MacMAHON
CORT THEATRE
48th Street E. of Broadway.
Evenings 8:40,
$1.10 to $3.30.
Mats. Wed. Sat.
$1.10 to $2.75.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

ON GUADALCANAL WITH THE MARINES

An action-packed account of the fighting in the Solomons, where the toughest part of the war in the Pacific is being fought—by a Marine dive bomber who was in the thick of it

BY LIEUTENANT DONALD E. McCAFFERTY OF THE U. S. MARINES

AS TOLD TO ALAN HYND

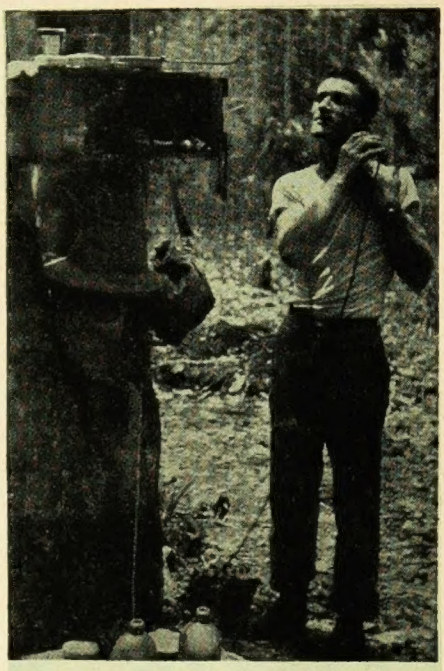
A BLINDING equatorial sun made the Pacific look like a picture post card that afternoon in August as our forward echelon of dive bombers and fighters hit the air from a carrier and streaked for Henderson Field on the north end of Guadalcanal in the Solomons. We did 150 miles in good time. As we circled over the most prized airfield in the Pacific, we saw below us the marines who had battered their way onto the island twelve days before, taken Henderson Field, and driven the Japs into the jungles and mountains to the south.

When we set our ships down, the boys converged on us and almost tore us apart. They were bandaged, bedraggled, and haggard from twelve consecutive days of night-and-day war. But an unquenchable spirit burned in both the kids and the veterans.

I had gone into flight training with the marines fifteen months before in Florida, and I'd had my wings for five months. I'm twenty-two. You might call me typical of about half of the bomber and fighter pilots who landed at Henderson Field that day; the rest were seasoned men from Midway and other combat zones.

The set-up was this: If we could hold Henderson Field, the vital life line between the United States and Australia would be protected. The job of the ground force was to keep the Japs at bay in the jungle until sufficient reinforcements arrived to start an offensive. The task of the fighter pilots was to go up and shoot hell out of the Nip bombers before they could lay their eggs. It was up to us dive-bomber pilots to go out looking for trouble and pour it on whenever we located Nip warships or transports.

At mess that night we had canned corned beef, hardtack, and coffee cooked in a new garbage can. The ground boys apologized because they had been so busy fighting that they hadn't had a chance to set things to rights. They were still laughing over all the Jap supplies they had seized after the landing. The men from Tokyo had come to Guadalcanal to stay. They had constructed a hospital, a radio station, and several other buildings out of prefabricated materials, and had brought along huge stores of food, rice wine, soap, grass sleeping mats, cotton blankets, Jap currency, batteries, machinery, concrete, and ammunition.



Lieutenant McCafferty on Guadalcanal. "I have always believed that you can dig up the necessities of life anywhere; it's the luxuries that are hard to come by," he explains. "So I'd brought an electric razor with me. I tacked a metal mirror to a rubber tree, connected the razor to some Jap batteries I'd found, and had myself as good a shave as I've ever had. I was the only guy on the island with an electric razor—and I don't have to tell you I became the object of some ribbing."

The biggest laugh to the marines, though, was the fact that the Japs had done the work in making Henderson Field. They had turned a piece of jungle about three quarters of a mile square into a major airport.

We were below the equator. The days were blistering, but it got cold and damp at night. Sometimes it rained for a couple of days at a stretch; afterward, when the sun beat down on the dampness, Guadalcanal was like an enormous Turkish bath. Twelve hours of darkness set in around seven.

Our bivouac was a clearing among the coconut palm trees north of the field, about a mile and a half from the nearest water—Sea Lark Channel, which separates the north side of Guadalcanal from Savo, Tulagi, and Florida islands. We were tired and excited that first night, and lay down on grass mats and wrapped ourselves in cotton blankets from the seized Jap stores. In the dark we were talking and joking but were tense. The jungle seemed to be closing in all around us.

Then the mosquitoes discovered us. A standing joke on the island was that the ground crew pumped 100 gallons of gas into one of those mosquitoes before he realized it wasn't a bomber. They and the ants, the field mice, the pack rats, and the lizards all adopted us that very first night. When the ants woke me by crawling up my legs, I saw by the radium dial of my wrist watch that it was about midnight. It was very still, and so black that I couldn't see my hand before my eyes. Then came a terrific sound from the north, in the direction of the channel. Everybody was awake instantly. The Japs had come into Sea Lark with some warships to give us a shelling.

We just sat there, bolt upright on our grass mats, listening. We'd jump a little when one of the shells screamed close. Twenty minutes passed. Then we began to hear the small cannon and machine-gun fire. That meant that our ground forces on the beach were in action. Which

"Our bivouac was a clearing among palms." Here's a Red Devils' tent headquarters.

meant that the Japs were staging a landing party.

Our orders were to remain in our bivouac, but we couldn't have gone up in our planes that night anyway. We hadn't had time to devise even a temporary runway lighting system. Besides, our gas tanks were just about empty and gassing the planes was going to be quite a job. Our pumping equipment hadn't arrived, so it would have to be done by hand pumps.

After an hour or so the beach fire began to diminish. Gradually it tapered off into nothing. When half an hour more went by and there were no signs of any Japs, we figured that the marines had kept things well in hand.

An hour before dawn a runner brought the news that the beach was piled high with dead Japs. I learned later that there were 687 of them. Our losses had been negligible.

Major (now Colonel) Richard C. Mangrum, the leader of the dive bombers, led several of us out on our first dawn patrol. The field was barely visible. We came together at a predesignated point and headed toward the New Georgia Islands, more than a hundred miles northwest. The warships that had laid down a barrage for the landing party some six hours before were out of sight and well beyond our range. We were out for more than an hour, getting the feel of the Solomons but spotting no Jap ships. Then we went back to a breakfast of coffee with pancakes made of powdered eggs and flour.

After I shaved, Corporal Jack Macias, my gunner, and several other pilots and gunners went over to the Lunga River, east of the field, to wash. Macias is of Spanish descent, dark, with flashing black eyes and a trick mustache. He was grumbling because we hadn't run into anything he could shoot at. "First thing you know," said Deadeye, as we called him, "I'll get out of practice." He used to spend hours on the carrier picking off little balloons that he'd released.

Captain Brown, a man from Pearl Harbor who was second to Major Mangrum in command of the bombers, was making mental notes of observations as we went along. He was devoted to his wife, who was in Florida, and was forever saying: "Remind me to mention this to my wife next time I send her a letter."

A little distance from us some Jap prisoners were washing out their clothes. I asked a marine who had been in the beach scrap the night before if they had ever tried to cause any trouble. "Hell, no," he said. "They're happier now than when they were in the army. Did you hear about all that Jap money we got hold of when we came in—the stuff the Jap paymaster had brought to pay the boys off with?"

I nodded.

"Well, we're payin' the prisoners off with that. They got a job to do—to bury their own dead so the corpses won't stink up the place too much. We figured we'd get more work out of 'em if we paid 'em."

"How much do they get?" I asked.

The marine grinned. "Ten times as much as they got in the Jap army," he said. "They're happy as hell. They got propaganda stickin' out of their ears and they figure Japan is goin' to win the war, and with all this dough we're payin' 'em and no place to spend it, they'll be rich." The marine gave me a couple of bills. "A souvenir," he said. "Save ten thousand of 'em and turn 'em in for a cigar coupon."

The biggest thing on our minds that day was the Japs in the jungles and the mountains south of the field. During the nights that had elapsed since the marines had made their landing, the Japs had been sneaking in reinforcements. In the mornings sentries would find heavy tracks on the sandy beaches, sometimes thirty miles from the airfield, indicating

(*Continued on page 66*)

"After four days I began to like the tropics." A Guadalcanal bathing beach helped.

LADY WITH THE HAUNTING VOICE

The story of Ethel Barrymore, queen of the theater's Royal Family—and still a trouper at 63

BY

FREDERICK VAN RYN

In her current play, The Corn Is Green, she scored a tremendous hit both in New York and on the road.

IT happened in the pre-Luftwaffe days. On a Sunday morning when the English countryside looked particularly peaceful and green, a party of American tourists descended on Warwick Castle. The guide, a flamboyant Cockney who made up in gestures what he lacked in stature, spared no gory details in describing the bloodcurdling events that had taken place in the spacious rooms that had housed the many generations of the Warwick family.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, rolling his eyes and lowering his voice, "I call your particular attention to the hall which you are about to enter. Were you to spend a night there, you would stand a fair chance of encountering the ghost of Queen Elizabeth. Once upon a time, one night when the old Countess of Warwick could not sleep—"

He stopped short and gasped. Standing in the middle of the hall was a tall, majestic woman in a bathrobe. Her hair was screwed up on the top of her head and she held a sponge in her right hand.

"God have mercy on my soul!" cried the guide. "If it isn't the ghost of Her Gracious Majesty!"

The American tourists guffawed. "Like hell it is," said a baldheaded man. "It's our own Ethel Barrymore. Hi, Ethel! What do you hear from Lionel and Jack?"

The guide blinked, but the ghost acknowledge the greeting. Speaking in that melodious, haunting voice—the envy of every girl on the North American Continent—she admitted that she *was* Ethel Barrymore, spending the week-end in Warwick Castle. Her hosts had forgotten to mention to her that their house was open to visitors on Sunday mornings. And so, there she was, en route to the only bathroom in the castle.

That she should have been mistaken for the ghost of Queen Elizabeth was flattering but not surprising. She had lost her capacity for surprise when she was old enough to realize that the Barrymores were a race apart. There was that other Sunday morning, way back in the 1880s, when her mother got up and put on her best dress just in time to meet Ethel's father returning home after an all-night poker session. Mr. Barrymore looked at Mrs. Barrymore and said jauntily, "Go to Mass, my dear." Mrs. Barrymore looked at Mr. Barrymore and replied just as jauntily, "Go to hell, my dear!"

And there was still another Sunday morning, in the month of April in the year 1906, when Ethel's uncle, the great John Drew, sat in her apartment in New York and heard her read the letter which she had received from her brother Jack. The latter was caught in the San Francisco earthquake—thrown out of bed at four in the morning—and, much to his grief and astonishment, was drafted by the military to dig out the debris and clean the streets.

"Do you actually believe it, Uncle John?" asked Ethel.

"Every word of it, my dear. It took a convulsion of nature to get your brother out of bed at four in the morning, and the whole United States army to put him to work."

On February 4 Miss Barrymore will celebrate her forty-second anniversary as a full-fledged star of the American stage. For it was on that day in 1901 that Charles Frohman presented her in her first starring role—as Madame Trentoni in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. She recalls that when she rounded the corner to the theater and found her name in lights for the first time, she cried like a baby.

She was to cry like a baby once more, forty years later, when, on the occasion of her fortieth anniversary, her brothers Lionel and Jack, her producer, Herbert Shumlin, Alexander Woollcott, and various other celebrities paid homage to her in a coast-to-coast broadcast. The Barrymore tradition calls for the presentation of a big red apple on an opening night. Because of that, Lionel thought it would be appropriate to begin the program by saying, "Dear Ethel, we brought a big red apple for you tonight, but John drank it." Unfortunately, the censors of the National Broadcasting Company eliminated the line.

No one was more unhappy about it than John. His first professional appearance was due to Ethel. One of the actors in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines lost his mother, and Ethel persuaded Charles Frohman to entrust the part to her young brother. The rehearsals went smoothly, but when the curtain went up, John forgot his lines completely. Instead of listening to the prompter, he said bluntly, "Well, I've blown up. Where do we go from here?" Ethel

choked with laughter and couldn't read *her* lines. The rest of the cast came to their rescue then, and managed to finish the act by "feeding" Ethel such lines as, "Oh, don't you mean so-and-so?" or "Oh, don't you mean to say such-and-such a thing?" John just sat and watched the proceedings. But when the curtain call came, he stepped forward and took a bow all by himself.

It is that unique combination of arrogance and deep-rooted self-respect—of ham and talent—which makes the Barrymores the Royal Family of the American theater. Not all of them are truly great performers—in fact, the latest crop suggests what is best described as a triumph of vitality over ability.

MONEY interests them little. In spite of his huge motion-picture earnings, John was a familiar figure in the bankruptcy court. Not unlike Oscar Wilde, he "died as he lived—beyond his means." As for Ethel, although in the past forty-two years she must have collected several million dollars in salaries and percentage splits, hers has never been a life *à la carte*.

Frequently short of cash, Ethel gets all of the nourishment she needs and wants out of applause and acclaim. Ten years ago, acting against her will and better judgment, she succumbed to the entreaties of Hollywood and agreed to appear in Rasputin and the Empress opposite her brothers Lionel and John. The experience terrified her. She still refers to that picture as "Disputin' and the Empress." Worn out by the continuous debates, she fled back to New York as soon as the last scene was shot, and never went to see the opus. Said brother John on that occasion, "Lionel and I see no debasing of our so-called art when we allow our histrionic antics to be recorded on celluloid and packed in tin cans like pineapples to be shipped to all parts of the world. We feel it is better to appear in five thousand movie houses at once, before a million patrons, than in one theater before eight thousand. But Ethel doesn't see it that way. She can't stand having just a cameraman and his satellites for an audience."

John was right. Nothing in the world can replace an audience, so far as Ethel is concerned. A rat-infested dressing room in a drafty barn somewhere in Idaho or Montana looks like a paradise to her when she compares it with that "dull, dull bungalow" which was given her on the M-G-M lot. "I never know," she confesses, "what some people mean when they complain about the rigors

(*Continued on page 64*)

She had her first starring role in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. She cried when she saw her name in lights.

Herman Shumlin, producer of The Corn Is Green, congratulates Ethel Barrymore on her forty years of stardom.

The movies got the three Barrymores together just once, in Rasputin and the Empress. Ethel never saw the picture.

Then Ted was shouting, "I'd as soon have a secondhand *baby* as a secondhand rug!"

MAGIC CARPET

If you're a man, you'll never let your wife go near an auction after you read this story. If you're a woman, you'll look for the nearest one!

BY VIOLA PARADISE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

SEVERAL heads turned to look at the handsome dark-haired young woman with wrathful blue eyes. But Marcia Deering was unaware of the others in the exhibition halls of the Wayland Auction Galleries. She did not even see the rare rugs that lined the walls, although for an hour now she had been wandering through the rooms, staring at them. And though, in each room, she had stopped to read the small dignified placard headed VICTORY AUCTION, the words only made a meaningless blur in her mind. She tried once more:

All owners of rugs to be sold at the forthcoming Victory Auction have pledged their entire receipts to War Bonds. The Wayland Auction Galleries also pledge all commissions on these sales to War Bonds.

No use! The words were the same, and the image of Ted—without laughter, without tenderness, in a glare of fury, dashing out of the kitchen, even forgetting his lunch [illegible] superimposed itself again. She moved on, still in a rage at Ted.

Suddenly it was as if the pot of her anger were taken off the boil and set back. It simmered a moment—she could still think indignantly, How dared he talk to me like that! Then the anger vanished and she was looking at a rug that hung upon the wall.

It was an ancient Kirmanshah, but Marcia knew nothing of that. She knew only that it made her draw in her breath, with its rich soft colors—reds and blues and a creamy yellow. She remembered one Sunday, long ago, in Central Park. Ted had exclaimed, "Look at that sunset! Gosh, I feel it even in my stomach!" "I know," she had chimed in, and they had laughed. And suddenly she was in his arms and they were engaged.

The rug made her feel a little like that sunset. But not about Ted!

This coming Sunday would be their second anniversary. And this morning they had had their first quarrel.

She tried to whip up her anger again, but the rug distracted her. If only she could get Ted to come and see it, surely he would change his mind!

And yet, reviewing the events leading up to the quarrel, she could not be sure.

He had worked overtime at the shipyards last night, and old Mrs. McArdle, who lived in the next apartment, had come in to keep her company. On Marcia's three hospital aide days Mrs. McArdle did her shopping for her, and always brought back, with the food, long tales of bargain hunting. Usually the bargains concerned a matter of two cents a pound off on butter, or the size of eggs.

But yesterday Mrs. McArdle had discovered bigger game.

"Auctions!" she exclaimed as soon as she got into the room. "To think of a long life, and only now I know what you can get at auctions. Dearie, I almost bought a ten-dollar lamp for one fifty—only I didn't need it, so where would be the profit in that? But they had rugs, too, only a bit large for your room—a rug not being like a dress, you can't turn up the

hem. But if you could wait awhile—"

"Oh, no!" Marcia had said. "We can't wait. Because Sunday is our anniversary, and we'll have enough money by Saturday. You see, with Ted's mother and grandmother both invalids—well, if we waited, there might be some special trouble and we'd never get our rug. Because, by the time 10 per cent comes out for war bonds, and then the social security—"

"Well, it's kind of too bad," said Mrs. McArdle. "But you might even find some other auction places. A lady today—she bought a table; all it needed was to blow off the dust and a touch of polish. Well, she told me about once she bought some draperies worth a hundred dollars for six fifty, up at one of those high-class auction places where society folks buy. You see, divorcing and marrying so much, they form the habit of refurnishing, I guess."

Then Ted had come home. At first he grinned at Mrs. McArdle's babble. But after a while he began to fidget, for it seemed that Mrs. McArdle would never run out of accounts of auction bargains. When at last she did leave, he groaned, "You don't *like* that old hag, do you, baby?"

"Well, she makes me laugh."

"Well, she makes *me* sick!"

"She's so kind, Ted. Besides, she gave me that recipe for meat loaf you like so well."

"Never make it again." Ted spoke with mock severity. "It'd taste of auction dust! Phew!"

THAT might have been the end of it—only this morning, as they were about to have breakfast, Mrs. McArdle knocked at the door. "Look, dearie. It's the finger of providence! I was wrapping the garbage in last Sunday's paper, and up pops this ad. It's about one of them swell *refined* auctions. See, 'famous collection of Oriental rugs.' I cut it out for you. Don't mind that spot; it's butter. They're on exhibit, those rugs. You can see them in advance, and the sale is Saturday. It's as good as a show, a auction is. Sometimes the auctioneers make real funny jokes."

"Marcia! Come here!" Ted shouted from the kitchen.

"Excuse me, Mrs. McArdle."

"Sure, run along to your man, dearie. That's how they are, husbands, till their grub reaches their gullet. I wouldn't of come at all, only knowing this wasn't a hospital aide day, I thought you could go and *look*. . . ."

Mrs. McArdle finally left, and Marcia, reading the clipping, went back to the kitchen. "Look, Ted," she said. "Maybe there's something in this auction business."

And then Ted was shouting at her. Shouting! Telling her she was a fool! Saying she'd better move in with the McArdle pest! "As for auctions, I'd as soon have a secondhand *baby* as a secondhand rug!"

"Well!" Marcia had been furious, too. "I didn't notice you refusing the curtains your mother gave us, that she'd used five years!"

(*Continued on page 53*)

"Mrs. Deering," said Mr. Wayland, "is a bit excited." Kit's eyes narrowed. "Maybe a glass of water would help."

GUEST FOR COCKTAILS

BY FELICIA LAMPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

RUSS and Jill had been married exactly a week when they moved from the relative serenity of New York to frantic Washington. Like other Washington immigrants, they spent two months with friends before they were able to find an apartment. The one they finally found was in a newly developed section, facing deep woods.

Gradually Jill adapted herself to the inefficiencies of the town. Instead of spending her days waiting for dilatory delivery boys, she now habitually left the door open for their convenience.

"Rash and impractical," she admitted to Russ, "but if I tried to be practical here I'd die of a broken heart, and every one would say I didn't love my husband, which is a dirty lie."

As she came in on a steamy summer day, she was grateful that she needn't pause to search her purse for the key. She pushed the damp hair from her forehead and leaned against the door, closing it.

Some one was moving in the kitchenette. The groceries were due before noon. It was now six, so it must be the grocery boy.

"Hello, George," she called. "How's the heat in there?" George was from Flatbush and hated Washington with a bitterness that exploded daily in acid outbursts.

FROM the kitchenette came a tall heavy man with dark stiff hair. Jill had never seen him before.

"You must be the upholstery man," she said, "who promised to come yesterday. I'd given you up."

"I am not the upholstery man," he said, speaking each syllable slowly and distinctly as if it were strange on his tongue.

An accent, she thought, possibly German or Austrian or— A sudden puff of wind rattled the Venetian blinds and the slanting late afternoon sun came through them. A ray of sunlight was reflected brightly from the revolver in the man's hand.

"Very kind, your leaving the door open," the man said. "You will now be so good to sit down."

Jill sat down near the telephone table, facing away from the instrument.

"The couch would be more comfortable," said the man, pushing the telephone away. Jill moved to the couch and took a cigarette from the heavy glass box on the end table. She lit it, marveling at her steady hand.

"Cigarette, Mr. —er—" she said, offering the box. The man shook his head, refusing the cigarette.

"You may call me"—he paused and chuckled—"Mr. Hoover . . . Mr. J. Edgar Hoover."

Then it clicked. The F. B. I. were looking for three German saboteurs. One of them had been seen in Washington. Watching Jill's mobile face closely, the man realized that she had identified him.

"Look out of the window," he said. Jill started to rise.

"No, no, from where you are," he said sharply, and pulled the blind up a few inches. Jill sat back and craned her neck. Several official-looking cars were parked near the border of the woods. A dozen men were about in clusters of three or four. Two others came out of the woods, looking discouraged.

"Stupid, the Americans," he said, lowering the blind. "One less stupid than the others recognized me. They chase me to the wood. I turn sharp and come right into this house. They all run around the woods like rabbits. I try many doors, and come into your hospitable apartment." Obviously he had only been waiting for her to realize who he was, to tell of his cleverness. She made her green eyes wide with admiration. The man smiled and sat down.

"I stay here until the men go away," he said, "with your kind permission."

Jill suddenly realized that Russ would be coming home soon. She looked toward the door. The man followed her eyes.

"You expect some one," he said.

"My husband," Jill said. "He usually gets home at six thirty." There was no use keeping that a secret.

The man went to the window and looked out. The men were still there. He put his revolver in his pocket.

"You will stay where you are," he said. "When your husband comes, you will present me as an old family friend from abroad. If anything goes wrong, I shoot your husband. I am very expert. We are trained."

She nodded. Pictures were flashing through her mind: Russ's face, contorted with pain; the man leaning over Russ doubled up on the floor; and then, absurdly, Russ playing tennis, stopping in the middle of a serve to try the wind-up again. She pulled her thoughts into focus.

"Will you have a cocktail?" she said.

"Your motion pictures present us wrong," he smiled. "We do not get drunk with beautiful girls."

"No, I wasn't being the heroine who saves her country," she said calmly. "I just thought you would look more believable as a friend if you were sipping a drink. I'm very hospitable, you know. Or, at least my husband knows."

"Good," said the man. He helped her prepare the drinks.

SHE tried to drink but found she could not swallow. The man took a sip of his, and then set it on the table. Both of them heard Russ at the door. The man quickly put his hand in his pocket. Then he nodded at Jill. She went to Russ as he closed the door and kissed him.

"Darling," she said, bringing him into the living room, "this is Mr. Muller, an old friend of my brother."

Russ shook the man's hand and started to talk, but Jill interrupted him.

"You need a drink, Russ." She poured one for him as he sat down wearily. Her mind was racing. If I'd only known Russ for years . . . if we only had accumulated enough common associations to give us a secret language now, she thought.

The man was talking about the Washington heat, and Russ noticed his accent.

"German, aren't you?" he said sympathetically. Now he was going to talk about the war. She interrupted hastily:

"Mr. Muller talked to my brother over the phone in New York yesterday, and Sam told him to look me up here." Her voice was a little high.

"Yes," the man said. "I was most grateful. I know few people here."

"You know, Russ, Sam is feeling very lonely. I almost went to join him this afternoon. But then I decided you'd starve if I left." She turned to the man. "My husband is too lazy to cook his own breakfast."

The man smiled politely. She turned back to Russ.

"I hope Mr. Muller will be with Sam tomorrow," she said. "Sam is very fond of him. You know, he

"Very kind, your leaving the door open," he said. "You will now sit down."

went abroad that time to do business with Mr. Muller."

"It was more pleasure than business for me," the man said. His voice was too mechanical.

"Oh!" she said, and clapped her hand over her mouth. The man looked at her sharply. She continued calmly:

"Russ darling, I left the car at the garage around the corner to have the tires checked, and I forgot to pick it up. Are you too tired to get it?" She saw the man stiffen. "You know, Mr. Muller," she went on, "if we don't pick it up by seven, they send a man over with it. They charge fifty cents, and he always stands around talking for *hours*. I mind the fifty cents most," she chuckled, "and Russ resents the guy's hanging around."

The man relaxed.

Russ finished his drink and stood up. "I'll get it this time, but if it happens again, I won't budge, even if we have to put that garageman up for the night." He slouched out wearily.

They could still hear the men's voices outside, but they could not make out any words.

"They go soon," the man said. "They never miss their dinner. When your husband comes back, unless I make my excuses, you will invite me to dinner."

"That's a risk," she said. The man tensed. "I'm still a very bad cook. You saw how thin Russ is." The man smiled.

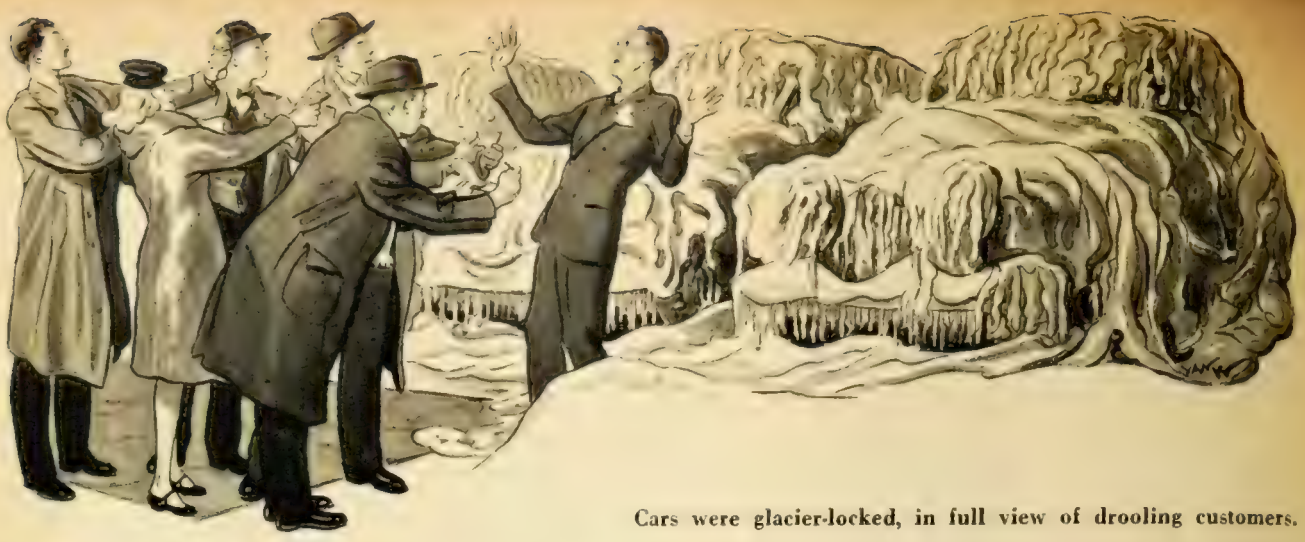
"That risk I will take." He sipped his drink.

Suddenly the door burst open and the room was full of men. The man dropped his drink and reached for his gun. Jill was only vaguely conscious that the police overpowered him. Russ put his arms around her. There was a jumble of sound, and through it came the man's voice, speaking to Russ.

"How did you know?"

"Her brother Sam was killed at Pearl Harbor," Russ said grimly. "The only time he ever went abroad was to do business with the Axis."

THE END



Cars were glacier-locked, in full view of drooling customers.

FROZEN — BUT WE'RE MAKING OUT

There's still plenty of fight left in car dealers a year after a defeat as complete as Pearl Harbor

BY TOM REYNOLDS

"THE car-freezing order hit me a year ago about like the hurricane did in 1938. *Swo-o-osh!* My prosperous business vanished in the twinkling of an eye—and I pinched myself to see whether I was dreaming."

This Connecticut auto dealer might have been speaking for 40,000 dealers and their employees. The whole dealer organization has had to resort to all manner of ingenious adjustments to accomplish the threefold purpose of making a living, aiding the war effort, and retaining locations and franchises in anticipation of a postwar sales bonanza.

"Frozen" was certainly the word. A three-billion-a-year business was congealed overnight. When the dealers went down to their establishments that morning, there were their brand-new cars—but not a car could be budged off the floor. They were glacier-locked, in full view of drooling customers with checkbooks in hand. The dealers themselves were skating on thin ice. Their income stopped short while the overhead ticked on: rent, salaries, taxes, insurance for the cars they were forbidden to sell.

They tried to take it in stride. Some were prepared to go in the red, if they could keep losses low enough. But they didn't want to lose standing in their communities.

Sales staffs were, of course, cut to the bone. Priority sales have been [illegible]—red tape and the tire and [illegible] applied hope on that score. Many dealers and dealers' sons have had to get jobs to support their business. They've gone into war work and left a wife or daughter in charge of the white elephant.

The larger agencies, with tremendous investments tied up in stock, had to find some way besides retrenchment of carrying the overhead.

Some dealers who had sold fewer new cars if old ones lasted too well, and therefore had soft-pedaled servicing, now went after repair business. It proved to be a lifesaver.

A good many invested in equipment that would enable them to take war contracts. Joseph Gray of the Freeport, Long Island, Cadillac agency, spent months picking up secondhand tools. He is now machining small airplane parts. Another man makes parts for antiaircraft guns. An Ithaca, New York, dealer invested $25,000 in equipment for making steel punches for cartridge-making machines, has contracts for $1,000,000 yearly. Frequently shop mechanics learn how to operate the secondhand machines while overhauling them, and so stay on the pay roll.

Two shop employees and a salesman at a Philadelphia agency took refresher courses in electric welding to enable their firm to work on frames for a self-propelled bomb-loading truck. A group of dealers in the Pittsburgh area got a contract to assemble shell fuses. Others are assembling such items as army repair kits. And a Lincoln, Nebraska, dealer installed sewing machines and got a contract for $31,000 worth of nurses' jackets.

Studebaker surveyed the field of war contracts and put out a book for its dealers explaining the difficulties and hazards as well as the possibilities. It proved invaluable. The OPA also compiled data on war contracts, which the dealers' association bulletin made available to the trade.

Those not in a position to enter into war contracts have tried other ways of turning an honest penny. The Forest City Motor Company of Portland, Maine, bought all the bus chassis they could find. They also lengthened some of their truck chassis. Bus bodies were easily purchased, and the completed jobs were readily sold at about $4,000 each.

Jackson Brothers, Dodge-Plymouth dealers of Beaumont, Texas, converted their drive-away chassis into buses and now operate them to transport workers to defense plants.

A Peekskill, New York, dealer turned most of his big new building into a profitable roller-skating rink.

The J. H. Van Sandt Service Station in Birmingham, Alabama, turned its yard into a trailer camp for war workers. Dealers in districts with inadequate garage facilities have been doing a lively parking business with their spare space.

These dealers and thousands like them have kept a jump or two ahead of the wolf. Others couldn't have but for the Murray-Patman Act, which

(Continued on page 52)

POINT RATIONING— A NEW KIND OF MONEY

BECAUSE "point rationing" will become a big factor in your daily life, you should know how it works.

It is simply a method of rationing a *group* of similar products instead of just one. Take meat, for example. When it is rationed, each kind of meat will receive a point value. By raising or lowering this value, the government can direct consumer demand from scarce to more plentiful meats. The same principles apply to all point-rationed commodities.

Each consumer will be allotted a certain number of points each month. These points in effect constitute a secondary form of currency. The housewife can be extravagant and use all her points on a small amount of scarce goods. Or she can be wise and spread them over the more plentiful things, hence "cheaper" in points, for the whole month.

The radio and newspapers will keep you up to date on products and their point values. In the meantime, here's Liberty's visualization of the fundamentals of point rationing.

You apply for War Ration Book 2 which contains your Point Ration Stamps.

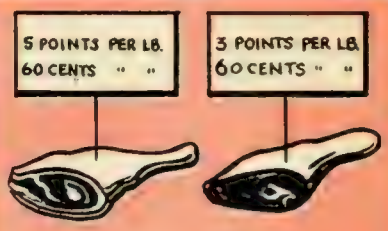
(1)

Each stamp bears a number—its point value. There are 8 point, 5 point, 2 point and 1 point stamps.

(2)

Prices of rationed products will be listed in "regular money" AND in points.

(3)

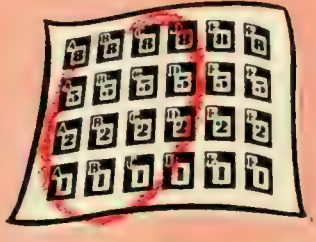


Scarce goods will have a high point value, plentiful goods will have a low point value.

(4)

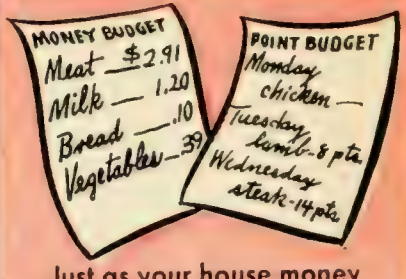
You will have to pay money AND stamps.

(5)



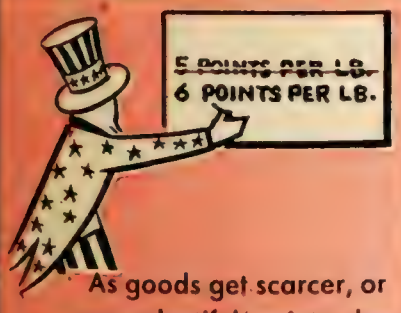
Only a limited number of points may be spent each month.

(6)



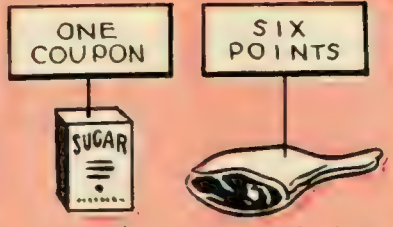
Just as your house money is budgeted, so your points will have to be budgeted.

(7)



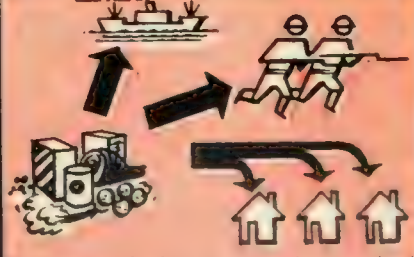
As goods get scarcer, or more plentiful, point values will change... probably not oftener than once a month.

(8)



Straight coupon rationing still applies to some individual goods, like sugar, gas, coffee, etc. Point rationing applies only to groups of related commodities.

(9)



Rationing helps us supply needed goods to our fighters and allies, share equally at home what is left.

(10)

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THERE is something peculiar about a man who travels with four wills, each signed by a different person, and each making him heir to about a million dollars. At least, the Ballisters thought so, and they could spot a racket, having lived by their wits all over the world.

Carola Ballister found the wills when she went through a briefcase belonging to Albert Mercer, a passenger, with her and her husband, Henry, on a plane which crashed near the Mexican border. With the wills was a peculiar list of foods, which began with plum tart and ended with pea soup.

The Ballisters talked the situation over while Mercer was unconscious and decided to investigate further.

"I want to look up a man in Cleveland," said Henry. "George Kempen."

Kempen had signed one of the odd wills that Mercer carried with him.

Meanwhile, in Cleveland, George Kempen had decided to make a new will, leaving his money to Lili Ban, a night-club singer whom he was to marry. Jeffrey Piper, a young lawyer who knew Kempen only slightly, was to draw up the will. But it was never signed. While Jeff and Kempen were lunching at a restaurant, a man came in and greeted Kempen, who suddenly seemed afraid. And when the man—whose name was Mercer—ordered a strange lunch, mentioning plum tart first and ending with pea soup, Kempen left. Outside he told Jeff:

"I'm going home to pack. Phone me when the will is ready."

The next time Jeff saw him he was dead, lying on the floor in his apartment, crushed by a huge statue that seemed to have fallen on him.

The police called it an accident, but Jeff was suspicious.

"I could swear Kempen was murdered," he told Lili Ban—and decided to investigate on his own.

When Mercer left for New York, Jeff took the same train. He watched his quarry buy drinks for a good-looking couple who later went into his compartment with him. Jeff waited outside.

The couple left and Jeff entered—and found Mercer dead, from a bullet through his heart!

Jeff left hurriedly, taking with him a small notebook which he hoped might contain a clue.

In the corridor, he met Elizabeth Neff, a young woman author with whom he had chatted in the club car. He asked her not to tell any one she had seen him leaving Mercer's compartment.

"I'm not going to tell," she said, "if you tell me what it's all about."

So he told her the story and showed her Mercer's notebook. Its pages were blank.

"I'm going to test this for invisible ink," said Miss Neff.

Jeff thought that was silly. His idea was to nail the couple who were with Mercer and make them talk.

But he couldn't nail them. They left the train at Syracuse, and the man, Jeff saw, as he looked out of the window, carried Mercer's briefcase.

PAPER CHASE

A murdered man's memo book yields vital information to Jeff and Liz—and leads them to the man who might be the next victim of an ominous nation-wide murder plot

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

THE next morning Jeff and Liz each disembarked from separate cars, followed separate porters up to the taxi stand and, paying no attention to each other, took separate taxis. If the murder was going to be in any way connected with a man and a woman together, Jeff thought it best not to be seen in or near the train with Liz as making up a possible couple. Since there had been no disturbance or outcry before Jeff left the train, the porter evidently had not yet discovered how difficult it was going to be to awaken Mr. Mercer. But he soon would.

Jeff directed the driver to take him to a hotel on the park, hoping for a little coolness. When he got to his room he called the number Liz had given him. Her voice sounded glad on the other end of the wire.

"How soon could you give a gent a cup of coffee?"

"Ready when you get here."

As she had told him the night before, her apartment was in a brownstone in the East Seventies, but he hadn't expected it to be quite the way it was. She had seemed too wise-cracking, too brittle for these fluffy curtains, chintzes, and ivy.

"What did you expect?" She was amused at his surprise. "Skulls and pistols? I keep the lurid stuff for my adoring public."

They sat down and she poured the coffee.

"When do you think they'll discover Mr. M.?" she asked. "All the way home in the taxi I expected to see newsboys flashing extras and big black headlines: 'Police Seek Elizabeth Neff for Questioning.' I bet it would help the sale of my books plenty." She waved at a row of gaily jacketed books in one of the long white bookcases against the wall. In bloody reds and sinister purples some of the titles stared out at him: Murder in the Grandstand, The Case of the Poisoned Teardrop, Death Takes a Somersault.

"Are those yours? I thought you wrote love stories!"

"What would I know about love?"

Jeff took out one of the books and leafed through it. "Now things are beginning to make sense," he said, looking at her with new eyes. "So that's how come the invisible ink."

She nodded. "Won't you come into my laboratory and give Exhibit A the works?"

She led the way into the kitchenette and Jeff followed her.

She poured a bottle of iodine into a little casserole, then she put the dish on the stove and turned up the flame.

"Do you want a lecture with the demonstration?" she asked. "I went into this thoroughly for the Teardrop Case. Very clever. Buy yourself a copy and read it sometime. The iodine is from the medicine cabinet, the casserole is from Woolworth's. The heat will evaporate the alcohol from the iodine, leaving iodine crystals." She noticed the expression on his face and stopped. "What's the matter? Feel silly?"

"Damn it, Elizabeth, I do. This is too much like a Class B movie. What makes you think any one used invisible ink?"

"What makes you think they didn't? Of course, codes are smarter right now. If we'd found a code message in the book, would you feel more like a first-run feature?"

"No—but—well, now that I know you write—"

"Class B books? Go on—say it. I'm not sensitive. I make a good living." She brought the green memo book out of her pocket and tore out the first page.

"It's just that I can see your imagination working on this as if it's one of your books, instead of the real thing. After all, there've been two murders. Two men are actually dead, not circulating-library dead."

A thin brown vapor was rising from the brown crystals left in the bottom of the casserole. Elizabeth held the page from the book over the vapor. Nothing happened. She tore out some more pages. As she discarded them, they fluttered to the kitchen floor. In a few minutes she was halfway through the book.

"Well," said Jeff, "had enough?"

She frowned at him. "Patience is not one of your virtues."

"Patience! I want to do something besides chemcraft in the kitchen."

"My friend," said Elizabeth slowly, "you are about to make me an eloquent apology. Look."

THE paper she was holding bore some faint purple marks. Even as she spoke the marks grew more distinct. Finally a hand-printed word appeared here and there. Elizabeth moved the paper slowly from side to side over the vapor. Her eyes were narrowed with concentration. Finally the printing on the little sheet appeared clearly in four rows. She put it down carefully on the kitchen table.

Jeff bent over it. It was a list of four names: "George Kempen, Cleveland, Ohio," he read. "Professor Frederick Rowe, 261 Riverside Drive, New York City. Marie Lange, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Ben Walters, Washington, D. C."

"Professor Frederick Rowe," repeated Elizabeth wonderingly. "Why, I know him! If it's the same man. He was a professor of mine at Barnard. European history. I wonder what his name's doing here."

"Do you think it's the same man? And, Lizzie, I do apologize. But what the hell is it all about?"

"It's the same name. It isn't likely that there are two Professor Frederick Rowes in New York City. I haven't seen him since I graduated. That's about six years ago, but we were good friends at school. I took all his courses." She examined the neatly printed address again. "261 Riverside. Boy, he's come up in the world. He used to live at a rooming-

(*Continued on page 70*)

"Look!" said Elizabeth. The paper she was holding bore some faint purple marks.

ON THE MAP

BY ROGER KAFKA

Maps, the first weapon an army demands, are helping combat forces win the war — and helping the home front understand it

When he said, "Spread before you a map of the whole earth," the nation was doing so.

JOHNNY'S pushing a tank across the sands of North Africa, Bill's slashing his way through New Guinea jungles, and mom and dad are buying out map stores all over the country so they can follow the boys' progress. Map dealers thought they'd seen something when—between December 8 and Christmas Day, 1941—the demand for maps was so great that one company had its biggest year since 1858, when it was founded. But that was just the beginning. By February 23, 1942, when President Roosevelt opened one of his Fireside Chats by saying, "Take out and spread before you a map of the whole earth," the nation was doing it with a practiced hand.

In their effort to understand this war in which each of them has a stake, the civilians of America have learned a fact long known to military men: Without maps, war would be impossible. In the days when wars involved only handfuls of men, opposing commanders carried the maps of the battlefields in their minds. In today's global machine-made conflicts no action, from a minor skirmish in the sands of Libya to a thousand-mile-wide offensive on the Russian front, is ever planned without the use of anywhere from ten to ten thousand maps.

Military maps must show not only cities and towns, railways and rivers, but also the contours of the land. The ordinary newspaper map indicates mountains by a series of tiny parentheses hatched across it. But a good topographical map shows by color changes the relative heights above sea level. Everything must be drawn to an exact proportion so that distances can be figured out rapidly.

The citizen whose chief experience has been with the glorified pictographs given away free at gas stations usually feels that the biggest problem connected with a map is to get it folded back into its original shape again. When auto trips were a week-end commonplace, all you ever had to do was find the place you were starting from, where you were going to, and the shortest red line between.

For military purposes the problem is somewhat more complex, whether you are chief of staff or a lowly second lieutenant of infantry.

As a second lieutenant you might have to lead your platoon over a few miles of broken country to a selected point and then deploy to form an outpost. Before you started you'd have to know what route would give the best natural cover against enemy aerial observers. Once you arrived, you'd have to place your men in positions where they couldn't be surprised by enemy skirmishers and their guns could cover possible enemy approaches.

As chief of staff you would have to balance, say, the possible convoy time from New York to Suez against that from San Francisco to New Delhi; the distance from Boston to Murmansk against that from Edmonton, Canada, to Ambarchik in Siberia. For your battlefield would be the world and your headache the question of supply. You would know that by capturing a dot that marks a railroad junction you could paralyze an army of a million men and win a historic victory.

If you were a second looey you would have to know only how to read the map's symbols; how to see them as streams, woods, heights, and valleys. But the maps you would use as chief of staff would show huge sections of the globe, and to translate them you would have to have a knowledge of cartography.

The fact that the world is round dogs map makers constantly. They

can show exact scale, relative size, true direction, or correct shape, but never all four together. Except on a globe, they cannot represent the shapes of the various land masses of the earth and at the same time show the relative sizes. But they overcome the distortion by what is known as projection. This is what it means: If you sliced an elastic orange peel from top to bottom on one side and then stretched the top and bottom until they were as wide as the middle, you'd have a flat sheet. But because they were stretched, the surfaces of the top and bottom would appear larger than they did when on the orange. So you have an accurate picture of relative distances at the equator, but the distances become more and more exaggerated as you look toward the poles. Most New Yorkers think of Alaska as being much farther away than England; the actual distance from New York to Liverpool is 3,137 miles and from New York to Fairbanks, Alaska, only 2,850. San Francisco is nearer to Berlin than it is to Manila—by more than 1,600 miles.

Hitler's henchmen have taken advantage of the fact that most of us have little or no real knowledge of the relative sizes and shapes of the various parts of the world. Karl Haushofer, Hitler's geopolitical expert, introduced what he called the "suggestive" map. In 1934 he circulated one showing the Czech threat to the Herrenvolk. It showed Germany in black and Czechoslovakia in white, so that Germany looked small and Czechoslovakia large. Since only these two nations appeared on it, it could easily be projected so that Czechoslovakia appeared to be a dagger pointed straight at the vitals of the Reich. To heighten the terroristic effect, there was a grim grid of bomber distances radiating from the borders of Czechoslovakia toward the "Aryan" homeland.

In characteristic contrast we have left the problem of mapping to scientists who have devoted all their efforts to achieving accuracy.

Your modern map is a precise instrument. Map makers love to tell of the explorer who was traveling through the jungles of Dutch Guiana by canoe. His native guides assured him at one point that impassable rapids lay ahead. But he went right ahead. His map indicated no rapids, and although it had been drawn 3,000 miles away, on upper Fifth Avenue, it turned out to be more accurate than his local guides.

The Department of Agriculture is working on a map made from 1,333,000 aerial snapshots that will show every one of the three million square miles of the United States. It will cost $15,000,000 to make. But it will be used to check on soil erosion, to analyze the timber resources of the nation, to plot new highways, pipe lines, dams, flood-control methods, and electric transmission systems. Work on it began in 1938 and it won't be finished for years. It was really born during the Civil War, when lack of good maps showed the need for government-sponsored map making, and led to the establishment of the United States Geological Survey.

A map can be designed that will give you almost any conceivable kind of information. Dr. John Kirtland Wright, one of the world's foremost cartographers and director of the rigidly scientific American Geographical Society, is not given to flip exaggeration. In answer to the question, "What can be mapped?" he gave as one example: "A map of the United States showing by townships the density per square mile of flat-footed children under the age of ten could conceivably be made." He hastened to caution, however, that "it would require an immense force of field workers and would be of no use whatever."

At the onset of war our universities mobilized for a special war program in geography and map making. Men behind big guns fire by map. They seldom see their targets. Pilots kept up thousands of feet by anti-aircraft fire and harried by night fighters must fly directly to a point predetermined on a map. Bombers must drop their load on a precisely located target, turn and fly back home in darkness, fog, or rain.

PHOTO BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

The world being round, a globe gives most of us the clearest idea of real distances.

For a sample of the kind of map-wise ingenuity our fighting men have developed, take Chief Petty Officer Dixon. With two young companions he ran out of gas while on a scouting mission from an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Their plane sank in forty seconds and they were left floating on a little rubber raft four feet by eight feet, equipped with two life jackets, a pistol, a knife, a pair of pliers, a small steel mirror, and a rubber patching kit. The first thing Pilot Dixon did was to sketch a rough navigation chart on a canvas life jacket from memory.

THE END

Without maps, war couldn't be made. This is our army's War Plans Division.

MOTHER POWER

David checks in to spend the day at the new nursery in Buffalo, New York, while his mother works at the Curtiss-Wright plant.

Routine examinations of nursery children by doctors help prevent the spread of colds, sore throats, and other infections.

While their mothers work on munitions and planes, these children make clay birds' nests and Donald Ducks at their nursery.

SINCE Pearl Harbor we have been drilling to meet every kind of emergency—except one. But that one is the gravest home problem we face. Before long, from ten to twelve million children—more than a third of all we have—are going to be orphaned for their mothers' working day. Increased production—the key to winning the war—will depend on woman power.

Already there are at least five million "eight-hour orphans."

From five to seven million more workers will be needed before this year is up, to swell war industry and take over the essential non-war jobs of men gone into service. The Census Bureau has figured out that four to five million of the new workers will be mothers of teen-age children. The Bureau concludes that the younger housewives are the only real labor reserve left. "Even the mothers of young children must be drawn upon," it notes.

Surveys have shown that great numbers of these housewives want work if their children can be cared for.. More millions must work because their husbands are in the service; and at present many of them can only leave the children to look after themselves.

Epidemics of disease spread like wildfire among all children, and epidemics of crime spread first among all the neglected ones. From police headquarters come reports of mounting delinquencies; from hospitals, reports of an increasing birth rate of illegitimate babies, many born to girls under fifteen.

Children are being parked for the day with almost anybody, for a fee; and uninspected, uncontrolled "day nurseries" are harvesting profits. Adolescents are working in factories at night, and collapsing asleep on their desks in school. Mothers take night shifts so as to attend to their children in the daytime, and break down for lack of sleep.

The Ricci family—papa, mama, and seven children, from two to fifteen—used to be on relief. Then an aircraft plant opened ten miles away, and Mrs. Ricci went to work at twenty-eight dollars a week. Then Mr. Ricci, an alien, got a non-defense job at eighteen dollars a week. The eldest girl, aged ten, stays home to take care of the infants and serve the

How American women can help prevent today's neglect—and tomorrow's tragedy

BY ANITA BRENNER

meals. The school complains that the children aren't clean. The oldest boy plays truant and has been involved in gang pilferings.

Mrs. Schmidt's husband is somewhere in the Pacific. She earns fifteen to eighteen dollars a week as a waitress. After a frantic search, she found a nursery that takes three-year-old Frances until her brother, aged eight, comes for her. The two are on their own, in the street usually, until mama gets home at six.

Multiply these stories by several million, and you begin to see what the woman-power crisis amounts to.

A woman who lives in a suburb was horrified to discover during an air-raid drill that some of the children on her block, hurrying home from school before the alarm siren, couldn't get in. Their mothers were out somewhere. That same day she went all around the block, ringing doorbells. Why couldn't she, and all the rest who would, take turns being "block mothers"? A sign in the window would tell any child that here were shelter and help. She and the neighbors worked out the idea.

In another place twelve mothers wanted a nursery school for their youngsters. They found unused recreation rooms in a neighborhood church; then they hired one good teacher and divided themselves into shifts, taking assistant duty a week at a time. The system worked so well, so inexpensively, that another group of mothers in the neighborhood did likewise. Now forty mothers associated with these co-operatives are taking courses to qualify them, officially, as nursery aides.

The wife of a Negro minister in New York's Harlem couldn't stand what she knew was happening in her neighborhood, so she quit her job, got together a corps of women, found some cheap light space, begged chairs and tables—and sawed them down herself—ran bazaars for rent money and teacher salaries, got the supervisory help of a nursery association, and opened her co-operative. It takes twelve-hour care of forty children now, and is actively helping to start other co-ops.

Mrs. Apfelbaum, young, well off, childless, sat down at her telephone with a long list of bureaus, agencies, and councils, and started asking

EUROPEAN

Here's more clay work at the Manhattanville Day Nursery. It's better than making mud pies, unsupervised, in the city streets.

WIDE WORLD

Stories and songs lull these youngsters at Detroit's Nursery for War Workers' Children into the mood for an afternoon nap.

EUROPEAN

The lady takes a critical look at her fellow artist's work. Painting is one of the most popular pastimes at day nurseries.

ALME

During an air-raid drill in Seattle, eighth-grade boys guard nursery children in the school basement—and seem to like it.

The Curtiss-Wright Corporation and the Amherst branch of Bundles for America established this Buffalo, New York, nursery.

Mothers in New York's Chelsea district make a drive for day nurseries to care for their children while they're at work.

questions. When she got through she decided everybody was waiting for everybody else to do something. The neighborhood clinic said there were some thirty-four children of enlisted men who needed action now. So she persuaded a charity organization to lend-lease her the space and some equipment, and she persevered until she got a kindergarten organized. Four neighborhood restaurants take turns providing hot lunches. The mothers pay small fees to cover incidental expenses. Mrs. Apfelbaum herself puts in the working day as errand boy and manager—gratis.

Dr. Frank O'Brien, one of the officials of New York's public-school system, says that turning all schools into children's centers is the only sensible answer—for the most of the in-between ages, at least. It means more room, more money, more teachers, many volunteers. But he thinks "we, the people" will see to it that all these are provided.

IN Brooklyn there is a Children's Museum. When war needs and the WPA slash cut most of its staff it prepared to shut off some halls and operate part time. The children wouldn't hear of it. They asked to do the work themselves, and got the chance to try. Now it runs full steam with six adults and seventy-five after-school and week-end "junior docents" — adolescents — who do everything from working the printing press to nursemaiding.

Howard Hopkirk, head of the National Child Welfare League, says that in every community there are likely to be starting points to which mothers can go for advice and help, and volunteers for information and possible assignments. There are church welfare societies, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the local welfare organization, the school principal and the school board, the Scout leaders, the Red Cross, the A. W. V. S., and the Civilian Defense Council. There may be a city welfare department, a community center, a settlement house, a Foster Care Association, a Police Athletic League for adolescents, a women's division of the state or national Department of Labor. From then on it's a matter of organization.

The experts, both government and private, say that taking care of ten million war orphans just can't be handled by the national government alone. One woman is needed for every three babies, one for every five toddlers, one for every ten half-grown children. Nearly every woman in the country who doesn't have a full-time job will be needed to shoulder some of this one.

THE END

Liberty readers match their best jokes with the popular Can You Top This? program

THEY HIT

EWING GALLOWAY

THE TOP!

TWO golfers, strangers to each other, met on the links. "See that girl over there?" said one. "Imagine her parents allowing her to appear in a rig like that! Just copying men's clothes."

"That, sir, is my daughter," said the second golfer.

"Oh, pardon. I didn't know you were her father."

"I'm not," was the reply. "I'm her mother."

MRS. P. A. SEIGLER.

A SOUTHERN mammy whose husband was in the penitentiary went to the governor of her state, who was known as the "pardoning governor."

"Marse Guv'nah," she said, "I wants my man pahdoned. He's in de penitentiary, and all he done was jes' steal a ham."

"Why do you want him pardoned?"

"Marse Guv'nah, I needs him. We's plum out of ham ag'in."

REV. CLYDE WALTER EHRHARDT.

KATIE was missing Pat, who was in the army, very much. She wrote him, telling of her loneliness, and ended with: "I'll have to spade up the garden meself." To which Pat replied: "Don't dig the garden, Katie me girl. That's where me guns are hidden."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a truckload of soldiers arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from one end to the other. Katie wrote Pat in desperation, asking him what to do now.

Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Plant the spuds."

ELOISE N. COZENS.

RETURNING from a twenty-mile hike, the officer in command of a company said, before dismissing his men:

"All men who are too tired to take another hike, step forward two paces."

The entire company stepped forward except one big husky sixfooter. Noticing him, the officer said: "Well, Johnson, ready for ten miles more?"

"No, sir," replied Johnson. "I'm too doggone tired to take those two steps."

ALBERT M. LEIMKUHLER.

THE teacher had delivered a lecture to the English class on the general use of slang and its damage to the mother tongue.

"And now," she concluded, "there are two words which I don't want ever to hear in this class. One of them is 'swell,' and the other is 'lousy.'"

A hand in the back of the room was raised and a young voice inquired, "Please, teacher, what *are* the words?"

MRS. F. C. LOWREY.

IN our November 21 issue we invited readers to try to top a dozen jokes selected from Can You Top This? the radio program on which "Senator" Ed Ford, Harry Hershfield, and Joe Laurie, Jr., shine Tuesday and Saturday nights.

Thousands responded with jokes of all colors and kinds, sizes and vintages. Among them, as might be expected, were many duplicates of the tried-and-true variety. In choosing, we were guided by superiority in presentation.

All of our readers' jokes went through our genial editorial hopper, then were run through the merry mill of Messrs. Ford, Hershfield, and Laurie. Successful contributors received five dollars ($5) each.

A SOLDIER has just written home the word passed on to him by one of his officers.

"Providence has given us two ends," the officer said. "One to think with, one to sit with. The outcome of the war depends on which we choose."

MRS. ALICE E. GARDNER.

KNOWN as a sharp trader, an optician was giving his son some pointers.

"My boy," said he, "after you have fitted the glasses to a customer, he always asks, 'What's the charge?' You answer, 'Ten dollars,' and then wait for the flinch. If it doesn't come, you add, 'for the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.' Again you pause and wait for the flinch."

"What if the customer doesn't even flinch then, papa?" asked the neophyte.

"In that case, son, you add the word 'each'!"

JAMES H. CHESTON.

THREE fellows walked into the railroad station and, after checking schedules, decided they had time for a few drinks. Finally they leaped up and ran, just in time for two of them to catch the train. The third fell down and began to laugh. "What are you laughing about?" asked a cop.

"Those two guys," said the merry-maker, "came down here to see me off!"

L. E. LILLY.

"IS this a healthy place?" asked a stranger of a native of a certain region in the West.

"It shore is," replied the native. "Why, when I came here I couldn't utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head, I hadn't the strength to walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed the stranger. "How long have you been here?"

"I was born here!"

FRANK E. McGOVERN.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGH

Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown as this stirring drama o America's fight for democracy draws to an exciting conclusio

BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Julian Day left Williamsburg, Virginia, where he had been teaching a boys' school, and went to fight for the freedom of the colonies in the Revolutionary War, he was in love with Regina Greensleeves. He was sure, though, that she would never marry him, because of his friend, St. John Sprague. Sprague had gone north to join Washington. Regina, a Tory, had disapproved, and they had quarreled. But, as Dorothea, Sprague's sister, said, "They belong together," and Julian knew it.

Tibby Mawes, however, looked on Regina as a real rival. In love with Julian herself, she could not imagine any girl refusing him. Tibby and her twin brother, Kit, were the children of a laundress. The girl had captured Julian's interest when her insatiable thirst for learning drove her to attend school in her brother's clothes. When Julian discovered it he tutored her and sent her to a girls' school.

She was no longer a child now, but Julian didn't realize it, didn't know how she cherished his letters and longed to be near him.

On the day the British entered Williamsburg, Kit Mawes died. Tibby was alone with him—her mother had died that spring. Suddenly a daring idea came to her. If she were a boy—if she were Kit—she could join Julian! Very well, she would *be* Kit. So she buried her brother and marked the grave with a wooden cross bearing her own name: *Tabitha Mawes*. Then, dressed in Kit's clothes, she set off for Lafayette's headquarters near Richmond, where Julian was an aide to the French general.

Her trick worked—with Julian. When she told him, "Tibby is dead," his grief touched her so that she almost gave herself away.

But Lafayette was not so easily fooled. When he saw her alone, he said, "It was your brother who died," and she had to confess the truth.

Touched by her love for Julian, he allowed her to remain to help with the staff correspondence. "And may I be here to see," he said piously, "when our incredible Captain Day comes to his senses!"

Julian discovered the masquerade sooner than Lafayette had expected. For Tibby followed him onto the battlefield and was wounded.

"Tibby, oh, my Tibby," he cried, gathering her into his arms, "I should have known!" And Tibby, in spite of the pain in her wounded shoulder, was content at last.

With Lafayette's permission, Julian drove her to the Greensleeves plantation, where St. John Sprague's aunt [illegible] uld take care of her.

UNDER Aunt Anabel's direction, Tibby was put to bed. At the dinner table Julian told the story to a highly sympathetic audience which was also gratified to learn that Cornwallis had left Williamsburg. He asked to say good-by to Tibby before starting back toward the Chickahominy, and Aunt Anabel led him to her room just before sunset. Tibby lay, very white and small, in the high four-poster. Her hair had gone back into pigtails. Her eyes were fastened on the doorway.

"You're not supposed to talk," he said, smiling down at her from the side of the bed. "And all I'm allowed to say is good-by."

Her chin quivered. The tears started, and she was too weak to check them now. She turned her face sidewise into the pillow.

Julian bent over her. "Don't cry, sweetheart. I'll come back to see how you are as soon as I can get leave—and I want to find you getting well." He kissed her cheek and left the room abruptly with the taste of tears on his lips.

TIBBY had been hardly a week at the plantation when an army courier arrived with a letter from Julian. It was all her own. No one else got anything. Very flattered and flustered, she opened it awkwardly with her left hand—her right was still tied to her side on account of the wound—and read:

My dear Tibby:

Today I shall pass by towards Richmond, but with no hope of getting away from Lafayette to see you for even a minute.

The army, such as it is, is on its way to a rest camp at Malvern Hill, which lies between you and Richmond, and might as well be at Fredericksburg, for all the good that does you and me now. The Marquis is so afraid he'll miss something, he is ready to start for Baltimore at the drop of a hat—but at least for a time we are to be at Malvern, guarding the Virginia stores and ready to move the minute Cornwallis shows his nose out of Portsmouth.

The man is waiting for this, so there is no time for me to turn phrases, even if I knew how. He has orders to wait there for a reply, as I must know how you are. If you are strong enough to write me a line yourself, it will be treasured. But if not, please ask Aunt Anabel to send me a report on your progress. I assume there is progress, because I must or go out of my mind.

Always your devoted

JULIAN DAY.

Tibby drew a rather unsteady breath and looked up from the letter into Aunt Anabel's smile, where she sat at the bedside dying of curiosity.

"Well?" queried Aunt Anabel. "What does he say? Is he coming to see us?"

"They're on the way to Malvern. He wants to know how I am. Do you think I could write with my left hand?"

"Can't you tell me what to write?"

"I'd rather do it myself."

So Aunt Anabel, on whom things were beginning to dawn, brought a big book with a sheet of letter paper on it, and dipped the pen while Tibby wrote laboriously—

Dear Mr. Day:

Thank you for asking, I am much better but I never learned to write left-handed. Can you read it? Aunt Anabel is holding the book. It is nice to know you are near. I hope you are well.

Sincerely, T. M.

And it had to go like that, with never a word about what it meant to her to have such a letter from him to keep under her pillow.

Meanwhile the fever receded and the clean wound healed and she got better, and began to take a rapturous interest in the dress of Dorothea's they were altering for her to wear when she was able to be out of bed.

Julian's next letter arrived early in August. *Sweetheart*, it began—but of course he had called her that sometimes before; it didn't really mean anything.

Sweetheart:

Your left-handed letter was most gratefully received. This comes to you roundabout by a courier on his way to Greene via Petersburg, so there will be no way to send one back to me. It is only to say that we are moving in

She found herself in his arms at last, held close against him.

the wrong direction, north to the Pamunkey. Blame Cornwallis for that; he has got into Yorktown, confound him, and no one knows which way he will jump now!

I will write again when I can, my darling. J. D.

My darling. Tibby lay looking out the window with a very odd feeling in her stomach. It should have been in her heart, she thought, but it wasn't.

For a long time there was no word from him. Then during the first week in September he wrote jubilantly to say that French marines had been landed by de Grasse at Jamestown, and there was a rumor that Washington was in Philadelphia, headed south. Wayne's troops were actually in Williamsburg and quartered at the college.

"We are the center of an armed camp," he added. "It is like watching the last act of a play, the last moves of a long chess game. Every one asks the same question: 'What about the British fleet?' Without it Cornwallis is a dead duck!"

A fortnight later a trim little sailing vessel arrived at the plantation landing and an orderly presented himself at the front door with letters —from Mr. Greensleeves, from St. John, and from Julian. Deaf to the exclamations and cries of joy all around her, Tibby read her own:

My Darling:

Are you well enough? Can you be moved? It is difficult to be coherent in the few minutes at my disposal. St. John has arrived here—Williamsburg—with Washington, as you may know by now. Rochambeau is here, the French army is here, the French fleet is hereabouts. We are closing in on Cornwallis for the kill. He is outnumbered and there is no danger now that he can erupt suddenly up the Neck, and St. John has contrived to get a boat sent to bring you all back to town. There will be coaches waiting at Jamestown, and you will have a fine view of the French army as you drive in.

At last I shall see you again! St. John says you are to have my room in Francis Street, and you will find my blessing in it. Theoretically du Bréon and I have tucked in at the schoolhouse, but neither of us ever sees a bed any more. Why do I run on so? All I mean to say is just—make haste, my Tibby, and come home! J. D.

They arrived at Jamestown on the twenty-sixth of September, shepherded by St. John's orderly, and drove through the French lines in the coaches which had been provided for them. St. John was not at the Francis Street house, and there was no sign of Julian, except a note on Tibby's pillow in his old room: *This is a big bouquet of red roses to greet you. There aren't any in town. I will come as soon as I can.* J. D.

"Well!" said Aunt Anabel, much gratified. "Julian *is* coming on!"

In the late afternoon St. John was suddenly amongst them, brown and laughing and exhilarated, kissing everybody. When he saw Tibby he let his jaw drop.

"Holy Je*ho*-shaphat!" said St. John slowly. "Introduce me, somebody."

Tibby made a curtsy. One of Dorothea's prettiest dresses had been made over for her, with a trim bodice over the high flaring hoop and soft lace at the square-cut neck. Doro-

thea, schooling herself toward a day when she must prepare Julian's bride for her wedding, had dressed Tibby's dark hair over a roll, with a bunch of curls at the back where the coil should have been. Small as she still was, open-faced and without airs, Tibby was not a child dressed up. She was a girl waking to love, with stars in her eyes.

"*Tibby!*" said St. John, allowing himself to stare. "Tibby, I am—overcome!"

"Was I so dreadful before?" she asked anxiously, and he laughed and gave her a brotherly hug.

"You were always adorable," he said. "But this is mighty sudden! Have you seen Julian? Or perhaps I should say, has Julian seen you?"

She shook her head, looking worried. "Maybe he won't like me to be different than I was," she said. "Maybe he'd got used to me the way I was."

"MAYBE he had," nodded St. John with satisfaction. "Maybe it's time he got a surprise. Why isn't he here, anyway? Julian is a stick-in-the-mud if ever I knew one. I wouldn't stand for it, Tibby—"

"Sinjie, that will do," said Aunt Anabel crisply. "Sit down and tell us what is going on."

But, before he could more than begin, a starchy orderly arrived from headquarters to say he was wanted there as soon as possible.

"Damn," said St. John, rising. "I asked for an hour, and it's not half gone. Come and walk down Gloucester Street with me and see the pretty Frenchmen in their pretty white uniforms."

They got their hats in a flutter of anticipation, and St. John gave Aunt Anabel his arm while the two girls followed, and he told them which houses had the honor of sheltering which generals and pointed out evidences of the British occupation.

"Washington is in Wythe's house," he was saying as they turned into the Duke of Gloucester Street, which was full of bustle. Busy orderlies hurried to and fro, colored grooms led groups of saddled horses, colored servants out on errands loitered on one foot to pass the time of day with each other, express riders pounded up to the Raleigh. "And Rochambeau has Peyton Randolph's place. Cornwallis left the president's house a total wreck when he moved out. We're using the palace as a hospital, and the French— There, Tibby, look what's just come out of the Raleigh!"

But Tibby had already seen, and felt her stomach sink, while her throat went dry and her hands turned cold and there was a sort of dizzy singing in her ears. Julian had emerged from the tavern with two other officers, one in Continental blue and one in the French white. They were making their way through groups of lounging townsfolk and soldiers toward their horses at the hitching bar.

"Let's just walk straight at him and see what happens," said St. John.

What happened first was that Julian caught sight of Aunt Anabel and, with a word to his companions, turned aside to greet her warmly and then bent over Dorothea's hand. St. John, who had deliberately screened Tibby at first, now took a step to his right, and Julian stood looking down at her. It took him a moment to come to. He had not expected to see her out taking a walk, for one thing, and no one had told him about the charming made-over gown with a hoop and the fashionable dressing of her hair under a wide hat with green ribbons. Speechless, she made him her curtsy. Julian held out his hand, palm up, and she laid hers in it, and he kissed her fingers. So nothing very much happened, after all.

St. John meanwhile was presenting Julian's companions to his aunt and sister: Captain du Bréon—Vicomte de Vioménil. Julian finished the introductions to Tibby.

"You and Captain du Bréon have met before," he added gravely. "At Jamestown. But I don't suppose you recognize each other."

Du Bréon blinked vaguely. This exquisite creature—Jamestown?

"Ah, *no!*" he cried in comic astonishment. "It is not the same one!"

But du Bréon's gaze went back to St. John Sprague's sister, resting entranced on the damask-rose coloring and soft dark eyes—the small delicious throat and the sweet young curve of her bosom under the snowy fichu. Here, he thought, was a creature to adore.

He plunged rather wildly into words, just for the sake of holding her attention to himself.

"But how the war is embellished daily!" he exclaimed. "Your arrival in Williamsburg, mademoiselle, brings out roses like June again!"

Dorothea turned up her face toward him with frank laughter at so impetuous a compliment—that confiding lift of her round chin so that she might really see his face, the debut of her dimple—and du Bréon was utterly undone.

"I hate to say this," Julian was beginning, "but we can't stand here. We're on our way to Jamestown camp. If I get back in time, Aunt Anabel, may I come to Francis Street tonight?"

"Not too late, dear. Tibby's had a tiring day and I'm going to put her to bed."

"How late is too late?" inquired du Bréon of Dorothea's eyes. "And may I come too?"

For a moment her wide defenseless gaze met his. Then she flushed and glanced at Aunt Anabel, who said, "Tibby has been ill and is still under orders, Captain du Bréon. The rest of us will be receiving until a reasonable hour."

"Alas that war, as a rule, is so unreasonable!" said du Bréon, and they all three made handsome military bows and were off to the French camp at Jamestown.

Dorothea found it an unusually long evening. A little after ten, when Aunt Anabel had yawned three times, they went upstairs to bed. The French, Dorothea reminded herself in the mirror, brushing out her dark curls, always say the charming thing. By tomorrow he will have forgotten. And later, on her pillow in the dark: It was the accent, perhaps, that made him seem so—*different.* And still later, just as she fell asleep: An accent—is bound to seem attractive—

TIBBY lay awake till midnight, listening for the beat of horses' hoofs in Francis Street, but Julian did not come. In the morning there was a note on her breakfast tray: *Returned after midnight, hoping you were sound asleep. This evening. I promise. J.*

J. Was she, then, to call him Julian? She had always longed to say his name out loud.

The hours of that day were endless.

After candlelighting, while they sat in the drawing room listening to Dorothea's spinet, Julian and St. John arrived together.

"Hold tight," said St. John at the doorway. "We're leaving for Yorktown at dawn. We haven't got five minutes between us. Tibby—God keep you!" He kissed her cheek. And then, by some talkative sleight of hand, he had spirited Aunt Anabel and Dorothea out of the room and left Julian standing there, beside a closed door.

Tibby looked at him piteously. Her

(*Continued on page 60*)

Coming Next Week

Il Duce, contemptible puppet dictator, shown up by two United Press correspondents who were inside his "empire" till last June. To see him as clearly as the undeceived Italian people do, read Liberty's abridgment of

BALCONY EMPIRE

By Reynolds and Eleanor Packard

The UNINVITED

By DOROTHY MACARDLE

...WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE CRITIC WHO TRIED TO STOP THIS "GHOST STORY THAT'S HAUNTING THE NATION"...

"I stopped reading midway in the book and went to bed; I woke up at 2:30 thinking about it, and at 3 A. M. I got up and finished the book. I had to know how it came out."
... Lewis Gannett of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

THE car seemed to share the buoyancy of the morning, humming along over the moorland roads and taking the twisting hills in top.

I was glad we had taken down the hood. There was a heady exuberance in the air. The sky was a high, light haze; the trees and hedges were sprayed with young color; birds were busy and lambs ran lolloping and bleating about the hills. Pamela pulled her hat off, otherwise the breeze would have sent it flying. It was her doing that we were on the road before nine in the morning and heading for the sea.

That in itself was reckless, for we were two hundred miles from London already and I had to be at my desk by twelve the next day. Even on a paper as smoothly run as Tomorrow, and with a chief as easygoing as Marriott, you cannot stretch a week-end farther than from four o'clock on Friday to Tuesday at noon. But I was not going back to town without saluting the Atlantic from those famous North Devon cliffs, and Pamela had insisted on seeing this house.

She was a little delirious with enjoyment of the spring morning, and talkative. "It's going to be warm. Roddy, look at that blackthorn; it's dazzling! I feel lucky this morning—do you? Isn't Marathon a gorgeous name for a house?"

"And that," I replied, "is your reason for wanting to see it! If it was any good it would be on the agents' lists."

I turned onto a steep byroad, and we came in sight of the house and the sea. I drew up, but I did not stir from the wheel: the house was a drab barrack with its back to that superb view.

Pamela's first "Oh!" was a cry of elation, her second a groan of disgust. We studied the map and set a course for the shortest route to London.

At length I spoke: "We have just got to make up our minds that what we want doesn't exist."

SIX years of nursing our father had changed Pamela a great deal. When he died I had persuaded her to come and live with me in my bachelor flat. The plan had not worked well. Actually, most of the people who crowded around were not altogether congenial either

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to her or me. Finally she told me that she was thinking of buying a cottage and growing raspberries.

I at once realized that London had let us down, that I would miss Pamela, and that I could earn as much by free-lance writing as on the staff of Tomorrow. I said, "Why not share a place with me?"

Her delight was flattering; enthusiasm seized us. A complete break with town life with air, space, and growth in it, was what we needed. We knew it, and the search began. This week-end was our fifth defeat.

Now the sea was out of sight, the road improved. A sign reading "Biddlecombe" indicated one of those villages that run headlong to the sea.

Pamela cried, "Oh, Roddy, what an alluring lane! Do just run up it! There must be a grand view from the top!"

"It will be the same view," I grumbled. But to please her I backed and turned. The lane coiled up among rocks and came out on a small plateau high on the cliffs. The view was the same but there was more of it.

Pamela was first out of the car; she rounded a clump of trees and stood staring, her back to the view. "Roddy!" she cried. "It's a house!"

Stone-built, plain-faced, two-storied, beautifully proportioned, it stood confronting the sea. A wooded rise sheltered it on the east and on the north was the windbreak of trees. I walked round it. The place had been neglected for years; the storm shutters hung askew and a small greenhouse had lost most of its glass. The walls, however, looked sound. I walked down the rough lawns to the cliff's edge. Not a building was in sight. The cliff fell steeply to the sea; the edge was not a hundred yards from the house. There was a little creek here, and at its inner point stood a dead, twisted tree. I looked down and saw a minute beach, and I was instantly seized by covetousness.

"Roddy, Roddy," Pamela was calling. "It's for sale!"

She had found a faded placard, half hidden by shrubs.

"It's worth twice our money, derelict as it is. Forget it!" I said.

" 'Commander Brooke, Wilmcote, The Avenue, Biddlecombe,' " Pamela read. "Roddy, come on!"

Very trim, Wilmcote appeared, with its clipped hedge, looped muslin curtains, and knocker of polished brass. The door was opened quickly, but not, as one would have expected, by a neat maid. The girl who looked at us with dismayed dark eyes had her hair enveloped in a towel. The effect was charming and I smiled. This made her flush and she asked us quickly to come in. She looked a child, but her manner would have been appropriate in a hostess of thirty.

"Quite by chance," Pamela told her, "we have seen the house called Cliff End. We would like to look over it if we may have the key."

"My grandfather is out; I am sorry," the girl answered politely. And then her face came to life with a look of almost incredulous excitement.

"Oh," she breathed, "you are going over the house? I have no idea where the key is. But I will find it! Won't you wait in here?"

She came back very soon with a large rusty key.

"I think this must be it. I can't possibly come with you because I have just washed my hair. What a misfortune!"

I felt, when the door was closed behind us, that it *was* rather a misfortune.

THE key would not turn in the lock of the front door. Walking along the east side of the house, under the hillside, we found a small door and this let us in. We passed through a scullery to a big flagged kitchen. Every corner was festooned with cobwebs. But the room was wired for electricity, had a generous sink and boiler and, Pamela thought, a tolerable range.

"Not labor-saving," she pronounced. "Spacious, however. Room for Lizzie and her cat."

Lizzie Flynn had cooked for us, comforted Pamela when our mother died, and always stood stanchly between Pamela and father's tantrums. Lizzie had sworn, when we parted, that she would come back to Pamela at any time, to any part of the world, provided her ginger cat might come too. And Lizzie required space.

We hurried to the front of the house. Standing with our backs to the door, we looked at the hall and stairs with delight. The stairs were shallow and had a mahogany banister which curved gracefully on the upstairs landing. At the foot of the stairs was a door with good, simple lines, and one that was exactly similar faced it across the hall.

"Elegant!" Pamela exclaimed, opening the door on the right.

This would be the dining room. It was long, high-ceilinged, with a beautiful marble mantelpiece. I crossed the wide hall to the door opposite and opened it. I had seen no lovelier room. Here, nothing that would disturb the mind's creative impulse would intrude. I felt that I could beggar myself to live here.

Upstairs over the drawing room were two rooms with a communicating door. From the windows of the larger one I looked westward over that magnificent coast and the open sea. In the foreground the dead tree made a black fantastic figure against the blue sheen of the water. I said, "I want this view."

"You may have it," Pamela called back, exultant. "I want this room!"

I found her in the room opposite, which had windows east and south. " 'Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing!' " she sighed.

I looked into the room behind it, which opened near the head of the stairs, and called to her: "Don't despair. Here's the snag!"

The east window had been blocked up, and a very large window in the north wall looked on the yard. The brick fireplace was much too small. And the room was dim, graceless, wholly without charm.

"Somebody's studio," Pamela said. "It would have to be the guest room."

I jeered at her notion of hospitality.

"It's you and me and Lizzie who matter," she contended. "And you must have a study. Lizzie will have to sleep downstairs. It is really a small house, isn't it?" She wanted it; so did I.

"Too isolated for most tastes. There's a bare possibility that it might be within our price."

"I believe it is," she said. "I believe we are going to live here— Come and see!"

The Commander

THE Commander was at home. He was waiting for us in an officelike room, a man not far from seventy, his head erect and blue eyes alight.

He listened to my questions studiously. Yes; except for a brief period, the house had been untenanted for fifteen years. It was well built, however.

"Five generations of my family," Commander Brooke said almost defiantly, "lived there in health and comfort."

The property included the knoll on the east side, also the sandy beach from which bathing was safe at low tide.

"And the price?"

"In its present condition, fourteen hundred."

I shook my head. I saw Pamela's face change. "Perhaps the Commander would consider an offer?" she said.

I offered a thousand, pointing out that repairs would cost a good deal. He sat absorbed in thought, then looked up, saying, "I beg your pardon?" I repeated my offer, and he said impatiently, "Yes, yes, that would do."

"You would sell for a thousand?" I asked, not certain that he had understood me. He sat motionless for a moment, his face stony, and then, like a man forcing himself to some ordeal, said, "Yes."

Pamela relaxed with a sigh. I said I would like to examine the place with an architect and have his report. The Commander told me that there was a good man at Barnstaple, and when I telephoned, Mr. Richards said he could be at Cliff End at three o'clock.

The Commander turned to Pamela. "May I invite you to drink a glass of sherry?"

He rang, ordered the sherry, and told the maid to ask Miss Meredith to come in. And then I had time to look around. There was only one work of art in the room—a large portrait in oils of a girl.

She was beautiful—fair-skinned, fair-haired, with large ice-blue eyes. Her hair was piled high above a noble forehead, her mouth set in sweet, stern lines.

Then the girl of the towel turban came in, with decanter and glasses on a tray. The old man introduced us.

"This is my granddaughter, Miss Meredith: Miss Pamela Fitzgerald; Mr. Roderick Fitzgerald. They are considering purchasing Cliff End. The house," he explained to us, "actually belongs to her."

A flash of excitement lit the girl's composed little face, but she bowed formally. She looked seriously at Pamela and then at me.

"I hope you will be lucky in it," she said.

What an odd, well-behaved child! No, not a child. Now, with her brown hair held as smooth by combs as springy curls would allow, she looked quite seventeen.

The Commander turned to her. "How's the commissariat, Stella? Can we give ourselves the pleasure of inviting our new acquaintances to lunch?"

"Yes—yes!" she responded eagerly. "That would give us great pleasure," she amended, under her guardian's repressive glance.

We accepted, and Pamela was conducted to Stella's room. The Commander offered me a cigarette. There was something about which he wanted to speak to me alone; that was evident.

"Miss Fitzgerald looks a little delicate. The air here should do her good."

That, I conceded, was one of our reasons for leaving London. "The air at Cliff End," I suggested, "must be superb."

"It is, of course, a lonely spot—"

"A writer has to be able to be alone, and Pamela makes friends—"

I broke off. What was the old man driving at? I waited. At last he spoke abruptly:

"A clear duty is imposed on me. I told you that six years ago the house was occupied for some months. I must inform you that the people did not stay very long. They experienced disturbances there."

"Experienced!" I smiled at his words. Most men in his place, I think, would have said "fancied" or "imagined."

I waited. Was he going to tell me any more? Obviously not. His mouth set in a firm line.

"I felt obliged to mention it," he said.

We had a delicious meal, during which Pamela didn't hesitate to question the Commander with lively interest.

"Is there a Celtic strain in North Devon?" she asked. "You would expect it, wouldn't you, here between Cornwall and Wales?"

"None!" he replied rather sharply. "The Welsh are an entirely different race."

Stella looked at her plate. Her face had a reticent look; yet little shadows and contractions betrayed what lips and eyes might conceal. As though trying to grasp some elusive memory, she half-closed her eyes. She opened them suddenly, exclaiming, "Pamela Fitzgerald!"

"Stella!"

The tone expressed horror; the girl paled under the Commander's freezing stare. Pamela smiled.

"The Commander hasn't heard of my famous ancestress." She turned her attention on him. "She is said to have been a daughter of the Duc d'Orléans," she told him, "and an exquisite girl. She married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who led the Irish rising of '98."

"I am afraid," the Commander answered stiffly, "that I am not well acquainted with Irish rebel history."

Pamela is not easily crushed. While I tried to divert our host with small talk, she told Stella how that Pamela Fitzgerald had actually been seen at Frascati, her old home near Dublin, in broad daylight a short time before.

"I am not really surprised," she went on. "You see, she had been happy at Frascati. I am sure that, if spirits walk, it is in places that they have loved. That is why it seems foolish to be afraid of them."

Stella turned to her a face irradiated with wonder and something like relief. "You truly think that?" she breathed. "You do really believe—"

Her grandfather cut in with a glance of such displeasure at Pamela that I grew hot with indignation. "You cannot possibly hold those views!" he said. "With what reckless levity people speak of these things!"

Pamela gazed at him. She spoke slowly and thoughtfully: "You are perfectly right: they do."

Stella was nervously crumpling her handkerchief. A strong flowery perfume came from it. The Commander frowned. Stella hurriedly put it away. "I am sorry, grandfather; I forgot how much you dislike my scent."

THE whole situation had become so suddenly strained and awkward that we were relieved when it was time for us to return to Cliff End.

After a look at Stella, Pamela said lightly to the old man, "Would you come with us? Both of you, perhaps?"

"Thank you," he replied, "but I dislike motoring, and the walk takes an hour."

"The proprietress, then?"

"I am sorry. I cannot spare Stella this afternoon."

He produced a great bunch of old-fashioned keys, and he and his granddaughter bade us a polite good-by.

In the car Pamela dangled the keys joyously.

"We have been a bit precipitate," I warned her. "Didn't stamp on the floors or look at the woodwork; it's probably full of dry rot."

"Dry rot!" she exclaimed. "That's what's the matter with the old man!"

"Queer. Does he want us to buy the house or not?"

"He has to sell it, and hates being made to."

"You were a monkey, turning his own table on him like that!"

"Well, I should think nobody has stood up to him for five generations. And I couldn't stand it—snubbing that enchanting child!"

"Child!" I mocked. "What's the difference between you? Five years?"

"But she is not permitted to grow up."

"She seems all thrilled about the house."

"Yes. She left it before she was three and has never been in it since."

"That's odd—I wonder why."

"Her mother died there."

"That's not a reason."

"I know. She was the girl in the picture, and as good as she was beautiful, it appears. Stella's father painted it—Llewellyn Meredith. Do you know his name?"

"I do not. Ha, a Welshman!"

"'An entirely different race,'" Pamela mimicked.

We were in the drive.

"Are you sure you will be satisfied," I asked her, "living up here on the edge of the world?"

"Satisfied?" She laughed, inarticulate with love at first sight.

"Come practical, now!" I adjured her as we went in.

"Glory! Have we missed a room?"

Pamela was at a door between the drawing room and the bathroom, trying keys in the lock. She opened it and we looked straight through a bay filled with sunshine to the twisted tree.

It was a charming, odd little room. On the right was an alcove large enough to take a couch, and opposite it was a fireplace with yellow tiles.

Pamela said, enchanted, "What do you suppose it was used for?"

She examined the door to the garden, of which the upper half was of glass. She pulled, and the glazed panels opened inward, leaving a half-door locked.

"It's bolted outside!" she exclaimed. "The steps are covered with a board. Oh, it's a gangway for a pram! It's the nursery—Stella's room! It's the prettiest room in the house. How she will enjoy spending a night here!"

"We can't make this journey again," I told her. "Better take the measurements, in case. Have you the notebook?"

I began working with my measuring tape. Conversation was erratic.

"Alcove, six foot six. Window, six ten— Come into the drawing room; that's more important."

"Windows," I dictated, "nine foot four and a half. That architect's late. . . . Llewellyn Meredith—I believe I have heard his name. Max Hilliard will know about him if he was any good."

Pamela said, "Stella has her father's coloring, and that's an abiding grief to the old man. He thinks she inherits an irresponsible strain—"

"Where on earth," I exclaimed, "did you dig out all this?"

"Psychological deduction! He thinks stern discipline will keep her in the straight and narrow path. But he's fond of her and good to her in his way. Only sometimes her father breaks out in her, and then he pounces like a hawk— I wish I knew where she found that mimosa scent!"

"Blast that architect! We've two hundred miles to drive."

"Blast him! He's breaking her nerve. He'll create a complex if he doesn't look out."

The Village

ON the 19th of April Cliff End became ours, equally and jointly.

It was infuriating, but I saw no hope of escaping London until July. Pamela went and put up at the Golden Hind. I snatched a few days with her there, engaged workmen, and left her in charge. Then back to London to finish my own affairs, and a week later I saw Lizzie off at Paddington with her hampers and her cat.

"That's my Whisky," she chuckled as the porter handed in the basket with the cat in it. "Good-by, Mr. Roderick! Take care of yourself!"

Then at last it came my turn to leave London. I drove out of the city on a sweltering day, but on the uplands a breeze blew and by midafternoon I could feel in it the vigor of the sea. I was seized with a crazy elation, and speeded wildly until I arrived at Cliff End.

The house was alive. New paint shone; upstairs white curtains waved; from inside I heard Lizzie's welcoming shout. Pamela came flying out, a rich color in her sunburnt cheeks, gray eyes alight.

"Quick, Lizzie—tea!" Pamela said. "I know you want to bathe first, Roddy, but the tide's too high."

She made me begin my inspection of the rooms at the top. "It doesn't look as if much had been done," she said. "I am afraid the studio isn't papered yet. And we'll just, for the present, have to shut the dining room up. It will have to wait till we're rich."

"Any callers yet?" I asked.

"No, thank goodness!"

"No 'disturbances'?"

SHE hesitated. "I wouldn't have any difficulty about imagining things.

"As far as I know, you've never had much difficulty about that," I responded as Lizzie came to bid us to tea.

"Tomorrow," Pamela said, "Charlie Jessup is coming to help. He's a useful neighbor."

I asked her whether the Commander had offered her no help at all.

"Very little," she answered. "Just a formal note asking me to let him know whether everything was in order."

"Nothing from his granddaughter?"

"Not a sign of life."

"I thought she would be running up on every pretext."

"It is not that she wouldn't love to. I'm certain of that."

I felt a little flat. I had counted on Stella's companionship for Pamela. I had looked forward to taking her for drives and picnics, or to swim—in short, to giving the child a good time.

Pamela was thinking her thoughts.

"I am not going to stand it," she said.

"You are not proposing to fight the Commander?" I asked. "I wouldn't! That's a formidable old man."

"I am going to make friends with Stella."

Her tone was one of unshakable resolution.

I woke the next morning to the crying of gulls, and ran out in bathing kit. I swam until I was hungry, and even Lizzie was satisfied by the breakfast that I demolished when I came in. I was arranging the papers in my study when Pamela put her head in. "Well! You look a bit more human already."

"Do you want things from the village? I'm going for a walk," I told her cheerily.

"Men are so unselfish! *I* am going to hang curtains."

She made me a list. Besides the things in town I was

to get eggs, butter, and cream from Mrs. Jessup at the farm.

At the village tobacconist's was a tray of picture post cards. One showed a familiar roof with chimneys.

"That's Cliff End, isn't it?" I asked the rheumatic old fellow who kept the shop.

"That be it. A fine house, too."

"Have you a dozen of these?"

He opened drawers, pulled down boxes, and at length collected ten, talking meanwhile.

"Maybe you are the new owner? Well, well! The last lot weren't no good. Went away owing eight pounds, very near, in the village. And making excuses by starting ugly stories about the place."

The smack of a paper on the counter behind me made me look round.

"Don't 'eed 'e, mister," said the irate old man who stood there. "You should take shame, Will Hardy, to be talking slanderous of they that's not here to speak for theyselves. Could you blame them, mister," he appealed to me, "if they was stone-broke after paying twelve months' rent for a house as warn't fit for Christians to bide in? And if they did mean to quit, would they have planned out the garden like a paradise? 'Not fit for Christians to bide in'! That's what the cook says to me. Be you listening, mister? Swooned away, the cook did, with seeing a white face on the stairs. And no wonder, after Mrs. Meredith dying in it so pitiful."

"Do you want Amatoor Gardening or do you not?" Hardy demanded.

"Give it 'ere to me, and there's tuppence and good day to 'e! Don't 'eed 'e, mister." And the old fellow stumped out of the shop.

"Well," I said, turning to the storekeeper, "you are probably right about the Parkinsons and their stories. We'll hope so, at any rate."

SOME day we should want to let Cliff End for the summer and go to Ireland or go abroad, and such legends as these would pull down the rent. On the other hand, they had, no doubt, pulled down the price; perhaps we ought to be thankful to the gossip-mongers, after all—as long as Lizzie did not take fright or Pamela start seeing faces. . . .

It was odd that she had not mentioned these stories. And what was this about Mrs. Meredith's death?

It was too hot for hurrying and I had a steep road to go up. I speculated no more on my way to the Jessups', and when I arrived I was glad to accept an invitation to "step inside and take a sup of buttermilk."

Mrs. Jessup studied me with keen brown eyes as she put up the things for which I had asked.

"'Tis a real comfort to have neighbors again," she said warmly; "and such a kind, considerate lady as Miss Fitzgerald. Not like they Parkinsons that did let their great dogs chase the sheep. Unchristian it may be, but I blessed whatever it was chased they out of Cliff End. I do pray, though, that you and Miss Fitzgerald will have peace."

"Thank you, I'm sure we will."

"And so you should. For why would any one wish to frighten a kind lady like your sister? Certainly not the gentle soul that's gone."

"The Commander's daughter?"

"Aye; his only child. She wouldn't hurt her worst enemy, would Mary Meredith. Threw her life away striving to save that wildcat Carmel—that's what most believe."

"Who was Carmel?" I asked.

"Who was she? God only knows! An artist's model, folks did say. They brought her back with them from foreign parts. Supposed to be sort of lady's maid to Mrs. Meredith, she was—but a queer sort of a maid, if you ask me; wild as a gypsy in her ways. She'd dress up in her shawls and ribbons and dance on the lawn, then she'd break out in passions and weep and give out curses in her foreign lingo and threaten she'd throw herself over the cliff."

"Is that what happened?"

"No living soul knows what happened, Mr. Fitzgerald, or ever will know. Unless," she added, her voice lowered, "the nurse knew more than she'd say."

"What did the nurse say?"

"She said she saw them there at the edge of the cliff. Carmel was running, and Mrs. Meredith after her. It was dark night and a gale from the southwest. It was as if the wind took Carmel and flung her into the tree. She could see her clinging to it, Miss Holloway said. Mrs. Meredith couldn't stop herself on the slope—'tis steep there. She made a grasp at the tree, but fell and went down. That's what Miss Holloway said, but by the way she said it I thought she could have told more."

"Was Mrs. Meredith killed?"

"Broke her back, poor lady. Not a scar on her lovely face, but a bruise, they did say, on the side of her head."

"And the girl she was trying to save—Carmel? She was all right?"

"Aye, but not for long. Dead in a week she was. Ran off that night in the storm. My own uncle Jacob found her two days later, sick and raving. She died in her bed up at Cliff End."

"And Meredith—what happened to him?"

"Him? Finished his picture and took himself off abroad. We saw nor heard no more of him for maybe three years, when the news came he'd been drownded somewhere at sea."

Here was a fine mesh of gossip! I wondered how much of it Commander Brooke took seriously. How much had Stella heard?

At the house, Pamela delivered my basket to Lizzie and joined me on the lawn.

"It's fun shopping in the village, isn't it?" she said. "Did you get everything?"

"I did, and a fine parcel of gossip into the bargain. It explains the Commander's manner. It explains a lot. Why did you send me out in naked ignorance among the natives to learn it from them?"

"Roddy, it is such a dreadful story—really tragic, not just romantically so. At first I couldn't get it out of my head."

"But look here. You told me Stella left the place when she was a baby. It must have happened about fifteen years ago."

She sighed and laughed. "Oh, Roddy, I'm glad you've come! But it *is* hateful to think of that child—losing such a mother; left to grow up with a heartbroken old man. I wonder whether she knows what happiness is?"

"Well," I suggested, "perhaps something can be done about that."

She replied dryly, "Perhaps."

Stella

ON the tenth day after my arrival the evening turned cool enough to justify our first sitting-room fire. After half an hour or so Pamela said absently, "The week-end after next, don't you think?"

"For what?"

"I told you! The housewarming."

"All right. Who's going to be the party?"

Pamela smiled. "Wendy, for one."

"Wendy Flower! Where is she?"

"Playing at Bristol."

"And Carey?"

"Of course! I had a card. Wendy says they want to try a week-end at the Golden Hind, and would we invite them to a meal."

"And who else?"

"Max and Judith. They're still at Chipping, I think. They'd come."

"I believe they would, too! But aren't you rushing it? The studio isn't fixed."

"There's only the papering to do, and Charlie Jessup can help."

"Well, it's your funeral!"

"Good! You write to Max. Ask them to come on Saturday week and stay a few days."

"What about the local gentry? Are you inviting any of them?"

"Dr. Scott," she replied. "I think he's rather a newcomer here. He was kind when Lizzie scalded her hand,

and so careful not to seem curious about the house that I promised to invite him sometime."

"Very good. And?"

"And Stella, of course."

Stella, of course. So the housewarming was to be the first engagement in Pamela's campaign!

"I'm afraid there's no 'of course' about Stella's accepting," I said.

"I know. I shall have to write very carefully. But I think I see how it can be done."

"I wouldn't put it past you!"

I wrote the letter to Max. Two days later a telegram came from him: "Both delighted."

A telephone call to the theater in Bristol revealed that Peter Carey and Wendy were married. Wendy's voice was full of laughter. "Yes, darling, we've done it! And we'd simply adore to come! We've been dying to stop at the Golden Hind."

Work on the studio then began in earnest. Charlie Jessup fixed up a trestle table and was pasting paper with vast flourishes of his brush, his face pink with importance.

"This be the room," he announced, "that they Parkinsons locked up."

I was not going to encourage any more of this gossip. I told him to go down to Lizzie for his dinner.

PAMELA was standing by the window, a look of trouble on her face. After a moment she asked, rather seriously, "Are you sleeping well here?"

"Like a dormouse," I answered. "Aren't you?"

She did not reply to that directly; she said: "I haven't wanted to worry you. But, Roddy, there is something —at night."

"What is there? What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard anything?"

"Of course not!"

"Not last night, or the night before last?"

"I heard the sea—nothing else. There wasn't the ghost of a sound in the house."

"There *was* a sound, Roddy. I heard it just before I heard you come up."

"What kind of a sound?"

"A sigh—no, a sort of gasping sob, as if some one had had a shock."

"That's the wind, Pamela."

"There was no wind those nights."

"That's true. . . . Have you heard it before?"

"Yes."

"Always at night?"

"Yes. But the last two nights it has been much more—sort of actual. Roddy, it is a heartbreaking sound."

Pamela's voice shook. I said nothing, stiff with dismay. Whether it was fact or fantasy, this was going to smash up Pamela's peace of mind. Those damned superstitious gossipmongers! What could I say or do? Pamela was such a rational person—one could not simply dismiss her idea.

"You realize, don't you," I said slowly, "that suggestion could account for all this? All those stories have been very much on your mind."

"Yes; that's what I said to myself at first. But it isn't that."

"Then it's something in the house, Pamela—birds in the chimney, or mice, or a bat."

I was not sorry to hear Lizzie's bell ringing for lunch.

Charlie returned from his dinner in high good humor. Pamela and I accepted places as his assistants, but I grudged every minute spent in this room and felt a headache coming on. When, just as four o'clock struck, Lizzie appeared, Pamela and I shouted, as one man, "Tea!"

"Whisht!" Lizzie signed to us. "Miss Meredith has called."

Stella was brimming with eagerness to talk about Cliff End. "I thought I would be sorry if any one ever bought the house, but now I'm glad."

"Is this actually your first visit since you lived in it?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Grandfather—" She hesitated. "You see—it was very natural—he didn't understand my wanting to come."

"Tell me," Pamela asked, "do any memories come back?"

"Nothing fresh," Stella answered. "There is just one memory I have always had, because it comes again and again in my dreams. You see, I was not quite three when —when I went to live with my grandfather."

"I would like to hear that memory," I said.

"I am in a room alone in the dark. I am frightened and I cry. I cry for a long time, and then somebody comes in. She leans over me and whispers some pretty words —I never know what they are—and then she lights a light. It is lovely and I am happy, but some one else comes and puts it out."

"And you cry again?" Pamela asked.

"Then I am too frightened to cry."

"Please remember, next time you dream that," Pamela said firmly, "that I am coming to light it again."

We told Stella about the party and said how much we hoped that she would come.

"The whole house will be ready then and I'll show you all over it," I promised.

"Oh," she sighed longingly, "if only I possibly could!" She looked from Pamela to me, hesitating. "Please, please will you not feel hurt with my grandfather because he doesn't pay you a call?"

"We don't expect it," Pamela said quickly. "You see, we know about the terrible accident. The thought of this house must be very painful to him."

As though not satisfied, Stella went on: "My mother—she was his only child, you see, and she was so beautiful and good. You saw the portrait, didn't you? So you know."

"An angelic face," I responded.

"And she died before he could come."

She paused, then asked impulsively, "Am I undutiful to want to come here? Is it unnatural and morbid of me?"

What a clouded face! She was obviously quoting the old man.

Pamela deliberated. "On the contrary," she said, "I would think it morbid of you not to come. It is different for old people."

"I see," Stella responded eagerly. "Thank you." She stood up. "And now I am afraid I really must go."

I told her that I had letters to post and would come with her.

"Who painted that portrait?" I asked her, as we walked over the heather.

"My father. He was Llewellyn Meredith. Do you know his work?"

"No," I had to tell her.

We had come to the farm road. She paused, embarrassed, and then looked up at me.

"Please, if you don't mind! I am sorry. I would like you to come with me, but I would rather not."

Of course! The way down would pass Mrs. Jessup's door. This visit was not to be reported abroad.

"We shall see you before long?"

She said gently, "It would be a pleasure. Good-by."

The Studio

STELLA was coming to the party. In a stately little letter she informed Pamela that Dr. Scott had been good enough to promise to bring her and drive her home.

"It was Dr. Scott who did it," a postscript said.

I drove to the station to meet Max and Judith on Sunday afternoon.

That night was warm and scented. Max and I walked to where the road forked, then strolled home across the heather and along the edge of the cliff.

Max stopped beside the dead tree. "That's interesting," he said.

"Interesting in more ways than one." I told him the story of the place. He had half a memory of Meredith's name.

"It will come back to me; there was some rather discreditable picture, I believe."

"He seems to have been an ugly character, according to local legend, and the odd thing is that the girl he married was almost a saint."

Alone in the sitting room, over whiskies and soda, we

talked for another half hour. Suddenly Max remembered Meredith's name. "Lyn Meredith! By Jove, that man painted a picture. He made himself famous with it for a season; notorious, rather. It was one of those 'story pictures' that become a popular rage. I wish I could remember the subject, but it's clean gone. I have the volumes of Royal Academy photographs somewhere; I'll look it up. What's the girl like?"

"You'll meet her tomorrow."

At the party Stella was beautiful in her straight, rather stiff ivory frock.

"How did Dr. Scott do it?" I asked.

"I imagine," she replied seriously, "that he made my grandfather think it would be unfair not to let me come. And grandfather is never unfair."

I recognized the scent she was wearing; it was the mimosa that her grandfather so disliked. Her father, she said, had sent her the perfume from Spain when she was very small.

After supper Max was on the porch with her, talking about painting. She listened, radiant because he knew her father's name.

I signed to her from the stairs, and she joined me.

"I haven't forgotten my promise," I told her. "Do you want to see the kitchen first?"

"No, no, they are too busy. Just my mother's room."

"You'd like to see the studio too, wouldn't you? This is it."

"Mr. Hilliard has seen my father's paintings," she said happily. "I wish I knew more about him. Grandfather has never talked about him, nor has Miss Holloway. They disliked him, I'm afraid."

Miss Holloway had been her nurse and governess, she explained. "She was my mother's devoted friend."

"The whole house is lovelier than my dreams," Stella said later, as we went downstairs, "but the little room where we left our cloaks is the one I love best. Miss Fitzgerald thinks it must have been the nursery."

She had to leave at twelve, and when she said "Good-by" to every one she had a special little smile for Max, and for me a shy "Thank you." I heard her say to Pamela, as she leaned from Dr. Scott's car, "I have never been so happy in all my life!"

"Don't forget: four o'clock on Monday!" Pamela called.

Before Peter and Wendy left, our promise had been given: Pamela and I would go to Bristol for a night and see the play.

After Max and Judith had gone upstairs. Pamela and I bolted doors, latched windows, and emptied ash trays. Pamela switched off the nursery lights.

"How curious!" she exclaimed. "I noticed that she was wearing it, but it was faint, and now it is overpowering, isn't it?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you notice it—Stella's mimosa scent?"

"I do not."

"But, Roddy, you must!"

"Well, now, of course, you have made me imagine I do."

Upstairs in my room I fell asleep quickly. It was a sound, I thought, that roused me. I listened. And then I was out on the landing in an instant, leaning over the banister, looking down. There shone very faintly, through the half-open door of the nursery, a pale, pulsating gleam. It was not moonlight: it moved. Somebody sighed there; somebody moaned.

I had been listening in a half trance. I roused myself suddenly, and the shock of astonishment came. I had seen a light and heard a voice—a young voice, moaning. Now light and sound were gone. They had not been natural: my own pounding pulses told me that. Some one out of the world of the dead was moving about the house.

My hand groped, trembling, for the light switch; I ran barefoot downstairs. The nursery was empty, the curtains closed. The scent of mimosa lingered, potent still.

I leaned against the wall, waiting for my heart to recover its natural beat. But a cold shivering had taken me and I longed for my own room. I turned the lights out and tried to go upstairs.

I could not do it. I trembled at the knees and shuddered convulsively, sick with the chill. If I had not clung to the newel post, fighting, I would have panicked; I would have shouted for Max or pulled the front door open and torn out of the house. I thought something was coming down the stairs.

My eyes lost power to focus and everything looked blurred. At last, step by step, hand over hand on the rail, I dragged myself up the stairs. I reached my room and huddled under the blankets, clammy with sweat.

I TOOK Pamela's breakfast up to her next morning. "I had a marvelous sleep," she said. "Did you?"

I said, "I feel it my duty to inform you that I experienced disturbances."

"Roddy!"

"I did. I heard moaning and I saw a light."

Pamela turned a little pale, but interest lit up her eyes. "A light! Where?"

"In the nursery."

She spoke slowly. "Do you remember what Stella told us about her dream?"

"Yes. I went down. There was nothing."

"How did you feel?"

"A bit—overexcited."

She looked at me hard. "You're keeping something back."

"There was a sickening chill in the place," I confessed.

"A chill? Was that all?"

"Absolutely all."

"I wonder what on earth can be done?"

"Shut the whole thing out of our minds," I replied.

Pamela shook her head.

"I can't shut it out. It may come again, any night, Roddy—and it is such an inconsolable sound."

"Well," I asked her, "what do you want to do?"

"I would like to understand what the cause is. Who is grieving and weeping, and why? What keeps the spirit lingering on?"

I replied thoughtlessly, "Revenge is the classic motive."

Pamela looked doubtful. "If we could only find out what would give it rest," she murmured.

"Do we need to suppose that there is any restless spirit at all?" I asked. "Isn't there a theory that a violent emo-

tion can impregnate matter, saturate floors and walls, and then, with a sensitive person in a receptive mood, it is reproduced? Mightn't something of that sort account for my experience, and for yours too?"

It might, she agreed.

Father Anson

THE next day, after Max and Judith left, I asked Pamela what she would think of Saturday night in Bristol to make good our promise to Peter and Wendy. "I'd love it!" she said.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday we reached home again. Pamela went straight to the kitchen. After a moment I heard her calling me.

"Roddy," she said, "Lizzie has seen a ghost."

Lizzie's face was blotched and dull with trouble and shock. She looked at me in deep distress.

"Oh, Mr. Roddy, and you after buying the place and fixing it up so comfortable! But you and Miss Pamela daren't go on living in it—you daren't indeed!"

"Lizzie dear," Pamela pleaded, "tell us quite clearly what you saw."

"I ought to be able to tell it, Miss Pamela, for 'twill be cut on my heart till my dying day. In the hall, I was, locking the door. It was dark upstairs. 'Twas Whisky I noticed first. I heard a fierce snarl from him, and, heaven shield us, there he was, flattened to the floor with terror. It was a lady, Miss Pamela. Standing there, leaning over the banisters, she was, staring down into the hall. All in white, she was, with long fair hair. But oh, pitiful saints, the awful look in her eyes!"

"What kind of a look was it?" Pamela asked.

"Don't ask me, miss! I wisht I might ever forget it. Blue her eyes were, and terrible, as if she was looking down into hell. It went through me like a blast of ice. And then, in a wink, she was gone. I couldn't sleep a wink after that. I went to early Mass and had a talk with the priest after. He is a grand, wise man, is Father Anson—he says I'm not to stay alone here again."

"We wouldn't ask you to, Lizzie," Pamela said.

So she had told the priest.

We left her to quiet her nerves with her work.

"I am not inclined to believe it," I told Pamela. "It is too like the conventional apparition—the white lady with long fair hair. And Lizzie wanted to see a ghost; it was up to her, living here; she'd lose prestige if she failed to see something, sleeping here alone."

Pamela shook her head.

"But the condition she was in, Roddy! Imagination wouldn't do that."

"Autosuggestion can do anything."

"Her description is very like the portrait."

"Exactly! She has heard Mary Meredith described."

"I wonder why you are so skeptical. It doesn't help."

"Will it help to let hysteria run amok? I am not entirely skeptical. I think there is something wrong—something psychic in the place. But don't you see, if there is, it depends on a receptive mind in order to manifest? We have got to shut it all out."

"Listen, Roddy," Pamela said gravely. "I believe that Lizzie did see Mary, and I'm glad; because now we know who haunts the house. Now we have to find out why. I have the strongest feeling that if we could discover that, we should be able to put everything right."

"I suppose that is a possibility."

"Do let us tackle it from that end, Roddy. Let's make inquiries—discover everything we can about the Meredith household and try to work it out!"

"I'll think about it," was all I would say. But I scarcely gave it another thought. Tomorrow Stella was coming to tea. The pleasure which that thought gave me was disturbing.

Stella was a charming friend for Pamela. . . . Charming, yes . . . but I must keep my balance.

So I told myself. But I was not so equable when, on Monday at lunchtime, a telegram came: "I am desolated unable to come."

We had a caller, however, that afternoon.

At about three o'clock Lizzie announced Father Anson. We took an instant liking to him.

"Lizzie told you about the ghost, Father Anson?" Pamela said.

He nodded. "I am very sorry, Miss Fitzgerald. It is grievous for you all. I fear you may find that you cannot live in this house."

"Don't you think, father," Pamela said, "that it might be possible to do something that would give the troubled spirit rest? We know very little about the Merediths. Did Mary really die by an accident?"

"As far as I know, her death was accidental," Father Anson replied. "Though I understand that there was a doubt in Miss Holloway's mind."

"Do you think it possible that the girl—Carmel—struck her?"

"It is not likely—but not impossible, perhaps."

I asked him whether he had known Carmel. He bent his head. "She was one of my parishioners."

"Is it true that she was Meredith's model?"

"Yes. She posed for him a great deal in Spain."

"That was before his marriage, of course? You know nothing of any—any other relationship?" I asked.

He answered the first part of my question. "Just before. That was the time when he and Mary Meredith met. She was wintering for her health in Seville, and studying art. After the marriage she insisted on returning to England. The Commander gave them this house."

"And they brought the girl with them? That seems extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; but it seems that Meredith insisted that he could not lose his model; and Mary"—the priest shook his head—"well, great magnanimity is seldom accompanied by worldly wisdom."

Pamela asked, "Was she—Carmel—here for long?"

"She came twice. Her first stay lasted perhaps six months. Then, in the winter, they all went abroad. In the spring they returned—Meredith, that is, and Mary and their baby, who had been born in France."

"Stella?"

"Little Stella. I was told that Meredith was devoted to her—his saving grace. They had no other child."

"What had become of Carmel?" I asked.

"Mary had found a post for her in Paris—as a mannequin, I believe. Carmel remained there for two years, or less; then she threw it up. But a hard time followed. She became ill. When she came back, I was shocked; she was pitifully changed. She came to this house almost a beggar. Mary tried her best to restore her to health of body and mind."

"She had become unbalanced?" Pamela asked.

"Overemotional. Sick people sometimes do."

He was silent, then said, "It ended as you know."

"Perhaps," I said, "you were with Carmel when she was dying."

An expression of stern anger hardened the priest's face.

"Unhappily," he said, "I was not with her when she died. I ought to have been with her. I was not sent for."

I asked whether it was the doctor's fault.

"He was not with her, either, when she died."

Pamela asked, "Who nursed her? This Miss Holloway, was it?"

"Carmel died of pneumonia. Nurse Holloway was in charge."

"Miss Holloway!" Pamela exclaimed. "She lived with them all. Do you think we could find her and talk to her?"

Father Anson hesitated. "She lives in Bristol now; but I could obtain her address." He rose. "And now I will talk to Lizzie, if you please."

The Nursery

STELLA came the next afternoon while I was in my study writing the final scenes of my new play. I had to finish it before my final flare of inspiration left me. When at last it was done I wrote "Curtain," stretched, and went out. It was nearly six o'clock. Stella was with Pamela in the garden.

"I'm so glad to see you," I told her.

"I've explained to Miss Fitzgerald," she answered. "Grandfather has forbidden me to come. He has heard

stories. But I decided this time to go against his wishes, and told him so."

"What have you to say for yourself?" Pamela asked me.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was outrageous of me not to come to meet you, Stella, but—well, you see, I was finishing a play."

Pamela swung round. "Properly finished? Oh, good work! When are you going to read it to me?"

"Whenever you like."

"This evening! Stella, could you stay to dinner with us and hear it too?"

Stella looked as if we had dangled the keys of paradise before her eyes. "How I should love it! And it is possible. Grandfather never comes in on Fridays until after half past ten."

I said, "I'll drive you home before ten."

It was after eight before Lizzie had cleared dinner away. And I began to read.

As I read, the room darkened. I switched on my lamp and read on to the end.

Pamela exclaimed, "Roddy, it's masterly!"

"Anything you think should be changed?" I asked.

A searching discussion followed, and suddenly I realized, to my dismay, that it was past ten o'clock.

"I'll just put my things on," Stella said a little anxiously, and slipped from the room.

I ran out to the garage. Pamela came with me to help with the warped old doors.

"Better get a coat," she said as we came in again. She ran upstairs—and a sharp cry sent me racing after her. Stella was lying on the landing, unconscious.

I carried her down and laid her on the couch. Her face was as pale as wax, her breathing so faint that for one agonized moment I thought she was not breathing at all. I asked Pamela whether she had seen or felt anything wrong on the landing, and she shook her head.

It was a profound faint. Just as I was thinking that we must call Dr. Scott, her breathing deepened and color began to appear in her lips. She opened her eyes, and a smile deepened the shadows in her cheeks.

"Don't be worried. I didn't see anything," she said faintly.

My relief was immeasurable, and Pamela drew a long breath.

Stella asked me to telephone to her grandfather. "Please just tell him I have one of my silly chills."

Commander Brooke answered the telephone. I explained, adding, "My sister would like to put Stella to bed at once, if you agree."

There was silence. Then, in a constrained voice, he asked, "Can Stella come to the telephone?"

"We were anxious to keep her warm, and it is in the hall."

"I should like to speak to Miss Fitzgerald."

I called Pamela. There were difficulties, but at last Pamela won his consent.

When Pamela asked Stella whether she thought she could walk upstairs, Stella hesitated. "Please," she whispered, "not up there. What I would love is to sleep in the little room."

"The nursery? Your own room! Why, yes," Pamela said, smiling. "It's perfectly easy to make up the bed in there."

Stella had not appeared in the morning when Pamela came down, and did not answer when we knocked at her door. We went out to look for her. She was standing motionless beside the dead tree. She turned her head slowly. Tears of happiness shone in her eyes.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" she said tremulously. "Didn't you know? She came to me in the night. She was with me in the nursery. Lizzie has seen her. It was she who was on the stairs. It is my mother. Didn't you guess?"

Pamela's Experiment

NONE of us could eat breakfast. Stella was lost in a state of dreamy exaltation, Pamela and I in distress. I pushed my plate aside.

"Now tell us what Lizzie told you," I said to Stella.

"I told her how I had fainted, and she said that in another moment I would have seen her, as clear as life! Oh, why did I faint?"

"I am convinced," I told her, "that Lizzie only imagined that apparition."

Stella shook her head. "I know it is true."

"And you want it to be true?" Pamela asked her.

"But of course! Could anything be more wonderful?"

We were silent. This was an astounding reaction.

"You told me," she said pleadingly to Pamela, "that you believe spirits haunt the places where they were happy. Why should any one be afraid of a happy ghost?"

"Because," I burst out, "it's unnatural to see them! It is overpowering: it makes people ill!"

"Only if you are afraid," she protested.

"You fainted," I said quickly, "yet you tell me that you were not frightened."

Stella looked ashamed. "It was weak of me," she said wretchedly. "It was just that I didn't expect—"

I sat down beside Stella and pleaded with her.

"Stella, you must have the courage to refuse to deceive yourself, no matter what you might wish to think."

"But I am not deceiving myself. This is true! It was not there on the stairs that I felt her presence, but all night she was with me in the nursery."

"Stella," Pamela said, "you were asleep!"

"Not all the time. I was happy—too happy to sleep. I just lay, warm and quiet, watching the light and knowing that she was there."

"What light?" I asked sharply.

"The firelight at first, and when I woke later the night light on the table."

Pamela had not left a night light in the room.

"Didn't you?" Stella exclaimed. "A baby's night light with a tiny flame? Isn't that strange! And there was another curious thing," she went on. "The room was full of the scent I love best of all, mimosa—and I was wearing no scent. And once I heard a soft, whimpering voice saying pretty words, loving words. I couldn't make out what they were, but they made me feel—oh, safe and loved and cherished."

It was ruthless to try to tear down this illusion, but to let Stella live in it would be worse.

I did not know what to say; it was what she said next

that fixed my wavering decision. She said, "Another time I shall see her, perhaps."

I said, "You are not coming here again, Stella," and stood up.

Stella sprang to her feet. "You can't mean it!" she said incredulously.

"Now listen," I said. "Either there is no ghost there and your imagination is running to dangerous lengths, or there is one, and you were in its presence last night on the landing, and it made you ill. For a moment I thought you had died. This house is no place for you. The Commander is right. You have got to forgive me, Stella. I am not being selfish," I added.

She answered in a faint voice, "I know."

"You think I am cruel."

"I have been longing all my life for my mother, and she came to me, and you are separating us. But that's not the worst part of it," she went on tensely. "My mother isn't happy; she can't rest; there is something that she wants. I must find out—I must! I would face anything to give her rest."

My heart sank. "Listen," I said. "I want to make Cliff End safe for you, Stella. I want to be able to let you come here again. Try to be patient. Give me time."

"I don't think I can wait," she answered. "I don't think I can!"

After I had taken Stella home, I left the car in the drive and walked up the knoll. The wide view from up there, the unbroken vista of sea and sky and moorland, should have had power to quiet storming thoughts, but now it brought no relief. I loved Stella, and I had done her harm that might be irreparable. What was there that I could do?

I found Pamela in the sitting room. I told her that I had left Stella bitterly unhappy.

"I have been thinking," she said. "Do you believe that Mary was with Stella in the nursery?"

"I do not. It was wish-thinking," I replied.

"But one could understand it so well, Roddy, and if it is true, don't you see that maybe what Mary wants—the thing that has kept her haunting and restless—longing for her child?"

"I don't think you are right. I don't believe Stella was near any ghost," I said.

"Don't you? But why?"

"She didn't feel that horrible cold."

"Yes, that's true. She felt warm, she said, safe and warm."

"I felt the cold; so did Lizzie."

"I did too, once."

"You see!"

"No, Roddy, I don't. Because I don't think that Stella was dreaming or imagining that Mary was with her. When she told us, I felt convinced— Roddy"—her voice changed—"could there be two ghosts?"

Her face was alight with excitement.

"It's possible," I replied.

"Carmel died here, and without a doctor or a priest. Father Anson must have said Masses for her, of course—"

"Didn't Father Anson promise to send you the address of that nurse?"

"Why, yes!" Pamela exclaimed. "And she lives in Bristol. Let's go to see her."

"I think we should."

"I'll send Lizzie to Father Anson with a note."

Lizzie brought back kindly word from Father Anson and a letter of introduction to Miss Holloway, who now ran a "Centre of Healing through Harmony" near Bristol.

Miss Holloway

PAMELA was in good spirits on Friday when we set out for Bristol. Lizzie had been delighted to be going for the night to the Jessups'.

Miss Holloway's "Centre of Healing through Harmony" was a considerable Bath-stone villa on the side of the hill overlooking the wooded downs. We waited for ten minutes in a chaste parlor before the matron came in.

Miss Holloway was a tall woman with dark eyes and a voice that was strong but gently and smoothly modulated.

"I am quite free for forty minutes," she began at once. "Can I help you in some way?"

Pamela told our story. "We thought you would perhaps tell us whether Mary Meredith went through some great sorrow at Cliff End. We hear so much weeping," Pamela finished.

"Sorrow was Mary's portion," Miss Holloway answered; "but she did not weep. You may satisfy yourselves that if any uneasy spirit haunts Cliff End, it is not Mary's."

Pamela said in her gentlest voice, aware that she was speaking to this woman of a dear lost friend: "We have no right to ask, but you would be doing us a great kindness if you would tell us something of her life at Cliff End."

"I understand," Miss Holloway said. "Our first meeting took place here. This was an ordinary nursing home at that time, and my duties were those of an ordinary nurse. Mary had been sent here to recoup after influenza. My life's purpose—to create a center of healing which would use means beyond the physical—found a deep response in her spirit. Mary had a little money and she was eager to use it in doing good.

"Alas, there followed the journey to Spain, that disastrous marriage, and the entrance of her evil genius into Mary's beautiful life."

"Carmel!" Pamela exclaimed.

"Meredith had had an affair with Carmel," I broke in.

Miss Holloway assented with a gesture.

"Mary knew it, and yet the girl stayed on?"

The matron's voice was soft and even. "Mary was unique—a woman of infinite magnanimity."

"Carmel remained in the house! She accompanied Mary to France!" I said.

Pamela added, "Mary even trusted Carmel with her baby, didn't she? She must have been terribly deceived."

"Deceived," Miss Holloway echoed. "Yes, Mary's own charity deceived her—but not for long. She had sacrificed herself for Carmel, but she would not sacrifice her child. She sent for me. Then we returned to England, leaving Carmel."

"Back in England," Pamela said, "free from Carmel, I

expect you had peace—you and Mary and the child?"

"Yes, peace; peace for two perfect years."

"Then Carmel returned?" I said.

"Yes."

"How was she received?" Pamela asked. "Was Meredith there at the time?"

"He was. It was he who opened the door to her knock. Carmel was a draggled, hollow-cheeked slut. His face became a mask of distaste. He stared at her, and went up to his studio for Mary."

"And Mary? Did she come down to Carmel?" Pamela asked.

"Yes. I saw Mary come out of the studio—and lean over the banisters and look down. If she had ordered the girl straight out of the house I would have thought it justified; but she went quietly downstairs."

"And took Carmel in?"

"Yes."

"But Meredith," I broke in. "What did he propose to do?"

"He proposed to paint her," Miss Holloway replied.

"Good lord!"

"'If you can put up with her,' he said to Mary, 'let her stay. I can use her. I've got a first-class idea.' It seemed that he had finished Mary's portrait—and had this idea for what he called an 'old-style story-picture.'"

"Did Carmel know? Did she pose for him?"

"No. She knew nothing about it, unless she guessed. After all, he knew Carmel's face by heart. No. He would merely stare at her during meals; then he would run up the stairs two steps at a time."

"How long did this go on?"

"Nearly two weeks. After a very few days I told Mary that Carmel must go. She was destroying the child."

"Just 'spoiling,' do you mean?" Pamela asked.

"In the most pernicious sense. She broke all discipline, ignored all rules. Naturally, I forbade her to go into the nursery, but it was impossible to keep her out of it."

"Nevertheless," I remarked, "Mary did not send Carmel away."

"Mr. Meredith objected. 'Three more days will do it,' he told Mary. 'Keep her here three more days, and, I promise you, she'll never come back.' He had his way. His obstinacy was directly responsible for Mary's death."

Miss Holloway knew how to hate.

"Please tell us," I requested bluntly, "about the last day."

"HE was directly responsible," she reiterated. "It was he who drove the girl into a frenzy. He was in one of his devilish moods. A storm had been raging all day, and the wind at Cliff End always made him insufferable—he had wanted to live in Spain. He told Mary that evening that Carmel could go now. He could finish without her. 'Come and look at it,' he said.

"Mary went with him, and in a few minutes I heard her calling Carmel to the studio. Then there came a wild outcry, and Carmel burst out of the studio and fled downstairs. It was Mary who realized that she was in the nursery. It was Mary who went down. I followed. Carmel was standing beside Stella's cot. She had turned on Mary like a tigress. They spoke Spanish. I could only guess what vile abuse Carmel was hurling out. Mary looked like an avenging angel, tall and shining, her eyes filled with blue fire. She never once raised her voice, but her words fell like a sword. Carmel cowered—then, screaming madly, burst open the window and ran straight for the cliff—and Mary ran after her.

"Carmel had been shamming, I suppose. I saw her make a clutch at the tree and check herself just at the edge. I saw Mary fling herself toward Carmel. And then—"

Miss Holloway broke off; her eyes rested, doubtfully, on Pamela's and then on mine.

"Since Father Anson has requested it," she said slowly, "I will say to you what I have never said before to any one except him. I saw an arm swing out and strike Mary on the head. She went over without a cry."

Miss Holloway closed her eyes for a moment; then she looked at us and rose.

"And Carmel?" I asked.

"Carmel died a few days later. I had nursed her night and day, but she was almost gone when they brought her to me. And now I must bid you good-by."

"Curtain!" I said as I started the car. "And what do you make of all that?"

"Just what she meant us to make of it," Pamela answered in a tired voice. "It is Carmel who weeps."

The Tree

WE talked little until we had had a Martini each and were eating dinner at the hotel.

"Roddy, what does she want?" Pamela asked then. "Carmel, I mean. Unless," she added dryly, "she wants Holloway hanged."

"I'd be with her there," I declared. "What a household! Meredith a cynic, Carmel a vixen, Holloway a wire-pulling hypocrite, and Mary a—"

"Prig?" Pamela offered.

"Well, say 'a creature' much 'too bright and good for human nature's daily food.'"

"Yes; I'm out of love with Mary."

"Of course it may be Holloway who's the prig," I reflected. "We are seeing Mary through her eyes—rather a distorting mirror, perhaps."

"That's true," said Pamela. "And Stella felt such heavenly kindness and warmth. It does go in circles, doesn't it? Gosh, how that woman hates Carmel! She probably strangled her."

"She didn't have to. In pneumonia, a little neglect goes quite a long way."

It was after dinner that a desperate compulsion seized me to get back to the car and tear home.

It was Stella. Danger was closing in on Stella, and she was a hundred miles away!

"Pamela, we have to get home," I told her. "I've an overpowering feeling that something's wrong."

I thought she would protest, but she glanced at my face and simply did as I wished.

I seldom drive recklessly, but tonight I took risks. As we came out on Exmoor a gale fought the car. Pamela said once, "It may be that horrible story," and I replied, "It's not."

I shot over the Biddlecombe crossroads and turned up the lane. I wondered why I had not turned off to Wilmcote, since it was Stella who needed help. I did not know why; I was obeying a blind impulse. I overshot the garage and pulled up by the greenhouse. Pamela was out of the car and away round the corner of the house before the hand brake clicked. As I got out, the wind attacked me like a pack of hounds. Some one screamed.

I wheeled, and saw the nursery window burst open and some one run out frantically, straight for the edge.

I could not have been in time but for the tree. She caught and clung to it. It was Stella. I shouted, "Hold on!"

I could not stop and would have gone over myself if I had not gripped a bough that struck me in the face. I got Stella within the clasp of my right arm, and clung there. I heard Pamela calling, "Roddy, where are you?" and shouted, and saw her starting to run. I yelled to her over the howl of the wind to go slow. She dragged Stella up. A leap sent me sprawling on the ground beside them, and then we went stumbling up to the house.

In Pamela's room, Stella sank down on the couch and stared at me with dark, dilated eyes. "You might have been killed—oh, you might have been killed!" She buried her face in the cushions and shook with smothered sobs. "I think you must hate me," she said.

"No," Pamela answered. "Because we understand. I know exactly what happened." Pamela recounted her own experience in the nursery.

Stella whispered, "You didn't see her. I did. I saw her, and I ran away."

"No one can face it!" I exclaimed. "Of course you ran away."

"But she is my mother! I came because I knew she wanted me, and then, when I saw her, I couldn't—I couldn't—"

A storm of remorse and compassion drove her on.

"It was lovely at first. And I meant to be brave: I

thought, Presently I shall see her and we'll speak to one another. Then, suddenly, everything stopped. I think I must have fallen asleep. I woke with my heart jumping, and it was cold. And then"—Stella's voice faltered—"then she began to come through the door. She came right through the locked door, like a mist. It was there beside the bed, a tall shining cloud that was almost a woman. It moved. It had eyes—and I ran."

She drooped forward, half fainting, and Pamela caught her.

"Roddy," Pamela asked, "what can we do?"

"I am going to take her home," I said.

In the car, Stella said, "Roderick, I promise solemnly that I won't be a trouble to you and Pamela any more. Grandfather has been ill, but as soon as he is better I'll go away."

"Don't do that, Stella! Don't go! God knows when I'd see you again. And don't take risks any more. I can't stand it. Promise?"

"I promise, Roderick," she said.

The house would have to go. Let it go! What did it matter? It was wrecking our lives—Stella's and Pamela's and mine. I ought to have seen that weeks ago. I had been blind.

The next morning I went in early to see Pamela. She had slept soundly, she told me, from about four o'clock on. She was silent for a while; then she said, "Roddy, a rather awful idea came into my head just as I was falling asleep: that there were two spirits fighting—contending for Stella—last night."

"Lord!" I exclaimed. "I hope that isn't so!"

"We haven't really given our minds to the question of Carmel yet," she went on.

I racked my brains to discover what clue it was, connected with Carmel, that I had left untouched. Then I recalled the picture of which Max had spoken, and the photograph he had promised to let me see. I put a call through to his studio, and he answered, full of pleasure.

"I didn't forget those Academy photographs; I'll post them at once. How are things at Cliff End? I was thinking of coming down. Could you put me up from Thursday to Saturday?"

"That's a long journey for two nights, and the house—"

"That's settled, then! Thursday evening. So long!"

Carmel's Treasures

ON Tuesday the package from Max came. Pamela found me in the porch, the parcel in my hand. There were two volumes, with a marker in each. She took one, I opened the other.

This could not be Carmel! Even in girlhood Carmel would not have been like this. She would have had a dark, hard, audacious face. But this girl wore a fringed shawl and had a tall comb in her hair and held a carnation against her throat. The title was Dawn. She was very young, soft-eyed and joyous, with dimpled cheeks and lips half open in a shy, wondering smile.

It must be Carmel, I supposed—the carnation, the shawl, the comb. And Meredith had changed her into a malignant witch! How had he done it?

Pamela had a look of sick revulsion on her face. She passed her volume to me.

"Meredith was a devil," she said.

The picture was called The Artist's Model. His Dawn was reproduced in it as a framed portrait hanging on a wall. The beauty and happiness of the young face shone out. Turning away from it with a gesture of anguish, was a woman. At first glance one was shocked by the contrast simply between youth and age, for the face of the agonized woman and the face of the girl were at the same angle; then one realized that it was the same face and had not aged. It was young still, but gaunt, haggard, and hungry, the pallid skin stretched tight over the bones—a hideous caricature. The stricken girl wore the same shawl as the other; her hand lay at her breast in the same position. It was an unmerciful study of decay.

Pamela spoke slowly: "She was madly in love with him still. She came back because she couldn't bear life without him. And he did that. He showed it to Carmel, that last day. He watched her face when she looked at it. He probably finished it with the help of what he saw then—finished it while she was dying."

"And exhibited it," I said, "when she was dead."

"No wonder," Pamela said vehemently, "that she rushed out to throw herself over the cliff! If she died so full of hatred and vengeance that her spirit can't rest!"

Staring at the picture still, she murmured, " 'Looking down into hell': Lizzie said that about the woman at the head of the stairs. I would believe that Lizzie had seen Carmel, only that Carmel's hair and eyes were dark."

"I suspect," I said, "that the materialization was not complete and Lizzie actually saw no more than I did—a misty form. Her imagination would do the rest."

Pamela stared at the ghastly face in the picture and said slowly, "If so, Lizzie was lucky. It would be horrible to see this."

"And vitalized by hate—alive with hunger for revenge. I'm glad Stella didn't see it," I said.

Pamela said thoughtfully, "If we could communicate with Mary—"

"Constrain a ghost?"

"Yes, Roddy. Hold a séance!"

"It's a dangerous game."

"We've got to try it. This has all become so dangerous for Stella. The danger may not be confined to this house."

Pamela had found a conclusive argument. I said, "Very well."

Neither of us knew what to do next. We disliked the notion of employing a medium. In the end, we resorted to Max. We sent him a long telegram asking him to try to find somebody, not a professional medium, who would help us to conduct a séance.

A Warning

THERE was an answering telegram from Max on Wednesday: "Bringing Ingram Dublin Writers' Who's Who last train tomorrow."

We looked him up.

"He seems," I remarked, "to be another of these Dublin law men who do many things brilliantly."

"I hope he is not one of these debunkers," Pamela said. "I just couldn't do with being told 'It's all your imagination' now."

"Max wouldn't do that on us," I said. "The man will know how to conduct a séance, anyway."

"If our séance does nothing else, it will probably stir up whatever psychic influences are around," Pamela added, and we both felt better about it.

On Thursday I let Pamela drive alone to the station. While she was gone I cleared a low round table that would serve for the séance. Then I wrote a methodical summary of our experiences to date. It was much later when I heard the car drive in.

Never were men more welcome.

Ingram was a man of my own age or younger, slight and compact. His keen hazel eyes and vigorous movements gave him an air of well-being and confidence in whose presence depression could not survive.

As we drank coffee beside the fire after supper, he said, "I hope sincerely that I shall be able to help you. But I'm afraid I can only be helpful by bringing an unprejudiced mind to interpreting any communications that we may get."

Pamela asked him, "Shall we tell you what we know, or ought that to come afterward?"

"Afterward, please—it will be so much easier for me to avoid suggestion. That's the very devil in these séances: what you expect is what you get. Have you thought about which method you'd like to use?"

I told him we would leave that to him.

"I suggest the spelling glass. I brought a pack of alphabet cards."

Ingram laid the cards in a circle on the table in order; the alphabet was broken at opposite points by cards marked "Yes" and "No." He inverted a wineglass in the center.

We sat with fingers laid lightly on the rim of the glass. Nothing happened. We rested, then tried again.

"It is seldom so slow," Ingram said.

"Shall we try in the studio?" Pamela suggested.

He agreed, and we carried cards and table up there. The room held a damp chill. Pamela went to her room for a coat. We began without her. The glass remained motionless. Then Pamela joined us, and laid her fingers on it, and a slow sliding movement began. The glass traveled uncertainly around the circle of letters, repeated the whole movement, and came to rest. Ingram spoke:

"Is there some one who wants to communicate with us?"

The glass rocked, then steadied and glided straight across the table and pushed the card marked "Yes." It came to rest there. Pamela sighed.

Mary

INGRAM said gently, "What is your name?"

The glass spelled "Mary."

Pamela and I exchanged excited glances. Ingram went on:

"Did you die at Cliff End?"

The glass slid to "Yes."

"Did you die a natural death?"

"No."

"A violent death?"

"Yes."

"Was it an accident?"

After a brief pause the glass crossed to "No."

"Do you blame some one for your death?"

"Carmel," was steadily spelled out. Pamela drew a sharp breath. We all rested.

"Do these names mean anything to you?" Ingram asked me. I told him that they did. He did not look as pleased as I should have expected.

"Will you take over the questioning?" he said.

I nodded to Pamela: "You go ahead."

"Did Carmel strike you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want her punished?"

The glass traveled smoothly to "No," paused, began to make the circle, and spelled out "Forgive."

"Characteristic," I said, and Ingram looked at me dubiously.

I asked a question now: "Have you a purpose in remaining?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell us what it is?"

The glass moved. It slid to the letter I and spelled out, "I guard."

Ingram's lips were compressed. He asked, "Do you mean that you guard this house against some danger?"

"Yes."

"From where does the danger come?"

"Carmel."

"Whom is she trying to injure?"

The glass was almost wrenched from under our fingers. It rushed at the letters L and I and then at L again. There it stopped, rocking violently.

"Lil!" Ingram exclaimed. "She threatens some one called Lil!"

The tips of Pamela's fingers on the glass were white. I asked her whether she felt cold. She said impatiently, "Never mind!"

STEADILY the glass moved again, traveling straight across to S. It spelled "Stella."

"Do you mean that Carmel would harm Stella?" I asked.

Something went wrong. The glass rocked and then careered round the table. It fell over, but, as soon as it was set up again, darted straight to the "Yes" with such force that it pushed the card over the edge. Pamela clenched her teeth to keep them from chattering. Max put the next question: "Was 'L I L' a mistake, then?"

At once the glass moved to "Yes."

"Is Stella still in danger?"

Again the agitation, the rocking, and the dash to "Yes."

I pulled myself together. This was important. I asked: "What ought we to do?"

The answer was spelled out steadily:

"Send Carmel away."

We rested again. Pamela was very white, and Ingram looked at her anxiously.

"Better go down for a bit, hadn't we?" he suggested, but Pamela shook her head. "The most important question hasn't been asked." She put her fingers on the glass. At once it ran backward and forward between two letters: "L I L I."

"Lili, again Lili!" Ingram said.

Still with only Pamela's fingers on it, the glass raced round and round on the table, flinging the cards off. Then it rushed over the edge itself and rolled on the floor.

Pamela was shivering violently. We all went down to the sitting room. "The results couldn't have been better, could they?" Pamela asked.

Ingram shook his head slowly. "I'm not so sure. Almost every syllable was what you expected, wasn't it? Have you thought and talked a great deal about these women, Mary and Carmel?"

I told him that we were obsessed with them.

"And you are strongly prejudiced against Carmel?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," I admitted. But, to my astonishment, Pamela said: "No, I was for a time, but I'm changing my mind."

Ingram said to me, "Was there one word, one syllable, which was not precisely what you expected it to be?"

His skepticism irritated me, although I approved of it in principle.

"Certainly there was," I replied. "This 'Lili' means nothing to me."

"But 'Stella' means something to you, I take it?"

The question took me unawares. I almost made a fool of myself.

"Why, yes; she appears to be the center of the trouble." With a shrug, Ingram said, "You see!"

"Do you mean the whole thing is invalid?"

"No, no! I only mean that we mustn't accept it, blindly, as evidence."

"Doesn't the cold convince you?"

"It convinces me that your studio is haunted."

"But not that we were in touch with the ghost?"

"Just so. The most interesting things were the repetition of 'Lili' and the agitated movements. There, I think, a ghost may have taken a hand."

Pamela urgently wanted to try again, but Ingram was reluctant. He said, "We shall all work better after a rest. I think we had better put this off till tomorrow."

The Spanish Words

THE next evening we settled in the nursery for the second séance. The room was warm. I fancied—but would not say this before Ingram—that there was a faint sweet breath of mimosa scent.

The cards were set out. I told Ingram that I would take notes. The others put their fingers on the glass. There was a long wait, and then suddenly it moved.

Ingram signed to Pamela to begin.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Mary," was spelled out at once.

"Was it you last night?"

"Yes."

"Did you wish to frighten us?"

"Not you."

"Did you wish to frighten some one?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"Carmel."

"Do you want her to leave Cliff End?"

"Yes."

"Can we do something to make her go?"

"No."

Pamela looked at me, her face tense, and then asked the crucial question:

"Should exorcism be tried?"

The glass sped instantly to "No."

I looked at Pamela and she answered with a little smile. Ingram said to her, "That's not the answer you wanted, is it?"

"No," she replied, "but it is so much better than none."

"Does it mean—"

"It means that we shall shut up the house."

"No, no!" Max protested. "We can't give up yet! Let's ask again."

Pamela sighed; she was tired. "We'll try without Pamela," I said.

Max spoke up: "Mary, tell us what we should do."

The answer was, "Go."

"Why must we go?"

"Danger," was spelled.

"From what? From whom is there danger?"

The glass moved quickly to C, A, R, and M, but before it had reached E it fell over and lay swiveling on its side. When we began again, it ran backward and forward between L and I, and then overturned again.

Max exclaimed, "This does mean something!"

I saw that Pamela was lying limp in her chair, asleep.

"Pamela," I cried sharply, "wake up!"

Ingram said urgently, "Don't!"

Max put an arm round Pamela and raised her shoulders. Her head lolled; she did not wake.

"For God's sake, Ingram," I said, "wake her up!"

"Much better not. It might shock her. This is trance. It won't do any harm."

Pamela sighed. Her breathing grew deeper and her lips parted. Presently she spoke.

The syllables she uttered were as strange to me as the voice in which she was speaking—a light, joyous voice, soft and lilting.

"I don't know the language," Ingram whispered. He snatched my notebook and began to write.

"It must be Spanish," I said.

I heard tender little sounds repeated over and over again.

It is Carmel, I thought—Carmel's love talk with Meredith; Carmel living her youth over again.

I turned on Ingram. "This is intolerable! You've got to wake her! Remember that Carmel was a suicide, a maniac, a murderess—"

Pamela cried out—it was a dreadful cry. Then she began to moan and weep with abandonment. This was the helpless sobbing that we so often heard. It chilled me to the heart. I was shuddering with cold.

Suddenly Max opened the door. He looked out, and came in again, shutting it at once. He said, "Take her out by the garden. Be quick!"

We carried her out and in through the greenhouse and laid her on the sitting-room couch. She opened her eyes.

"Roddy, what's wrong? Why are you so white? What happened?"

Her voice was her own; she was herself. Almost sick with relief, I sank into a chair. Ingram said, "Thank God!" and went out of the room. Max answered her: "You went into a trance."

He began to tell her what happened. She said at once: "It was Carmel!"

"But Mary was coming," I told her. "We were only just in time."

Ingram came back.

Max said, "She disappeared into the nursery. A sort of wraith, shrouded."

He asked Pamela, "Is your head aching?"

"It is, rather. But never mind. Tell me what I said."

He read from his notes, trying to reproduce the syllables which she had spoken. We could make nothing of them.

"I wonder—" Pamela plunged into thought, looking at Ingram's notes. Presently she said good night and left us.

Late the next morning, after Max and Ingram had left, I went to Pamela's room. Her headache of the night before had kept her in bed. Now she lay propped up on pillows, the headache almost gone. "It was a splitter," she told me. "Roddy, I want to do nothing but think. We've been wildly, crazily wrong!"

"Don't addle your brains with it, Pamela!"

"Very well. I won't talk till I'm sure."

Return

FATHER ANSON arrived that afternoon in a deluge of rain. He had heard from Lizzie that Pamela was not well. I assured him that it was only a headache, and took him upstairs.

Pamela welcomed him warmly. "Do you know Spanish, father?" she asked.

"I used to."

She gave him Ingram's notes of the Spanish words: *niña mia; chica; guapa;* and the rest.

"Those are words of endearment, such as 'my darling,' 'my baby,' 'my darling little girl.'"

Pamela's eyes danced. "So I imagined!" She paused. "When you knew Carmel first, was she a gentle, warm-natured girl?"

"So indeed I believed."

Pamela was excited now.

"Roddy, we have been as blind as bats! Carmel was simple and loving, and Mary was a cold, hard, self-righteous prig! Father, I believe you agree with me in your heart!"

Father Anson spoke deliberately: "I think that Mary, like many virtuous and noble women, put an undue strain upon human nature at times."

"That will do nicely," Pamela said.

When I ran upstairs after seeing the priest out, Pamela's door was shut. I knocked.

"Hi, woman, what *is* all this?"

"I'll tell you after supper," she answered. "I'm getting up!"

She refused to talk until the meal was over.

"I hope," I said, "that you have some rational excuse for looking so pleased with yourself."

"Roddy, you could think it out for yourself, too."

"Think what out?"

"I wish you could see that all the prejudice against Carmel is utterly unfair. These ignorant people! Just because she was gay and foreign they put her down to a light woman."

"They would, of course."

"Then Miss Holloway—her jealousy of Carmel was hardly sane; and Mary had no mercy on her."

"But, good Lord, Carmel killed Mary—or didn't she?"

"She didn't, Roddy! That was the tree! The tree struck Mary, just as it struck you."

"Gosh! Why didn't I think of that?"

"Miss Holloway knows it, and she lies. She lies to her-

self, to salve her crooked conscience for Carmel's death. And Mary knows it, and she lies even now."

"Are you telling me that ghosts tell lies?"

"'L I, L I.' That was Carmel trying to tell us, trying to break through. She couldn't spell English."

"My word, that's ingenious!"

"It's simple. Both times that came immediately after Mary said that Carmel was trying to harm Stella. No one is trying to harm Stella."

Pamela looked at me appealingly.

"Do try to clear your mind of all these prejudices about Carmel. Do try to see that she was a kind, faithful, gentle girl! Don't you *feel* it, Roddy?"

"The face in Dawn is charming," I admitted.

"And that lonely weeping. The voice is gentle and pitiful, isn't it? And think how she suffered! Think of her in Spain, young and joyous in love. Then Mary comes, and, rather than lose sight of Meredith, she became Mary's servant. I believe she meant to be good. But he seduces her. And then her baby, whom she adored, is taken away from her, and when she comes back—"

"What are you trying to tell me? Her baby? Stella? Is Stella Carmel's child?"

"Yes, Roddy; don't you see?"

"Miss Holloway would have found out," I argued, "and she would never have stayed ten years with Carmel's child."

"I don't think she knows."

"But in Paris!"

"The baby was weaned before she came."

"Good Lord! What about Father Anson?"

"Carmel may have confessed that she had a baby but never told him that it was Meredith's."

I sat thinking. I wanted to believe this. If Stella had in her nothing of Mary's nature, if those little tight inhibitions were all imposed—

Pamela asked, "Roddy, are you convinced?"

"It's sheer melodrama," I declared. "A woman doesn't adopt her husband's child by another woman."

"It's exactly the sort of thing Mary would do."

"I don't see a motive."

"To keep Meredith, of course! Spain was calling, Carmel adored him, and he was fond of the child."

"But would Carmel give her baby up?"

"What future had she if they discarded her? Can't you imagine the great persuasion scene? 'What can you do for the child, you poor outcast? And we can give her such a beautiful life!'"

"But what about Mary's reputation? It's not for nothing that a woman gets the name of being almost a saint."

"Who are the people who admired Mary? All the people who wanted to. The Jessups and their kind. They like to be on the best terms with this house, and they would be no end impressed with a beautiful face and a gracious manner and Lady Bountiful ways. She was a real Lady Bountiful, I don't doubt."

"Oh, so you grant Mary some virtues?"

"All the seven deadly virtues, Roddy! All the cold, self-conscious, egotistical ones."

"And Miss Holloway, I suppose—"

"They were birds of a feather, crammed with high-flown righteousness. That's what helped me to guess. When Miss Holloway met Mary first, what was she? A crackpot with not a penny to put her theories into effect. Mary shares her theories—and Mary has money."

"I twigged that, of course."

"So, you see! Miss Holloway *wanted* to love and admire Mary. She wouldn't let herself see herself as a scrounger. She had to have a virtuous excuse."

"And how do you dispose of the Commander?"

"Poor man! Wish-thinking, again!"

"I see. He *wanted* to think his Mary perfect."

"He had no one else. Besides, she did share his standards, up to a point. She was admirable, in her own ice-cold way. But, Roddy! Think of the things we *know* about Mary! Keeping Carmel in the house after she discovered— She deliberately subjected a young girl to temptation so she might watch and play the redeeming angel! Think of what she did when Carmel came back, desperate! Can't you see her—haven't you actually seen her—leaning over the banisters, staring into that ravaged face, realizing what she could do? Not drive Carmel out—no. Keep her; let Meredith stare and stare at that death's-head! And then—do you remember, do you realize it was Mary who called Carmel to the studio, that last evening, to show her what he had done?"

Pamela's voice trailed off.

"You make her a fiend. I hope the Commander has never suspected this. It would be cruel."

"The whole thing's cruel! Think of the cruelty to Stella ever since she was born! You can see Carmel's joyousness and warmth in her, can't you? And all that cramped, warped, repressed!"

Pamela added, her voice softening: "I think, when she knows, there'll be an amazing release."

"We can't tell Stella!" I exclaimed. "After all these years of idolizing Mary as her mother, it would be a frightful shock."

"But we can't let her go on living under that lie! We must tell Stella! Carmel wants her to know. I'm quite sure that's why she stays. Oh, Roddy, don't you see, Mary is haunting only because of Carmel—for fear of her telling the truth? If we can satisfy Carmel, and she goes, Mary will disappear too."

This was an astounding notion. Did the key to the whole thing really lie in our hands?

I was just about to answer when I heard the loud pounding at the door. Pamela ran and opened it. It was Stella.

Single Combat

FOR an instant I was transfixed on the stairs, too astonished to move. Stella stood in the hall, breathless from the blast which had blown her in, looking at me with anxious eyes. I could say only, "Stella, Stella, is it you?"

She spoke shakily: "My grandfather is ill. He had an operation for appendicitis this morning. I thought if I might talk to you just for a little— They would have let me stay in the hospital, but there was no room."

"Have you been sitting all alone in that empty house?" Pamela asked.

"Yes. I—I couldn't bear grandfather's study," she said shakily, "and I couldn't bear my own room, so I sat in the kitchen. I just sat there, trying—I did try—I did really try hard—not to come."

Pamela said unhappily, "Stella dearest, if only I had known! You have had a terrible day."

Stella shook her head. "Today has not been so terrible as last night, when Dr. Scott told me that he was likely to die. But I think I can bear that now. Life couldn't be happy for him, could it, much longer? He was tired out. And he isn't suffering today. Last night his mind was wandering. He thought that I was my mother and that she had told him a lie."

Pamela glanced at me, startled. "Do you know what he thought the lie was about?" I asked.

"No. He just kept repeating, 'Mary, you didn't lie to me? Tell me you didn't.'"

Perhaps Pamela was right and we ought to tell Stella—but not now.

"Oughtn't you to go to bed now?" I said.

"Oh, please, not yet! There is something I ought to tell you," she said. A look of desolation came on her face. "It is about my mother. You were right, Roddy. It was not my mother in the nursery. I imagined it all."

"What makes you think that?"

"I tried to tell my grandfather what it was like in the nursery. I hoped that he might be glad. But he was angrier than I have ever seen him. He made me see that I had been imagining it, because it seems"—she steeled herself to go on—"it seems that my mother was not that sort of person. He said, 'She was not sentimental about you. She was never a baby-worshiper!'"

She covered her face suddenly.

I said quickly, "Stella, he was wrong. She did lie to him, and he believed the lie."

Stella looked up, her face incredulous.

Pamela said: "Darling, it was not your imagination. We have found out the truth. Your mother did love you. She adored you. She petted and caressed you and stole into your room with a light. But she was not Mary Meredith. That was a lie. You are not Mary Meredith's child."

Stella stared into the fire. She said: "I did wonder sometimes. I am so unlike her. And since grandfather told me that I haven't been able to love her properly." She stood up. "Do you know who my mother was?"

I found the volume of photographs and handed it to her, open at Dawn.

She looked at the portrait for a long time. "I have seen her face in my father's sketches, and I always loved it," she murmured. "They say she was wicked, but of course it's not true. Her face is as loving and kind as the voice in the nursery."

THE wind had shifted and was charging over the moors like a horde of demons now. Nobody would be able to sleep while that lasted. Stella was broad awake.

Pamela, moving about the room uneasily, said, "It seems to me we've had mighty little to eat. I'm going to forage in the kitchen."

"Stella, are you wearing mimosa scent?" I asked suddenly. The rush of perfume took me by surprise, it was so strong.

"Why, no—where is it coming from?" She started to her feet.

I said, "Stella, try not to be upset. It never brings anything in the least frightening. I think it means that Carmel is about."

"Is that Carmel weeping?" she asked.

It was. There was no mistaking it for the wind. It was Carmel, uttering deep, longing, lonely sighs.

Stella said in a low voice: "I think perhaps she could hear me. I think perhaps she would understand."

From the nursery came the mournful sound and the flowery scent.

Stella slipped quietly into the dark room. I could hear her quick, eager breathing, and Carmel's sobbing breath, as if there were two women in that room. Then Stella began to speak. Her voice rose and fell, a little lyric of pity and love, as if a mother were comforting a child. "*Madre mia, madre carissima,*" I heard. When she ended, the sighing had ceased. The scent, too, had faded away.

"She has gone! Oh, Roddy, I believe she has gone—in peace."

Stella was trembling. I held her in my arms. I told her it was the sweetest thing I had ever seen done, and that no one else in the world would have done just this, and that there was nobody like her in all the world. I told her that if she could not love me I would not know how to live.

"But you know—you must have known," she whispered. "Oh, my darling—"

PAMELA had called more than once before I realized it and opened the door.

Sudden cold made me gasp. I thrust Pamela into the nursery with Stella, and forced my way against an impalpable pressure to the foot of the stairs, and looked up. Mary was coming, expanding and gathering form, palely luminous. She began to float down toward me with a slow, sweeping movement.

I stood on the second step, with my hands behind me gripping the rail. I shook all over. But I laughed. I laughed because it was so incongruous—the awe and terror which had surrounded the ghost of Carmel and the harmless innocence of her spirit, the simplicity of what Stella had done.

Mary loomed there, wavering, while, step by step, I mounted up against her, pouring out my derision. "You pitiful trickster, you are finished! You are shown up! Your poses are done with, you shallow fraud!"

The form shrank and dwindled, losing outline and light. It became a grayish column of fog with a luminous nucleus. I saw it cowering, wreathing and writhing like smoke under a downward wind.

"There is nothing left of you, Mary," I mocked, "but a story to laugh over, a tale for maids to giggle at in the kitchen!"

The cloud thinned, dissolving and lifting, and seemed to ooze away through the roof. I could not have fought any more; I had no strength left. I staggered and sat down heavily on the top step.

Stella ran up the stairs to my side. "Oh, how could you, how could you?" she gasped. "She was so dreadful, and you went up and up! I couldn't even scream!"

Pamela said, "Oh, Roddy, it was horrifying to watch you. But the incredible thing is that it worked! I know it did. She won't come back!"

I was still shuddering with cold. But, as Stella's hand clasped mine, warmth came flooding back to me.

Then there was Lizzie at the foot of the stairs, holding Whisky. "I found him in the nursery," she said. "What is the meaning of all this? I couldn't believe he was in there! I thought he'd been scared out of the house and I'd never set eyes on him again! And I wouldn't blame him," she declared. "For this house isn't fit for a Christian, let alone a cat. What's after happening at all?"

"Lizzie, it's the grandest house in Christendom," I told her.

"Which doesn't answer me," she said. "What's happening here? I went to bed with everybody upset and anxious; and now, in the middle of the night, I find Miss Meredith like a picture in a prayerbook, and Miss Pamela with a smile on her face, and Whisky—I ask you, will you look at him?—he that wouldn't even set foot on the staircase—and Mr. Roderick on the top of the world. What in the name of creation does it mean?"

"Can you keep a secret, Lizzie?" I asked.

Pamela chuckled, and Lizzie's shamefaced gurgle replied. "I won't put my soul in jeopardy with a promise," she said.

Stella's hand slipped into Pamela's and she smiled. "Tell her, Roddy! I want Lizzie to know."

"It means, Lizzie," I said, "that Miss Meredith has promised to marry me, and we are staying at Cliff End, and the ghosts are gone."

Tears came to Lizzie's eyes.

"Well, if I had three wishes—" she murmured brokenly. "Miss Pamela, darling—Miss Meredith— Oh, Mr. Roddy!" Her face cleared and shone upon us, aglow with loving-kindness. "May God bless us all!" she said.

THE END

Abridged by the Liberty staff.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MY first top kick once warned me, "You just ask for it, son, you'll get it." That's all right, but since I've been doing this page I notice I get it whether I ask for it or not. Goes with the job, I guess.

The latest storm of pinning-my-ears-back letters was occasioned by that item I ran from an ex-sarge, now a cadet in a preflight school. Remember? He gave out that "bracing" (hazing) by upperclassmen was silly *when it interfered with study time.* He said it was kid stuff, and I agreed with him.

Well, you should see the abuse I've taken. You wouldn't believe it.

And 99 per cent of the letter writers entirely missed the point. Neither Ex-Sarge nor I said we were against hazing in principle; in fact, I said specifically, "I've taken my own share of hazing, and I've done my share, too." What I did object to was "depriving a man of working time he needs." *That* was the point.

But about those letters.

One came from the talented young editor in chief of the Tale-Spinner, weekly organ of the San Antonio (Texas) Aviation Cadet Center. Darned if he hadn't written and printed a whole ringing editorial about the affair. Good writing, too. He asked me to reprint it in Liberty, "in the interest of fairness," and said "it would aid tremendously in establishing your unbiased stand." I'm not reprinting it simply because it's so long there'd be no space left in this department. My stand *is* biased. I'm biased about practically everything, one way or another, and I have little respect for the man who isn't. Seems to me we are fighting, among other things, for the right to be biased—and to give every man freedom to express his biased opinions. I am.

Then there was a letter from two captains. They said my comments were "disgusting" and I was creating "unrest." Them's harsh words, captains.

And so on.

Just to prove that there are biases and biases, more than a few air cadets gave loud cheers for Ex-Sarge's letter and thanked me for printing it. Said they felt just the way he did.

All of which proves that there are two sides to any controversy. I'll grant the other guy a right to his opinion and respect him for it, if he'll do the same for me.

Incidentally, the only letters I do *not* read are the ones which start, "I dare you to print this." They bore me.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Just laid hands on a copy of Liberty and flipped the pages to your colyum. Could you find a bit of time to mull over a thought and possibly give it a little airing?

It's the old discussion of leaves in wartime. Many of us have been away from the States quite some time, two years being the average for older "boots" like myself. Well, Sarge, sometimes it's been exciting, sometimes grueling, and most of the time just plain boring. Don't get me wrong—that's not a gripe, exactly—some one's got to be here. But every so often men are transferred back to the States to attend trade schools. Because the prospect of a few weeks back home is so alluring, it attracts more men, actually, than the schooling does. And here's my "why-don't-they." Why don't they assign quotas for leave in the same way quotas are assigned for trade schools? Base the quotas on the number of men aboard ship or in an outfit. It wouldn't have to be a large quota, say one or two men per hundred, but have it a steady system operating every month. Base the selections on the length of time since a man has been back. It would be a tremendous stimulus for both the men in service and the folks back home. The mere fact that a man would *know* he'd get some leave eventually would sure mean a lot. I'm curious to know why such a system has never been put into effect. As a P.S. to the above: If I could have been home for two days out of the last two years, I wouldn't be an ex-engaged man now.

J. R. O'D., Y1c, U. S. N.,
Carrier Aircraft Service Unit
Eight, Air Force, Pacific Fleet.

Sailor, if I knew the answer to your "why-don't-they" I'd out with it, but I don't. I've asked a lot of Navy men, too, but all they gave me was old obvious stuff which doesn't hold water. I'd like to know, too. Will some striper please oblige?

* * *

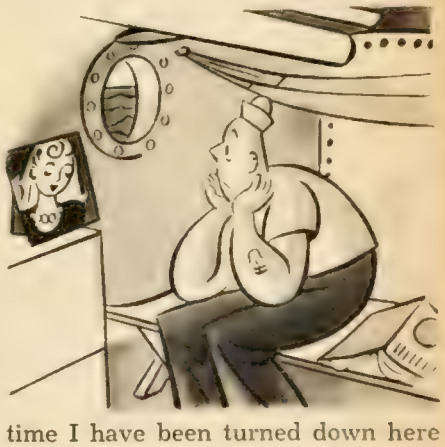
I have a very dear friend in the Marine Corps. He went overseas and I have not heard from him in many months. I know that he would have written me if he could. Is there any way I can find out whether he is living or dead, wounded or a prisoner, or what? I know that his "next of kin" is notified if a soldier is a casualty, but what about those who are not "next of kin"?

D. R. L., Raleigh, N. C.

When a casualty is reported, the Adjutant General's Office notifies the next of kin, and eventually the news is released for publication in newspapers. If you cannot obtain the information from those sources you can only get it by direct request to the Adjutant General, and the granting thereof is at the discretion of his office. But the War Department has asked specifically that such inquiries be *not* made, even by next of kin.

* * *

Being physically qualified and looking for action, I have been trying to transfer to the Paratroops. Every



time I have been turned down here in my company. Can you help me and tell me what to do next?

Cpl. W. G. R., Camp Bowie, Tex.

By "turned down" do you mean that your Company Commander refused to endorse your request for transfer? If so, you *can* take the matter up with the Post Adjutant or Commanding Officer, but generally it's bad business to go over the head of your Company Commander, for obvious reasons. Technically, A. R. 615-200 provides that a Company Commander may recommend disapproval of a transfer, but the papers must go to higher authority for final disposition. Now use your head as what to do next.

Here's some more "inside stuff" for the recruits. (1) *Re* washing socks: after soaping and rinsing the outside, turn them inside out and repeat the process—that's the only way to clean them thoroughly. (2) Keep that little box your sewing kit came in and use it to hold your handkerchiefs—it's a fine space saver in your foot locker or will save a lot of rummaging in your barracks bag.

Cpl. S. G.,
Camp Stoneman, Calif.

Thanks for those "housekeeping hints for domestic dogfaces," corporal. They're sound and practicable. Try 'em.

* * *

Maybe my overalls don't look as good as the WAVES' and WAACS' uniforms do, but I'm proud of my job. You see, I'm a truck driver for the Post Engineer (while my husband is a soldier helping protect that Cold Island). Anyway, several soldiers have saluted me and I'm curious to know if that is an Army regulation or am I being razzed?

Mrs. C. W. C., Cheyenne, Wyo.

Neither. The men are simply giving you the salute as a signal of respect for a woman who is doing her part in the joint effort. They think you rate it. And that's a sincere compliment.

* * *

ST. PETER: What's all that racket at the gate?

HEAVENLY SENTRY: An old Regular Army private wants in, but he's got too many black marks.

ST. PETER: Oh, let him in. He'll be asking for a transfer in a few days, anyway!

Hickam Highlights, Hawaii.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

IN addition to Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, we have other interesting Chinese ladies visiting this country now. Recently I had tea and a talk with Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the diplomat. She is over here while he is in China on leave from his post as ambassador to England.

Formerly he was ambassador in Washington. Telling me about Chinese names, she said it's hard for a Chinese woman to keep her years a secret, because in every family all kids of the same generation, girls and boys alike, are given the same middle name. Find out a lady's middle name and you know what age group she belongs to. Mrs. Koo's middle name is *Lan*. It is also the middle name of her sisters, her brothers, and all her cousins. *Lan* means heavenly orchid. Her first name is *Hui*, which means meteor or shooting star. Mrs. Koo speaks English, Dutch, French, German, Javanese, two kinds of Chinese—Mandarin and Fukien. She plays a crack game of gin rummy. *Chur* is the name of her pet dog, a frivolous white peke. *Chur* means snowball.

SATISFYING report from Norway, where the German invaders believed they had played a slick card by putting the directorship of the Norwegian Theater into the hands of ace Nazi authoress Cally Monrad. Cally unlimbered her arts—and the

Oslo audiences stayed away in droves.

Twelve tickets have been the top box-office sale for any performance during her regime. Ladies of Oslo refused to attend, and their menfolk stayed away with them. I like this slap at Axis propaganda. It shows that women cannot be used effectively as fronts for swastika *Kultur*. Home-town girls know how to boycott such monkey business.

SPITE of all our slimnastics and calorie counting, we still gain too much weight after thirty. Tall gals put on an average of fifteen pounds between thirty and fifty, while shorter sisters tip the scales at a thirteen- to fourteen-pound increase. Insurance experts say we don't need

to and ought not to. They say it comes from keeping up young eating habits after we slow down our activities. Newest range of ideal weights for women twenty-five and over is as follows:

Height with shoes on		What you should weigh with ordinary clothes on		
Feet	Inches	Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
5	0	105—113	112—120	119—129
5	1	107—115	114—122	121—131
5	2	110—118	117—125	124—135
5	3	113—121	120—128	127—138
5	4	116—125	124—132	131—142
5	5	119—128	127—135	133—145
5	6	123—132	130—140	138—150
5	7	126—136	134—144	142—154
5	8	129—139	137—147	145—158
5	9	133—143	141—151	149—162
5	10	136—147	145—155	152—166
5	11	139—150	148—158	155—169
6	0	141—153	151—163	160—174

FOR all the virtues of dieting, in cold winter weather we need rib warmers like this *Cornish Pork and Apple Pie*, a Michigan recipe brought here long ago by mine workers from Cornwall. It's a meal in itself. . . . Line deep pan with pie dough. Cover bottom crust with thin slices salt pork, then pile high with apples sliced ½ inch thick. Sprinkle with flour, pinch of salt, pinch of cinnamon, a little sugar. Moisten with molasses. Cover with pastry and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve smoking hot with pitcher of warm molasses or cream.

TRICKS of TRADES

Chauffeured Bees

MAYBE it's because bees tire more easily than we think, and maybe it's because wild flowers of some species of plants produce particularly pleasant honey. At any rate, astute beekeepers load hives on motor trucks and take them fifty and even a hundred miles to fresh fields. With only a few hundred yards to fly, the bees gather more honey than they would if left to "get to work" on their own power.

Shipyard Helmets

TO make it easier for a foreman to locate any group of men needed on a special job in many shipyards, the workers' helmets are variously colored, each hue denoting a certain trade. Thus machinists are identified by gray helmets, carpenters by blue, pipe fitters and plumbers by green, riggers by orange, calkers by red, and so on.

Comradeship in Bombs

CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN munitions workers have found an effective method to make duds of bombs they are forced to make by substituting defective detonators right under Nazi supervisor noses. While they're at it, they insert little messages of comradeship to those the bombs are meant for!

How Many Eggs?

A GREAT drugstore chain more than doubled its sales on egg-malted milk by having the soda clerk ask each customer who asked for a malted, "Do you wish one egg or two, sir?" In ninety-four out of a hundred cases the customer, who probably had had no idea of wanting an egg in his malted, ordered one or two.

Colors Paired Off

MANY persons admire the vividness of the fields of yellow-orange grain and the equal vividness of the blue skies in some of Van Gogh's paintings. But artists know that he used a simple trick of the trade. Blue and orange are "complementary" colors, which reinforce each other. Similarly an artist wishing to emphasize the ruddy face of a portrait puts in a green background. The green makes the red more vivid. Purple and yellow are similarly paired off.

Clean-up Magnets

THE bus companies of Chicago, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, and some other cities are now picking up nails and other sharp objects of steel with magnets attached to the bottoms of special trucks. In Chicago a battery-powered magnet collected 800 pounds of metal in one month and 1,600 in another from 195 miles of streets. Cans, hairpins, bottle caps are included in the haul.

Taking Your Pulse

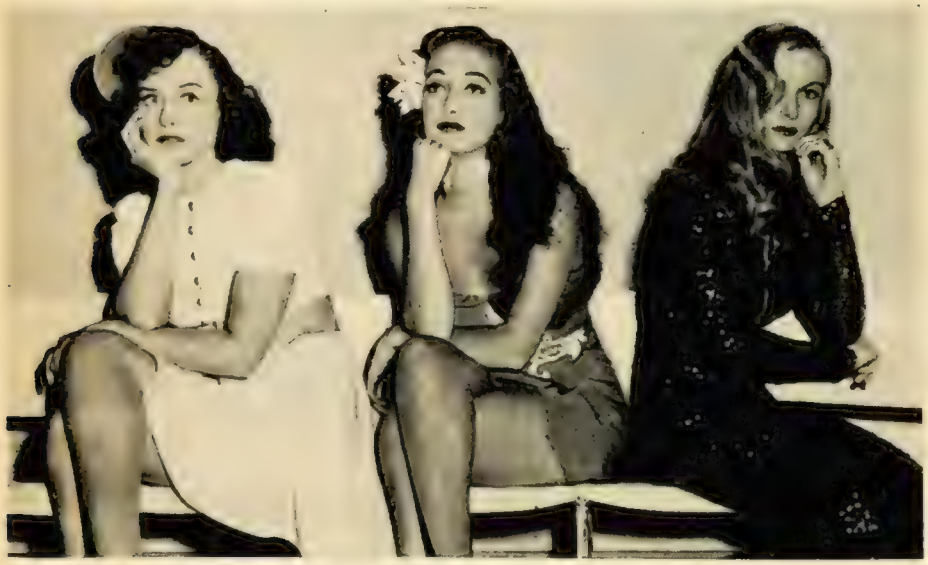
PERHAPS you have noticed that the doctor takes your pulse, talks in a nonchalant way about subjects that are mildly interesting to you, and then, when you are engrossed in the conversation, takes your pulse again. It's an old trick of the medical profession but a sound one. Many people get excited at the mere thought of having their pulse taken and so the pulse rate jumps up for no reason at all. If the doctor took only the first count he might think you were very ill indeed.

[Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.]

Hankies for Show—
KLEENEX* for Blow!
DURING COLDS MY FAMILY USES SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX—IT SOOTHES THEIR NOSES—IT SAVES LINEN HANKIES!
(from a letter by G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)
KLEENEX
HIGH GLOW, SILVER!
AFTER CLEANING MY SILVERWARE I USE SOFT KLEENEX TO MAKE IT SPARKLE... THEN I USE KLEENEX AGAIN TO WRAP CHOICE PIECES BEFORE PUTTING THEM AWAY!
(from a letter by D. J. C., Lewiston, Me.)
WIN $25.00
(MATURITY VALUE)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR
ADDRESS - KLEENEX
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
PAN HANDLER!
I DREADED KITCHEN CHORES TILL I DISCOVERED KLEENEX FOR HANDLING HOT HANDLES, WIPING OUT GREASY PANS!
(from a letter by H. E. H., Lewiston, Me.)
(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Polly (Betty Hutton) and Pop Webster (Victor Moore) plot to keep his son from knowing that he is not a Paramount exec.



Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake satirize themselves in A Sweater, a Sarong, and a Peek-a-Boo Bob.

Pop Webster shows some of his son's shipmates around the Paramount lot (which he doesn't own) in his private car.

BY HARRIET GOULD

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM

IF Hollywood ever let its hair down and had fun making a picture, this is it—and the results are fine. But Star Spangled Rhythm is almost too much of a good thing. It runs along on such a high but sustained level that there are no high lights to pick out.

Star Spangled Rhythm has the pace and polish of a Broadway musical but with more of a plot to make the numbers hang together. Instead of being superimposed on the action, the music, dancing, and routines are part of it. That's nice for a change.

The story is about a Paramount gateman, Pop Webster (Victor Moore), who has told his sailor son (Eddie Bracken) that he's an executive. When the fleet comes in and Bracken and his shipmates make a beeline for the studio, Pop is in a predicament. But with the help of Polly (Betty Hutton), a switchboard girl, he succeeds in carrying out his hoax and completely upsetting the whole Paramount studio. The story carries the action all over the lot—onto the working sets (for a musical production number called With My Baby on the Swing Shift), into projection rooms (to see Dick Powell, Mary Martin, and the Golden Gate Quartet sing Dreamland—a new and lovely ballad), story conferences, and executive offices.

The final sequence moves over to Bracken's ship, where Pop has foolishly promised to put on a show with all the Paramount stars. By a fluke—and Polly's maneuverings—it comes off, and here the picture becomes a series of vaudeville skits.

Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, and Veronica Lake do a hilarious take-off on themselves in a number called A Sweater, a Sarong, and a Peek-a-Boo Bob. Another very funny scene is one in which Bob Hope innocently gets caught in the shower of a jealous husband.

Alan Ladd, Lynn Overman, Albert Dekker, Cass Daley, Sterling Holloway, Katherine Dunham, "Rochester," Preston Sturges, Walter Abel, and even Cecil B. De Mille get their turn before the camera.

As a matter of fact, Star Spangled Rhythm is a little like a country store: All of Paramount's merchandise is prominently and attractively displayed. It's almost as much fun as a country store, too.

JACARE

THIS time Frank Buck himself doesn't do the bringing-back-alive, but he does the narration and plans the trip. He sends his protégé, James Dannaldson—a large handsome gent—to the headwaters of the Amazon to bring back some rare birds and animals and to track down "jacare," fiercest and meanest of the alligator family.

The film is packed with wonderful shots of strange animals, suspense, and a spine-tingling sequence when Dannaldson is attacked by a boa constrictor.

(Frank Buck—United Artists.)

ARABIAN NIGHTS

UNIVERSAL has taken the fables of the Arabian Nights, Scheherazade, Sinbad, and Aladdin and bound them all into a sometimes silly, sometimes charming package of technicolor film. Because the actors didn't take the idea too seriously, the picture is a nice combination of humor, suspense, and wonderful technicolor. Maria Montez is a beautiful Scheherazade, with competent support from Jon Hall, Leif Erikson, Sabu, and Billy Gilbert.

(Universal.)

THUMBNAILS

THE MAN WITH THE BEARD

NOW that Monty Woolley has finished his third starring movie (Life Begins at Eight-Thirty), and since he has to wait a few weeks before they begin production on his fourth, that irascible man with the beard has come back East to begin enjoying his new-found success in the theater.

Really a well mannered gentleman—an ex-English and dramatics professor at very dignified Yale University, he's having a wonderful time living up to the characterization Hollywood and the press agents have built around him.

He's discovered that most people don't believe he is acting on the screen. They think he really is a nasty sharp-tongued boor; and so—being Edgar Montillian Woolley, he wouldn't do anything to disillusion them.

For example, when his studio ran a preview and party at the opening of The Pied Piper in Rochester, one of the worried p. a.'s asked him to be nice to the kids. "For you, my dear," he snarled, "I will pat the little darlings on the head—until they are dead." The press agent turned green, expecting anything, but Monty had made his point and that's all he wanted. As a matter of fact, he loves children and gave a party for the juvenile cast, extras, and understudies of The Pied Piper.

Recently he bought himself a little house in Saratoga, the first he's ever owned. This has opened up a whole new field for his sharp wit. He bellows at plumbers when they insist that his private bathroom must be closed off because the pipes are bad; he roars at contractors who insist that if he wants to use the fireplace they will have to rip out the whole side of the building and rebuild it; he withers decorators who insist he can't have a white leather couch (but he will anyway). But he is having the time of his life, you can tell by the twinkle in his eyes, even while he is baring his teeth and shaking his beard.

Monty Woolley stops fooling when he gets onto his favorite subject, though. "Why, oh, why do people think I am English? Just be-cause I speak cor-rect Eng-lish do I have to be a foreigner? I was born in the Hotel Bristol, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, in 1888 and have lived in America most of my life. I am an American, dammit!"

BOB HOPE

JANET BLAIR

BING CROSBY

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN Paul Muni Cedric Hardwicke (Columbia)	*Drama* (Norway fights back at the Nazis).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list
SALUDOS AMIGOS Donald Duck Goofy (Disney-RKO)	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America).	Very amusing and palatable dose of hemisphere neighborliness . . . magnificent use of color. (1-16-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION Robert Taylor Brian Donlevy Charles Laughton (M-G-M)	*Navy drama* (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together . . . audience will have fun. (1-16-43)
PITTSBURGH Marlene Dietrich Randolph Scott (Universal)	*Melodrama* (lusty story of a coal-mining town).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed . . . directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
THE BLACK SWAN Tyrone Power Maureen O'Hara (20th Century-Fox)	*Sea thriller* (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Lusty thriller . . . will linger in your memory as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	*Drama* (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter performances. (11-14-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO Bob Hope Bing Crosby Dorothy Lamour (Paramount)	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Will have reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)
ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING Korda Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (compelling film of the R. A. F. in action).	Perfect acting . . . terrific authority and suspense . . . plenty of melodramatic excitement. (10-3-42)

FROZEN—BUT WE'RE MAKING OUT

Continued from Page 18

provided that the government would buy cars dealers had on hand July 1, 1942, at retail prices. A small monthly increase of ceiling prices was allowed to cover carrying costs, and loans for running expenses could be made. The government also eased the strain by arranging for the Motor Transport Service of the Quartermaster Corps to use the service facilities of civilian shops equipped to handle army work.

Most of the dealers who are still getting by are doing it by concentrating on their service departments. And they're not only saving their own skins—they're guarding a vital part of the public transportation system. For we can't wear out our cars and then walk. Twenty million automobiles on the road are a basic transport necessity and will be next year and the year after. So every individual car in the country must be made to last as long as possible.

CARS *can* last—almost indefinitely—with the right kind of servicing. Most of us used to look at repairs as a waste of money, unless our car actually stopped running. We'd trade it in soon anyway, we reasoned, so why fix it up for the next fellow? And the dealer regarded his repair shop as a necessary evil. But that's all changed. It's likely to stay changed even after the war.

The manufacturers have helped the dealers in this campaign of education. Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, and others have devoted a lot of their advertising space to acquainting the public with the need for consistent servicing. One dealer voiced his appreciation by remarking, "Of course I'm darn glad to have my eyes opened now to the service opportunities I've been missing all these years, but it makes me sick to think of what I've passed up."

Expanding the service department has had its difficulties for dealers who were already losing mechanics to higher-paid defense jobs and the armed forces. But some of them are trying out girls on light repairs. By continuing to tighten up their organizations, prune extravagances, make every man and hour count, and combine new fields of income with their dealer business, they hope to be doing business at the same old stand when the assembly lines reconvert and millions of buyers stampede to replace their worn-out cars. Meanwhile the auto dealer is pulling a tractor-sized load in the war effort.

THE END

"Is that Mrs. Beck I hear purring?"

MAGIC CARPET

Continued from Page 15

"That's different! Now take *this* in: When I get paid Saturday, we'll go to a good department store and buy their best fifty-dollar rug, and that's *that!*"

"The money's half mine. I had twenty-one dollars when we were married!"

"I didn't marry you for your money!" he shouted. "And I certainly wouldn't have married you if I knew you wanted a houseful of dirty, germy secondhand furniture!"

"And I wouldn't have married you," she rapped out, "if I had known what a vicious insulting temper you had! And I'm sorry I did!"

THEN Ted got up and threw his crumpled napkin to the floor, and slammed out of the house with his hat on and only one arm in his coat. And she changed her dress and slammed out of the house, and came straight to the Wayland Auction Galleries.

And they weren't open yet. So she walked round and round the block until at last a doorman appeared. She must have asked him—though she had no recollection of it—where the rugs were. Because here she was, looking at a rug.

A wonderful rug. And just the right size. True, here and there it looked—well, no, not exactly threadbare, but *walked on.* Still, if she put the radio where the little chair was, it would cover the one rather bad spot.

Somehow, somehow she must bring Ted round!

A number of other persons came and inspected the rug, some of them touching it, turning back a corner, and moving on. Presently she realized that a young woman had been standing beside her for a good while. Marcia turned her head, and recognized her.

Mrs. McArdle was right: really nice people *did* buy at auctions. For Marcia had seen this young woman's picture in the rotogravure. In the very tweed outfit she was now wearing! She could almost think of her name. . . . *Kit,* that was it. "The socialite Kit Van Wick Andrews in a Schiaparelli tweed."

Now another woman approached them. "Hello, Kit. Got intentions toward this little Kirmanshah?"

"Sweet, isn't it?" Kit replied; and Marcia turned for another good look at her.

Why, you'd think she owned the world and could afford to lose it and buy another! And Marcia thought, with a sinking feeling, She'll get this rug if she really wants it. She's the kind that gets what she wants.

Only why should Mrs. Kit Van Wick Andrews want a secondhand rug?

But at once Marcia knew the answer: A bargain is a bargain. Besides, if she herself were rich, she'd want *this* rug. Yes, even if Ted's notions about secondhand things were true. It looked perfectly clean, but anyhow you'd send it to a cleaner.

"I don't know," Kit was answering her friend. "I may bid a little. But what with these murderous new taxes— Besides, if your husband's hobby is raising race horses you never have cash for housefurnishing."

Well, thank goodness, *Ted* wasn't that way. He'd never put a personal hobby above anything she needed for the house.

NOW an elderly man obviously connected with the Galleries joined Kit and her friend. Rather distinguished-looking, with keen eyes and a short nose, which made him look disdainful even when he smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Wayland," Kit said, almost as if they were old friends.

"Like the little old Kirmanshah?" His hand made a careless gesture toward the rug.

"Yes. When does it come on sale?"

"Oh, about the middle of Saturday afternoon."

"Any notion what it'll bring?"

"No telling. Its last owner paid sixty-five for it."

"Bet it won't bring half of that now. It's been imitated by every domestic rug manufacturer in the country."

"True," Mr. Wayland conceded. "That happens to the best of rugs. Doesn't spoil their value. Entirely different market."

They chatted on, but Marcia heard no more of their talk. For an orgy of mental arithmetic had seized her. Half of sixty-five was thirty-two fifty. And if a rich man had paid sixty-five for it, it must be worth more. Because, as Mrs. McArdle once said, "The rich always get their money's worth; that's *why* they're rich." If she could buy this rug for thirty-two fifty she'd have seventeen fifty left, and they could put that toward a comfortable squashy chair, the next thing to be saved up for.

Somehow she'd have to win Ted over. His mother once said that Ted was tempery, but easy to manage if you kept your own temper.

She started toward the door, and

GUESS WHO SAID IT!

BY ERIC DEVINE

EACH statement below was made by a well known man or woman. Consider each clue, then see if you can "guess who said it." If you get seven of the ten, you're clever indeed. Answers on page 64.

1. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek recently quoted this. It was said by a British heroine of the last war: "Patriotism alone is not enough."

2. His real name is Sullivan. When asked by a stage manager how he happened to take up juggling, he replied, "I took a correspondence course in baggage smashing." You've heard him over the air.

3. This man was brilliant; born February 12. Made a famous trip round the world, and had a beard. "I love fools' experiments. I am always making them."

4. O. K., so you know the twenty-eighth President? First name Thomas: "Sometimes people call me an idealist. Well, that is the way I know I am an American."

5. She's an English novelist who wrote under a pen name, the last of which is the same as a famous Harvard president: "Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms."

6. Think of a cigar, a hat, a politician, a liberal, and you know who said this: "The American people never carry an umberella. They prepare to walk in eternal sunshine."

7. One of America's best inventors said this: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." He was an expert in almanacs and statesmanship.

8. He's been a journalist since a child, has a Spanish name, is an American, and his books say "Young This and Young That," but he's young only in spirit:

"A Christian is a man who feels
Repentance on a Sunday
For what he did on Saturday
And is going to do on Monday."

9. It's rare when a scientist gets to be president of one of our oldest universities. "Some of mankind's most terrible deeds have been committed under the spell of certain magic words or phrases." A fine remark to use in this game.

10. If you've read her books, you know she's an actress, but if you've seen her act, you don't think about her books. "I guess you might say we've got to be seen to be believed." Her middle name is a flower.

there turned for one more look at the rug. I'd pay the whole fifty for it, she told herself defiantly. Then she caught Kit's eye. A laughing eye, but with battle in it. She looked from Kit to Mr. Wayland. Shrewd, appraising, not smiling now. *He* knew the difference between her and Kit Andrews.

Ah, but what he did not know was that *her* husband wouldn't begrudge her the difference between thirty-two fifty and fifty dollars, if he had it.

And he had it!

BACK in her apartment, Marcia's exhilaration flatted out a bit. For there was the card table they used for breakfast just as she had left it after the quarrel: Ted's egg only half eaten. Her coffeecup untouched. And the torn-out advertisement of the auction, spotted with Mrs. McArdle's butter, lay on the floor next to Ted's crumpled napkin.

Suppose—the thought chilled her—suppose Ted should still be angry tonight! But she crossed her fingers and pushed the thought away and conjured up the warm image of the rug hanging on the Wayland Galleries wall. Its very design seemed woven on the walls of her mind. Even its worn spots.

She looked about the living room, mentally rearranging the furniture. There had been a sweet three-cornered cupboard in one of the other rooms of the auction galleries. It would look lovely in the corner near the door leading to the kitchen. Funny, she hadn't known that she noticed it while she was there. But now, in her mind's eye, she could recall dozens of other things she hadn't noticed. In fact, if she hadn't been so boiling mad at Ted she might not have had courage to go into the place at all, for it looked so elegant, with the haughty doorman and all!

And the lovely furniture! Nobody would have to blow the dust off anything bought there. And the people—well, no, they hadn't been elegant, most of them. Only a few smart ones, like Kit Van Wick Andrews. And some funny specimens, come to think of it: An old woman, for instance, in a mink coat to her ankles, and a mink hat with a pink strawflower on it! And two young men who looked as if they might be dancers in a chorus. And an elderly man with wavy wrinkles in his forehead, and peaked gray eyebrows that needed smoothing, and wrinkles in his clothes. Why, she'd never let Ted step out of the house in clothes that needed pressing like that!

Ted—no use trying to believe she could get him to that auction place. As for his letting her do the buying alone—why, he had even gone with

"Certainly I've got grounds for a divorce! I'm married to him."

her to get the kitchen stepladder, to make sure it would be strong enough.

All the same, she would just have to think of a way.

Funny—when she had banged out of the house this morning, she had meant to stay away all day. She had meant to let him come home and find the dishes unwashed and the bed unmade. Maybe that would teach him to keep his temper! But the rug had made her forget all that. And how childish! Why, she had been as bad as Ted!

All the same, she'd not let him know right away that she had forgiven him. Mustn't make it too easy. Meanwhile, she'd clean the house within an inch of its life, and cook a special dinner. And *not* Mrs. McArdle's meat loaf.

SHE stopped humming when his key clinked in the lock. She fought clear of a sudden panic of embarrassment. I must look tragic! she commanded herself.

But when Ted stepped into the room, it was he who looked tragic. So tragic, indeed, that she exclaimed, "For goodness' sake!"

"Gosh, baby!" his face lighted up. "Then it's all *right?*" And he grabbed her in a hard, tight hug.

Neither of them mentioned the rug till after dinner. Then Ted said, "Listen, Marcia. I got the boss to advance this week's pay—overtime and all. I'll have to work Saturday, too. But if you want to go round to the department stores"—he paused here to let it sink in that he hadn't changed his mind about auctions—"well, here's the fifty dollars. You can have a rug sent home, the boss tells me, on *approval.* I mean—well, it's not that I wouldn't trust your taste. Only—well, you got to live with a rug a long time, and we both ought to like it."

For a moment Marcia could not speak. Because this meant—why, this meant that she could buy the auction rug. Just like that!

Still, it was almost too simple. "Yes," she said aloud; "we both ought to like it."

M-m-m, no. Not so simple, after all. Because you couldn't return things you bought at an auction. And suppose Ted shouldn't like it. And besides, she couldn't buy it before Saturday; it didn't come on sale till Saturday. She held the money absently in her hand.

"Better pin it to your skin or something," Ted was saying, "so as not to lose it."

"I won't lose it," she replied in a faraway voice.

Yes, Ted had a right to like his rug. She couldn't see, for a moment, how he could help liking it, how anybody could help liking it. But then, some people didn't like ice cream. Just suppose—

"What's the matter, honey? You're not still feeling mad, are you?"

"Oh, no. That's all over. Let's do the dishes."

Not mad, she thought, but—well, *criminal*. Because, if Ted could guess what was in her mind, he'd never let her have that money. And she meant to go to the auction sale on Saturday and buy that rug. If a person like Kit Andrews—

And then a scheme flashed into her mind. A scheme to test Ted's taste. Kit Andrews had said—she could remember the very words: *"It's been imitated by every domestic rug factory in the country."*

"I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed. "I'll go round to the stores and look at some, and pick out the one I like best. And you can meet me Saturday noon, the way we planned, and see if you like it too."

"Now you're talking!" Ted grinned. "Gee, honey, when you look like that, it makes me— Wait a minute." He stepped into the living room, turned on the radio, and returned. "Mrs. Deering"—he flourished the dish towel in his hand in a grand gesture and then slung it over his arm—"may I have this dance?" And he whirled her away from the sink and into the living room, kicking the cheap little rag rug out of his way without losing step. "After Saturday," he said, "it will be more trouble. We'll have to roll up our rug when we want to dance."

WHEN they met Saturday noon, chills of guilt were running up and down Marcia's spine, but her cheeks were burning.

"Oh, baby!" Ted exclaimed, "wish I could buy you a fifty-dollar rug every day. It's like a beauty treatment. Not that you need one."

"A facial," she laughed, "would be cheaper."

By now she knew—or thought she knew—every red-and-blue imitation Oriental rug costing fifty dollars in the city. And in two stores she had found copies of the auction rug. She could say its name, now, as casually as could Kit Andrews. A *Kirmanshah*. But oh, the difference between the real one and the imitations!

She couldn't exactly put word to the difference. It was the *feeling* it gave her. The very way it was worn seemed to make it nicer. Ridiculous, of course, to like something for being worn. And yet—well, take the colors. The same as in the imitations, only less bright; but somehow deeper and warmer, even though a bit faded. As if they kind of hummed together in a rich low tone.

Her feeling of guilt increased as the gray stoop-shouldered salesman showed them one rug after another. He looked as if his back hurt him when he straightened up, even though Ted helped him to turn back the rugs.

For half an hour she made Ted look. Until at last he said, "Really, honey, I've seen so many, they begin to look alike. I thought you were going to pick one out and let me just say yes. I've got to go back to the shop."

"I did like one better than any of

WHAT'S YOUR GUESS?
WHY IS AMERICA SMOKING MORE—
as shown by Govt. figures?

Smoking Less—or Smoking *More**?

You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

You see—this cigarette has been scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat!

Eminent doctors report, in medical journals that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared completely or definitely improved!

We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves they are *far less irritating* for nose and throat!

So—you *are safer smoking* PHILIP MORRIS!

And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's FINEST Cigarette

these we've just been seeing. That red-and-blue Kirmanshah," she said to the salesman.

"Why, yes," the salesman replied. "I remember now. It's in this pile over here. Number 963."

When he had found the rug, he stood back. And Ted exclaimed, "That's the winner! We'll take it."

There! So he did like the same *kind* of rug she liked. So it would be all right to get the one at the Wayland Auction Galleries.

"The only thing"—she felt like a criminal again—"isn't it awfully bright?"

"I like it," said Ted. "Cheery."

"It will look much better in your own room," the salesman urged. "And the colors soften with use."

"Well, I don't know. I saw this same design at another store, and it seemed to me the colors weren't quite so bright."

"Of course," the salesman said with dignity, "we don't persuade customers against their will. But in domestic rugs it's better to get the colors a little brighter than you want them—to allow for the softening effect of time. Besides," he added, "this design always comes in these same colors."

His hand went absently to the small of his back. That gesture almost finished Marcia. She had to think hard of the auction Kirmanshah.

"I'll tell you what," she said, her face burning. "Could you put this one aside for us? And if the other one is the same we'll come back and buy this one. You've been so kind," she added guiltily.

On the way out Marcia thought, If I get the auction rug for thirty-seven fifty, or even forty dollars, I'll send this man a present.

"Look." Ted pointed to a red-upholstered chair. "Let's save up for something like that next."

IT was half past two when she reached the Wayland Auction Galleries. Yes, the doorman told her, the sale had begun. Half an hour ago. The sales gallery was on the third floor.

It was like a small theater, and crowded with people. Down in front of the stage, at one side, the auctioneer sat in a sort of pulpit. He didn't look at all as she had expected, for he was a calm, smooth man with pink cheeks and pink scalp showing where his hair was slickly parted. Spaced along the front of the room, facing the audience, stood four quick-eyed attendants in uniform. And on the stage—

Why, on the stage, hanging against a sort of rack—there was her rug!

"Eighteen seventy-five," the auctioneer was saying in an even, cultured voice. "Nineteen," he added a moment later.

Why, she had all but missed it!

She looked about the crowded room for a seat. Ah, there was one, down front. And, of all things, right next to Kit Andrews!

"Nineteen twenty-five," the auctioneer went on. This puzzled Marcia, for she had not heard anybody bid. Then, as she sat down and put up her hand to straighten her hat, the auctioneer looked at her and said, "Nineteen fifty." And then Kit Andrews raised a catalogue she had in her hand, and the auctioneer said, "Nineteen seventy-five."

So that was how it was done. Without knowing it, when she had raised her hand to straighten her hat she had bid! No calling out of figures, no excitement, just a decorous lifting of the hand.

Then the auctioneer said, "Two thousand dollars," and Marcia chuckled. Mrs. McArdle had been right—auctioneers made jokes. Only nobody else seemed to appreciate the joke. Her eye caught the auctioneer's, and he smiled. I guess, she thought, that he likes having some one know he's joking. Funny how it doesn't bother him to have people bidding a quarter at a time.

Another thing Mrs. McArdle had said was that you mustn't be too eager. Best wait till other people had mostly stopped bidding.

A fierce excitement seized her, but she held her hands tight in her lap and watched the auctioneer's quick glances and the eyes of the four attendants. Once in a while Kit Andrews lifted her hand languidly.

Presently the auctioneer was looking first at Kit, and then at some one in the back of the room, and then back to Kit. Apparently, then, only the two of them were bidding now. And then Marcia heard herself saying out loud, "Thirty-one twenty-five!"

She felt a sudden embarrassment at the sound of her voice, and at the silence and pause which fell upon the room. Then Kit raised her hand languidly again. The auctioneer looked toward the back of the room. But apparently the bidder back there had finished. Now, Marcia knew, it was between her and Kit.

This time she didn't call out; just raised her hand. But she sat forward on the edge of her chair and her heart pounded so fast it almost hurt. Because now it looked—it really looked as if she was going to get the rug.

Kit wasn't languid any more, either. Her hand came up every time now with a quick jerk. Even the auctioneer seemed a little—well, no, not exactly excited, but nearly. He sat forward, and his eyes had a new glitter.

She felt Kit looking, not at the auctioneer as she bid, but at her. But she herself could not take her eyes from the auctioneer.

THE bidding was fast now. As the amount jerked up, she all but prayed, Let her stop at thirty-five . . . at thirty-five fifty . . . at thirty-six . . . at thirty-seven . . .

And then, after Marcia had bid thirty-seven fifty, there was a long pause. So long that she turned to look at Kit.

Kit said, "Maybe you want it more than I do."

Marcia's heart rose. "Oh, I *do!*" And hardly knowing what she was doing, she stood up and clutched the back of the chair in front of her.

The whole room seemed to hold its breath. Now the auctioneer's voice rose, high and incisive. "Thirty-seven fifty, thirty-seven fifty, thirty-seven fifty—SOLD! *For three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.*" And two attendants came onto the stage and were taking down the Kirmanshah, and immediately after, another two were hanging up another rug where the Kirmanshah had been.

Marcia stood transfixed. The auctioneer had said—oh, and he wasn't joking!—the auctioneer had said "three thousand." Three *thousand!*

The room began to wheel about her. Why, a secondhand rug. . . . Germs. . . . Ted's voice: "I'd as soon have a secondhand baby as a secondhand rug!" . . . Ted's voice: "I'd not have married you if—I'd known—" Kit's eyes boring into her, amused, speculative. . . . And now a respectful attendant coming along the aisle, offering her a card, holding it out to her, *waiting.*

She could not detach her hand from the chair in front of her to take the card. Why, maybe they could arrest her for this! And Ted would think she had gone behind his back!

But that is exactly what she *had* done! . . . Three thousand seven

WORDS—AND ACTIONS

Men say they hate red fingernails,
That tinted hair's a blot.
And yet the girls who have them
seem
To get around a lot!

—MARGARET MOCHRIE.

hundred and fifty dollars. . . . Three *thousand.*

A woman behind her leaned forward. "Will you kindly sit down? Or step into the aisle? I'm trying to see."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Marcia, surprised at the ordinary sound of her own voice, stepped into the aisle where the attendant was waiting, the card in his hand.

The room had settled back into place. The auctioneer was saying evenly, "Six fifty . . . seven . . . seven fifty . . " By fifties this time, not quarters. . . . The thing to do was to walk quietly behind the attendant, who had said, "Perhaps you'd like to finish the transaction in Mr. Wayland's office?" At least, these people here wouldn't know, wouldn't have a chance to laugh at her. But how childish! Their laughter would be nothing to what was going to happen to her!

The wide aisle, dividing the room into two parts, seemed endless. But at last she reached the door. People parted to let her pass. She looked back, hoping to find the room gone, as if it had happened in a dream. But no, it was true. The room, the people, the auctioneer. And not making jokes. Mrs. McArdle had said they made jokes!

Mrs. McArdle—Ted—

And then she saw Kit Andrews getting up as if to leave. She was waving to somebody. But she was looking at *her.* Or so it seemed.

SHE braced herself and followed the attendant down the hall, into an elevator, out of the elevator, and through another hall. Presently they were standing before a door marked Winter Wayland. And then they were inside the door, and the attendant was handing the card to Mr. Wayland—Mr. Wayland, the arrogant-looking man who had told Kit that the last buyer had paid sixty-five for the Kirmanshah.

Though he smiled at her, she could feel his shrewd eyes appraising all in one fleet glance her nineteen fifty suit, her three ninety-five hat, her dollar handbag. His short haughty nose seemed almost to be smelling the fifty-one dollars and thirty-seven cents in that handbag!

He was still smiling as he asked her to sit down. But the smile had changed. Like cream gone sour.

She managed to reply when he said, "May I have your name?" But the sound of her voice saying, "Mrs. Edward Deering," somehow threw a fresh panic into her. She wanted to be away from here! She wanted to be home in Ted's arms, and Ted comforting her—the way he did the time she burned the roast. "Don't give it another thought, baby!" Only that wasn't what Ted would say now! Ted—Ted—

"A few formalities"—Mr. Wayland's voice was coldly polite—"since this is your first transaction with us—the first, I hope, of many."

His words went on, but they were running together now. Like a movie she and Ted once saw, where the furniture and the buildings and words and music and noise all crashed and whirled together. Ted had said it didn't make sense, and she had agreed. But now she knew it did! *"Checkbook,"* Mr. Wayland was saying. But Kit's voice was there, too—"if your husband raises race horses"—and the clean sharp pink part in the auctioneer's hair. And Mr. Wayland's voice: *"The name of your bank?"* And Ted's voice: "Have to roll up our new rug to dance, after Saturday." And Mrs. McArdle: "Don't mind the spot; it's butter." And the design of the dish towel over Ted's arm, and his grin as he said, "May I have this dance, Mrs. Deering?"

And now the smile was fading from Mr. Wayland's face. "You're not *ill,* Mrs. Deering?"

She cleared her throat, but could not answer him. She thought, Even if I knew what to say, my mouth couldn't make the words.

But once more Mr. Wayland's face changed as he looked past her now and at the door. It smiled again—a real smile, not a sniff of suspicion in it. And there was Kit Andrews saying, "May I have a word with my rival here?"

"Of course, Mrs. Andrews. Mrs. Andrews—Mrs. Deering."

"I hope," said Kit pleasantly, "that you won't mind my barging in?"

Marcia inclined her head to acknowledge the introduction, and shook it to indicate she didn't mind the barging in. Time—it would give her time.

"Mrs. Deering," said Mr. Wayland, "is a bit excited, I believe."

"Yes," Kit's eyes narrowed at Marcia. "Maybe a glass of water would help."

Mr. Wayland reached for the telephone, and then apparently changed his mind. "I'll get it myself."

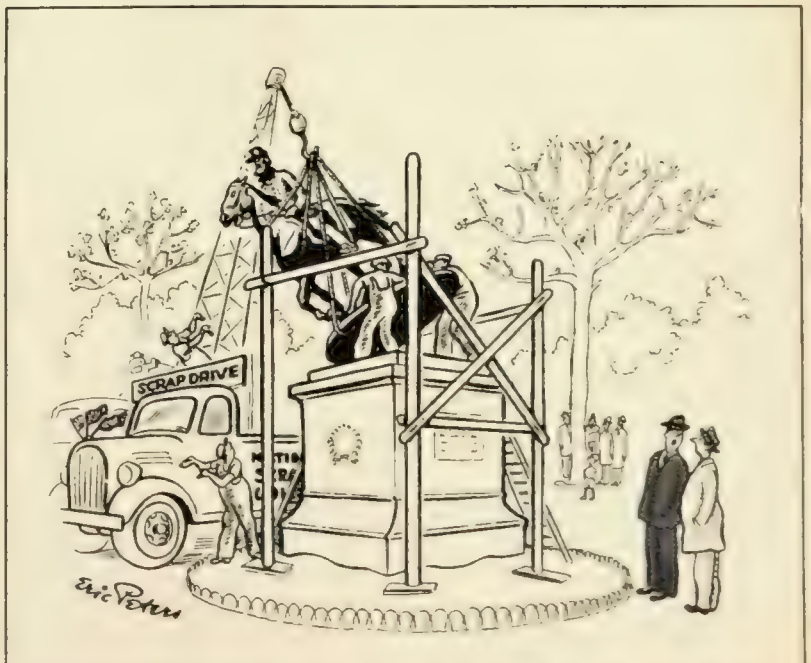
Marcia's heart sank. He *knows* I haven't got the money! She could tell that he knew. It wasn't water he had gone for. The police, more likely.

"LOOK here, Mrs. Deering," Kit began. "First time I outbid somebody I got stage fright, too. I suddenly remembered what my husband would look like when I told him what I'd spent."

If only it was as simple as that! Because Ted wasn't that way at all! Why, if Ted had the money— But what was she thinking? To sit here like a dummy. She must say something, do something! Her face felt frozen, but she must, must say something, not sit here as if she didn't even speak English!

"Listen, Mrs. Deering." Kit ignored her dumb silence. "Let's get down to business. There was something in the way you held on to that chair that made me think maybe your husband is a tightwad, too—"

"Oh, no!" Marcia's indignation at this insult to Ted gave her back her voice. The impudence of this woman, whose husband raised race horses and yet begrudged her things



"General Twistlebottom always did want to get in another good scrap!"

she needed for the house, comparing him to Ted! "On the contrary"—Marcia's voice was icy—"my husband—"

"Well, maybe *I'm* wrong," Kit interrupted. "I just got the notion that you wished you'd got off the toboggan sooner. I had a feeling you just couldn't stop bidding. And since no one was in the field but the two of us—well, I thought I'd let you cop the rug, and cool off, and maybe I could make a deal with you."

"A *deal!*"

"How much will you take for the rug?"

Marcia's lips parted, but the expression on her face did not change. It couldn't. It was as if her face were really frozen. And yet—why, *Kit wanted to buy the rug from her!* But that meant—

Her anguish began to thaw. And the thawing hurt. Like the Sunday last winter she and Ted had skated till they nearly froze, and then had come into a hot room.

Kit was waiting for an answer. Then she shrugged. "I was prepared to bid up to four thousand. Let me have it for that, and you make a profit of two hundred and fifty."

A profit! Two hundred and fifty!

Suddenly she remembered the gray-haired man at the department store, with a pain in his back, still holding the rug for her. Only it must be long past closing time now.

"Well, what do you say?" said Kit. "Is it a deal?"

The important thing was, could she still get the rug tonight?

"What time is it?"she asked Kit breathlessly.

"All right, then—make it three hundred extra. But that's my top. Take it or leave it. It is now"—Kit glanced at her wrist—"ten minutes past three."

But it must be later than that! She hadn't got here till two thirty. All these things couldn't have happened! Then there was still time!

For the first time, her face changed. She *smiled.*

"Well?" said Kit.

"All right," said Marcia.

WHEN Mr. Wayland returned to the room with a glass of water, Kit Van Wick Andrews was writing in her checkbook. "I've copped the Kirmanshah, after all," she explained. "I'm making out a check to you for the thirty-seven fifty Mrs. Deering bid."

"Oh, indeed?" Somehow, Mr. Wayland did not seem surprised. "That Persian jar you bought at the Lortell sale ought to look well in the room with it."

"That's why I wanted it. And now, Mrs. Deering, how shall I make out

your check? Or, do you prefer cash?"

Marcia took the three crisp hundred-dollar bills casually, as if they were nothing to her.

"I hope you're not too disappointed"—Kit was friendly now, in her triumph—"at losing the rug."

"I am, really." Marcia could smile easily now. "I sort of fell in love with it. But my husband really preferred another one." She folded the bills and tucked them inside her glove. (Safer than in her handbag—some one might grab a handbag. Funny, they made no bigger wad than three *one*-dollar bills would have made.) "And this"—she tapped her glove—"makes it possible to get the other rug and also a certain red chair. . . ." And, she added to herself, I can take them home in a taxi!

THAT night, after he helped with the dishes, Ted eased himself into the new red chair.

"M-m-m-m—yum! This is the life. Come here, honey."

"In a little while." Marcia called from the kitchen. "I have a few things to attend to. Read your paper."

She stood leaning against the sink, her hands in tight fists.

She knew she should feel triumphant and happy. She had got into an awful jam, and got out of it safely—and with three hundred dollars besides. The imitation rug looked lovely in her room. And Ted loved the red chair.

But she was wretched. Listening to Ted's paper rustling as he turned the pages, she seemed to hear, along with it, the sound of Mr. Wayland's voice this afternoon, just before he closed the door after her, thinking her out of earshot. "You never can tell," Mr. Wayland had said. And then Kit's laughter had sounded through the closed door.

That was the trouble: she never could *tell.* Because Ted would be furious at her for planning to cheat about the auction.

What's more, she'd have to think up *new* lies, and think fast! Ted had swallowed the one about the chair. "It cost practically nothing. I got it out of housekeeping money I saved behind your back." But there were the war bonds she had bought with the rest of the money. How could she conceal these from Ted?

There was a knock at the door. "Oh!" she exclaimed, exasperated. "Mrs. McArdle! But don't worry, Ted. I'll get rid of her."

"Let her come in," said Ted, "and see our new things. I don't really mind her, honey."

"She did see our things this afternoon." But Marcia opened the door, and Mrs. McArdle entered, a newspaper in her hand.

"WELL, I can only stay a minute," she began, "but what's the name of this rug of yours?"

"A Kirmanshah," said Marcia. "That is, a copy of one."

"Try our new chair," said Ted.

"No, I can't—not in these clothes; it would insult the chair," said Mrs. McArdle. "Well, listen to this, now, what it says in the paper about one of them *swell* auctions: 'Mrs. Kit Van Wick Andrews acquires famous Kirmanshah rug at the Wayland Auction Galleries for three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.' Do you believe that, now?"

"Let's see that paper," said Ted. "Why, look, honey." Ted drew Marcia to him. "Say — maybe I was wrong about auctions!"

And then Marcia knew, come what might, she would have to tell Ted. Because it was *funny!*

"But I'm asking you, is it true?" Mrs. McArdle demanded.

Marcia began to laugh. "No"—she had to squeeze the words out between gales of laughter—"Mrs. Andrews paid four thousand and fifty dollars for that rug. And she bought it from *me!*"

"The devil help us!" cried Mrs. McArdle. "The girl's touched in the head! I'll run for a doctor!"

"No, no," Ted protested. "It's just a way she gets sometimes. She'll be all right."

After he had accompanied Mrs. McArdle to the door, he grinned at Marcia. "Well, that's one way to get rid of her! But a bit hard on your reputation, my girl! Come over here. This chair's perfect for lap-sitting. Here we are!"

"Listen, Ted." Marcia's laughter was quieting down. "I'll tell you a story. About a wicked, scheming wife."

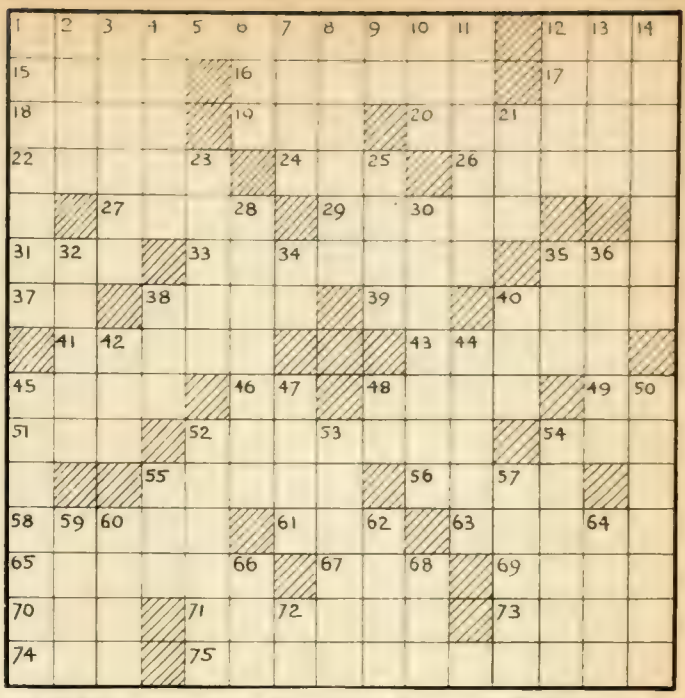
"What's its name? And has it a happy ending?"

"*You* can make up the ending. Its name"—Marcia burst out laughing again—"is The Magic Carpet."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Face that launched a thousand ships (two words)
12 Ay bane Svedish limb
15 Uncultured assent
16 The fuzz on peaches
17 Name of Arab man in the street
18 ½
19 Where we'll yet slap the Jap and what we'll make him do
20 Biggest drinking utensil in the world
22 What we're swapping the driver's wheel for (pl.)
24 Drool didie
26 Acted like a hayseed about New York
27 Trim and snazzy
29 Chinese see things with a peculiar one
31 Some men ride hosses; here's a hoss that rides men
33 If a chick's mom's a hen, and a fox's is a vixen, what're moths' maws?
35 The extraction that killed the patient
37 Theodosius Shaneanius (abbr.)
38 Backward, band instrument; forward, adjoin
39 It's around Washington (abbr.)
40 Sufferers from aleutians of grandeur
41 Unappreciated Xmas gift for House of David member
43 Bronx cheers from the owling mob
45 Where the seats of the mighty often split
46 The printer's gal
48 What fresh shrimps often are
49 First part of a Good Book (abbr.)
51 Cleopatra's bosom pal
52 Kind of classes not found around College of Hard Knocks
54 Friend of France
55 Hey, Navy! Aleutian the Jap hold here! What's got in Attu you!
56 Second person you always hear about in the South
58 There's been a stoppage of this
61 Sung forward, drunk backward
63 West African plum that fell in Allied basket
65 Fringilloid tweet-tweet
67 Fabulous writer
69 This Heatter turns on every evening (nickname)
70 A woman without a mother-in-law
71 Race leaders
73 A backward fish
74 How to keep in stitches at the Red Cross, gals!
75 He horsed around with a bow and arrow

VERTICAL

1 Every dog I know is kicking about this (it's full of fire water)
2 This is easy
3 Monikering
4 Where the Yanks'll soon go swimming
5 Baby Snooks' constant question
6 Kind of hole gossip gets through
7 Sheik-el-Gruber hopes to conquer him
8 This is devilish down under
9 Mexico's O. K.
10 The best part of the war
11 Slings a mean scepter
12 Gent who disappears when he stands up
13 One general (on the safe side) (two words)
14 Reasons why figures can lie
21 A little smack
23 Little black boy that's well read
25 Got gory
28 Pate panties
30 It takes pull to get a twang out of this with a bow; glorified darts
32 Dey bray to der gott Hitler
34 Tease
35 Human plush
36 Has the biggest derby in all Britain
38 Part of the armed forces the gals like best about themselves
40 A hunk of an iota
42 Bojangle the tootsies (Translation: Make with the dogs like Bill Robinson!)
44 Dame who hops about mountains in bits of cheesecloth
45 They caused the Cossacks to grow callouses in the end
47 Important man in radio
48 What to say on detecting B. O.
50 Leopardess whose spots ran
52 Finest things in Eireland
53 Food that could solve the rubber shortage
54 Bicarbonate of soda in the raw
55 Hit hain't kain't, hit's kain'ts hopposite
57 We feel its loss mutuelly with Whirlaway
59 Split
60 Kind of dog to get when the old one's run over (two words)
62 Special entrance for miners
64 "—ben Adhem, may his tribe increase"
66 Tripe Utterers Association (abbr.)
68 Is for France
72 He tackles the conservative side of the line (abbr.)

S	T	A	M	P	S		M	E	A	S	L	E		
C	A	S	S	I	U	S		B	A	T	T	L	E	S
A	P	T		G	N	U		U	N	C	T	I	O	N
R	I	O	T		K	N	O	T	S		A	P	S	E
E	R	R	O	R		D	U	C	E	S				
		M	U	N	I	C	H		T	E	N	O	N	
S	S		N	O	A	H		G	A	R	A	G	E	
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			S	T	E	I	N		Y	A	N	K	S	
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K	E	T	T	L	E			C	L	A	S	S	Y	

Dec. 12 puzzle answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

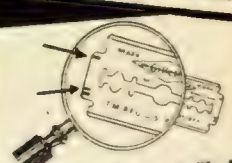
For quick, smooth shaving you're all set
With thrifty, keen-edged Thin Gillette,
The longest-lasting low-priced blade!
Your face feels fit and looks top-grade!

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

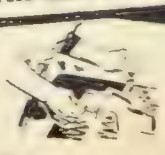
Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges.

2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently.



3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves.



4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

CIGARETIQUETTE: Not dropping ashes in the wrong place.

PSHAWL. One that keeps slipping off your shoulders.

ABYSSCUIT: A bride's unfathomable recipe.

GEMEROUS: When a wealthy old codger loosens up with his jewels.

WAGABOND: A pup who wanders away.

DARKITECT: A gent who's expert at designing blackout equipment.

MEEKLESIASTIC: Most modest clergyman.

SUPPOSETAGE: What the postmaster expects civilians to put on letters.

PERHAPSODY: A musical improvisation with possibilities.

ROUGHEREE: A football umpire who's hard on the players.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT—Continued from Page 30

heart beat to bursting, for it was the first time she had seen him alone since she had begun to feel herself a young lady, and since he had written those increasingly informal letters. Age was no factor between them any more—she was grown up. Regina Greensleeves no longer stood between them, either—he'd said himself that he had become a philosopher about that. Was it possible that nothing at all stood between them any more, and that he meant to claim her for his own? The face she lifted to him as he crossed the room toward where she stood rooted was a mixture of radiant expectancy and lingering doubt.

"You have always been full of surprises, Tibby," he said slowly, as his eyes went from her high dressed hair to the frothing panniers on the wide, high hoop. "But I confess that this is a real shock."

"You mean my clothes?" she queried anxiously. "I said perhaps you wouldn't like me to be different than I was."

"I like you very much," he said gently.

"It's only one of Dorothea's dresses made over."

"I didn't mean the dress, my dear. It's Tibby that has me confused. We shall have to get acquainted all over again."

"I'm just the same," she assured him. "Dorothea showed me how to do my hair, and it does make me look taller, doesn't it? And I've got heels on, too. That's all the difference, really."

He reached out for her left hand, and stood a moment looking down at the place on her arm where the break had been, his thumb caressing the honey-colored skin.

"It—doesn't show any more," said Tibby, breathless. "Do you remember that day at Jamestown when I thought you were going back to England?"

"I was going. If you hadn't cried."

"You said—you'd stay in Virginia till you had a long white beard," she reminded him shakily.

"It was a promise, Tibby."

"Will there be another battle now? At Yorktown?"

"It looks that way."

"Please be careful, won't you—and not get killed."

For the first time since he had taken her hand, he raised his eyes to hers. It was still Tibby who looked up at him, an inch taller in her heels, her dark hair brushed back over a roll from her small eager face, with a knot of blue ribbon holding the cluster of curls at the back. The square-cut bodice of her dress showed the curve of her slender throat into her straight shoulders and the sweet swell of her little bosom. She had grown quite out of his knowledge almost overnight. But it was still Tibby's greenish gaze, swimming with tears, which sought his with that dear defenselessness he knew so well—the look which said so plainly that what he said would be so and what he wanted was law. And he was swept by a wave of apprehension, not for his own skin but for Tibby, if anything should happen to him at Yorktown so that he could not cherish and protect her all the rest of her days. And so she found herself in his arms at last, held close against him, her face in the fresh lace at his throat.

"Sweetheart, you're not to worry—Cornwallis can't get away now; we've got him bottled up."

"And then will the war be over?"

"I hope so," he sighed. "My dear, I hope so!"

She felt his hand move on her shoulder, felt his strong, heavy heartbeat as she leaned against him.

"You're so little, Tibby," he was saying, while his arms cradled her. "How can anything so small as you are raise a man's heart so high? I'll come back to you, my darling. It's only the poor devils who have no one to say them pieces who get killed. Let me have that magic spell of yours again—the one that brought me safe out of Camden."

And though she was half smothered in his lace and strangled with her own tears, and his arms were crushing the breath out of her lungs, she found the words he wanted.

"'For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.'" gasped Tibby. "'They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'"

"OH, my dear, how can I leave you in tears again?"

"I'm so-sorry, sir—I'm trying not to," she gasped, and put a hand to the agonizing ache in her throat.

"I have a name," he whispered, "but I've never heard you say it."

"Oh, Julian, may I really?"

Tears shone on her cheeks and the war seemed very far away as he held her. Resolutely he put from him the longing to kiss her lips and take with him her promise to be his bride. When they had finished at Yorktown—then he would have the right to make love to this heartbreaking, enchanting, precious creature his Tibby had become.

"If I don't go now," he said with an effort, "they will catch Cornwallis without me and I shall miss the fun."

"Will it take long?"

"Not with Washington here, you'll see, and the French as well. Promise not to cry while I'm gone."

"I'll try. Will you send me word?"

"When I can. You mustn't fret if you don't hear. Good-by, sweetheart—and all my love."

"Good-by—Julian."

He left his kiss on her hair, unclasped her clinging fingers from his coat, and made blindly for the door.

YORKTOWN was under siege. The Continental forces lay in a wide semicircle on the landward side of the town, the French on the left, the Americans center and right. The French fleet under de Grasse sailed up and down off Cape Henry, cutting off rescue or retreat. But the British fought on behind their fortifications, and within a week's time the wounded began to come back to Williamsburg in wagons from the field hospital. Casualties were so far considered light, but after the night of October fourteenth, when Lafayette and de Vioménil took Redoubts Nine and Ten, they were suddenly worse.

"If one could only *do* something at Yorktown oneself, the waiting wouldn't be so bad," said Dorothea, trying not to pace the floor.

"I was thinking about what Mrs. Greensleeves said this morning," said Tibby. "About the Frenchmen."

"What was that?" Dorothea paused without much interest, but it was best to keep talking about something.

"She said things were much worse at the college, where the French wounded are, than at the palace, because the French haven't got enough servants. She said Regina wanted her to lend one of their maids to the French surgeon a few hours each day, just to change the beds and things, and help with the food. And Aunt Anabel said she'd send Jerusha over there each afternoon, if that would help. But Jerusha can't speak French. It must be pretty lonesome not to be able to make anybody understand what you want. I was thinking I could go and interpret for them, if only I was well enough."

"Why, yes!" said Dorothea, catching at it. "That's a good idea! A man could ask Jerusha for a drink of water all day, and she wouldn't know what he wanted. But *I* would. I'll go this afternoon and see if they'll let me help!"

Aunt Anabel was not much taken with the idea herself, but she consented because of a wish to occupy Dorothea's mind. Jerusha was scandalized, for no lady in her experience had ever done such a thing as to approach a strange man in his bed—let alone a whole army of them, and foreign at that.

Shocked and disapproving, she followed Dorothea up the steps of the college and into the hall.

Dorothea peeped in at the door of the nearest room, and a wave of fetid air caught her nostrils and rocked her back on her heels. There were rows of cots and pallets with narrow aisles between, an occasional chair or stool, and a large table against one wall which was full of basins and bedclothes and bandages, both fresh and soiled. There was a ceaseless mutter of men's voices, some of them in aimless delirium, some in sharp agonized cries of pain. "Oh!" said Dorothea, and caught at the doorjamb. "Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Best you go straight home now, honey, and I'll see can I find somebody that will lemme start right in. I got plenty to do here." Jerusha's capable fingers were itching to begin.

A surgeon with his sleeves rolled up, gray-faced with fatigue, came out of another door and paused to look at them in a weary daze.

"Yes, mademoiselle?"

"Well, I—I was only wondering if

HARLEQUIN

He laughed and jested all his days,
And the world loved his merriment.
Only one woman knew those ways
He trod in grief and discontent.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

I could do something to help. I—heard you were shorthanded."

"We are shorthanded, no mistake." He spoke with a strong French accent.

"I suppose you could help with the feeding," he said. "Some of them cannot manage alone, and I cannot spare any one. Can your maid help me in the operating room without screeching and fainting?"

"Yes, of course." Dorothea held fast to her purpose. "Where do I start—feeding them?"

He jerked his head at the ward. "Anywhere. Their next meal will come up soon—soup. Just go round and spoon it into them if they need help." He turned away, his shoulders sagging. "I've got three waiting. Come with me, girl."

Jerusha followed him obediently, and Dorothea, feeling faint, was left alone in the hall. She drew a long breath and approached the door of the ward again and looked in. On the third cot down the row on her right, a dark head moved restlessly from side to side and a thick protesting voice spoke blindly from behind closed eyes, in semiconsciousness.

"*Maman,*" it was saying. "*Maman, où est-tu? De l'eau—de l'eau, maman—*"

A half-empty pitcher of stale water and some mugs stood on the table among the mess. Dorothea filled a mug and carried it to the bedside of the man who called for his mother. She slid her hand behind his head and said distinctly, "*Voici de l'eau, monsieur.*"

The fretful words died on his lips. He lay very still, as though afraid to move again. Dorothea leaned over him, holding her breath in disbelief. Yes—yes, it *was*. Unshaven, parched with fever, breathing heavily, wounded, and suffering alone, it was Julian's friend du Bréon. Slowly his eyes unclosed, and she was surprised to see that they were a dark clear blue.

He stared up at her, regarding incredulously the petal-pink cheeks, the tender chin, the soft nearsighted compassionate gaze of St. John Sprague's beautiful sister.

"*C'est une ange,*" he stated with conviction. "*Je suis mort.*"

"*Ce n'est pas une ange,*" she assured him patiently in her pretty schoolgirl French, supposing that he did not know her. "*C'est une Américaine.*"

"America," he murmured. "*C'est paradis.*" His eyes closed again, and he added, "Except for the pain."

Dorothea was pinioned, one hand under his head, the other holding the mug of water. He seemed content to leave her so indefinitely.

"You were asking for water, and I have brought it," she said firmly. "Won't you drink a little?"

"Drink—yes, very thirsty—till you came—wanting water—till you came—"

THE brim of the mug met his lips and he drank thirstily. He was, she decided, very young. His left arm was bandaged to the shoulder in a clumsy sort of way, and the bandage was not clean. His right arm was uninjured, and the hand now held hers on the mug, tipping the last of the water down his throat. She let his head go back carefully against the pillow.

"Don't go—" he said again anxiously. His breath came with a little hiss between his teeth. "They want to take off my arm," he whispered. "It is not gangrenous. I have said I will die first. Stay here and watch—I might fall asleep—I am afraid to sleep—they might take off my arm—stay and watch—don't let them—" His hot fingers crushed hers against the empty mug.

She slid to her knees beside the cot with a rustle of skirts.

"Very well. Don't hold me so tight.

"I would never have gotten this job if it hadn't been for the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds bein' drafted."

I'll stay here while you sleep. I promise." She took the mug from between their hands and set it on the floor, leaving her fingers in his. "See, you can still hold me here—even in your sleep." She touched his matted hair. Against his will his heavy lids came down.

She knelt on the floor beside him, her fresh skirts in the dirt and bloodstains on the unswept boards. Her face was serene and full of a brooding peace, while her arm began to ache and her feet went to sleep beneath her. He was far from home, and a little out of his head, and he wanted his mother.

A slovenly colored servant arrived with a trayful of bowls of soup. He cleared a space on the table among the dirty rags and began clatteringly to hand round the ward's dinner. Du Bréon slept on without moving, and Dorothea, quite numb now from the waist down, beckoned the Negro toward the cot when the tray was empty.

"I want to see a surgeon," she said. "Will you ask one of them to come here?"

"Doctors awful busy right now, ma'am."

"I know. But this is urgent."

Doubtfully the Negro left the room, and in a few minutes returned with the same surgeon she had seen in the hall.

"Captain du Bréon is worried about his arm," she said. "Can it possibly be saved?"

The surgeon shrugged noncommittally. It was a suppurative wound. It must be continuously cleansed, the dressings must be constantly changed. There were not enough attendants—there was no time for just one man among so many. Therefore—

"Can't you show me how to do it?" she asked, and unclasped du Bréon's hand from hers and rose.

The surgeon began to unwrap the bandage, revealing a shattered elbow beneath a dressing long in need of changing.

"It wants bathing," Dorothea said through white lips.

The surgeon nodded and brought a basin of water and some clean cloths. She watched while he sponged away dried blood and pus, and then held out her hand for the rag.

"I can take care of this," she said. "You are busy, I know. As soon as you can spare Jerusha, send her in here to help with the feeding."

The surgeon made further explanations, handed over the hideous basin and cloth, and went away. Dorothea set to work, gingerly at first, then with more confidence. Du Bréon had stirred and groaned under the surgeon's hands. Now he seemed to wake with a start, and lay looking up at her.

"You will—tire yourself," he gasped, his pale face rigid with pain.

"I'm sorry if it hurts—I'm doing the best I can. You can rest soon, while I help some of the others to eat their dinner. So you mustn't be frightened if you don't find me beside you. I shan't be far away, and I'll always come back."

"Always come back—"

He drifted into merciful unconsciousness.

Darkness was falling when Jerusha came to the ward, and together they fed the cold soup to the men who had not managed to handle it alone.

When they had finished, Jerusha said it was time to go home. But Dorothea shook her head.

"I promised not to leave Captain du Bréon," she said. "Ask Aunt Anabel to come straight back with you, please."

When her aunt arrived, Dorothea was again tending the ugly wound. Aunt Anabel stood looking down at the French captain, seeing for herself the faint look of Julian in the thick dark hair and long jaw, marveling at the steady way Dorothea's white fingers worked.

"I want to take him home," Dorothea was saying as she laid on a fresh dressing. "He can have Sinjie's room."

Du Bréon roused, as though conscious of a new presence, and opened his eyes.

"You have come to take her away," he said simply to Aunt Anabel. "Are you her mother, madame?"

"I'm her aunt—all the mother she has now."

"Ah, yes—I remember. Aunt Anabelle. Madame, you must forgive me, please—perhaps it is too soon—but if I do not lose my arm, have I your permission—pay my addresses to your niece?"

"You have my permission to get well as fast as you can, and then we'll see," said Aunt Anabel.

Aunt Anabel saw that, arm or no arm, this headlong French lad would possess Dorothea's mothering heart from now on. Without any more ifs, buts, or ands, she tracked down the driven surgeon and got his permission to move Captain du Bréon to Francis Street that same night.

TO St. John's observant eyes, as the Yorktown siege went on, the change in Julian was almost as miraculous as Tibby's blossoming. The shy young schoolmaster had become a competent, experienced officer, cool under fire, steady in emergency, with no more misgivings as to his place in the world and his ability to carry through whatever he undertook to do.

Here was a man Virginia needed, St. John thought. There were no

limits now to Julian's future in the new world after the peace. And in Tibby he had found his own soul.

Cornwallis knew the game was up, but he held out until the seventeenth, with smallpox raging in Yorktown and the fortifications crumbling under the allied cannonade. Finally, even as Washington and Rochambeau laid plans for a general assault, a red-coated drummer boy was ordered to mount the only piece of parapet remaining, and beat the parley.

The terms were hard—the same as those imposed on Lincoln's beaten army at Charleston in 1780: complete surrender, colors cased, bands forbidden to play tunes belonging to the victors. And General Lincoln, long since exchanged and returned to the Continental fold, was present now to see it done the other way round.

ON the afternoon of October nineteenth the ragged, excited American army was drawn up a mile long across the barren field between the lines. Lafayette's veteran Light Infantry had the post of honor on the the right. Facing the Continentals stretched the long white ranks of the French. Then Washington arrived at a canter among his generals and aides, and they took up their position at the middle of the lines. Julian, who had his place in the glittering group attached to Lafayette, saw the odd details of the ceremony which followed.

The British marched out of Yorktown superbly, brushed and polished and contemptuous, and the tune they had characteristically chosen to play was an old English air called The World Turned Upside Down. Cornwallis, in fact, was so contemptuous that he did not appear at all. General O'Hara rode in his place, carrying his commander's sword, which he singled out Rochambeau to receive, as a surrender less humiliating than one made to backwoods rebels. Rochambeau, quite equal to the occasion, bowed slightly in the saddle and indicated Washington—to whom, perforce, O'Hara then made Cornwallis' excuses.

Washington, very grave, hoped that his lordship's indisposition was nothing serious. O'Hara, no doubt grinding his teeth, had no choice but to proffer the sword. Washington, his face immovable, waved him on toward General Lincoln, and Cornwallis' sword changed hands at last, deputy to deputy.

Lincoln, never having officiated at this end of a surrender before, still had the grace to return the symbol to O'Hara at once, then led the way across the field to where the British army was to lay down its arms.

The war was not over, of course. The British still occupied Wilmington, Charleston, and New York. But the year was drawing to its close and it was time to think of getting into winter quarters. Lafayette was planning to spend the winter in France. He would not need his American aides there.

ABOUT midnight on the twentieth a lone rider flung himself from his horse in Francis Street, and Joshua, wearing his livery coat over his nightshirt, opened the door a cautious inch—then flung it wide, crying, "Lawd, it's you, Cap'n Day, suh!"

"I'll thank you to remember I'm a major now, Joshua," Julian grinned as he crossed the threshold.

"You don't say, suh! Mm-*mm*, reckon we all got step lively now, suh! You fixed to sleep here tonight? Make you a nice bed on the sofa, suh. Miss Dorothea's Frenchman done got the master's bed, and Miss Tibby sound asleep in yourn!"

"Miss Dorothea's *what?*"

"Yes, *suh*. She done got herself the nicest French boy you ever did see, vi-comp and all. Brought him back from the hospital, we did, and sure looks like weddin' bells at last, suh!"

"Joshua, what's going on down there?" Aunt Anabel spoke from the top of the stairs, where she stood in a house gown, holding a candle.

"Major Day come home, ma'am."

"Julian! I'm so glad, dear. Is Sinjie with you?"

"He's getting a night's sleep, for once," said Julian, mounting to the landing and bending to receive her kiss on his cheek." May I see Tibby?"

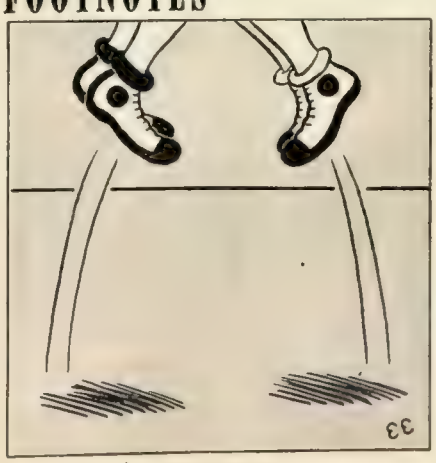
"Now, Julian, she's fast asleep at this hour."

"May I just look at her?" he pleaded.

"Well—come very quietly."

She led the way with the candle, turned the knob of Tibby's door, and they tiptoed to the bedside.

FOOTNOTES



Basketball

Tibby wore one of Dorothea's nightdresses, which had a ruffle at the neck and full sleeves with a ruffle at each wristband. She lay with her cheek against the pillow, one arm thrown above her head.

"Would it be all right if I sat here a few minutes?" Julian laid his hand on the armchair drawn up beside the bed. "I promise not to wake her."

Aunt Anabel opened her mouth to say that it wouldn't do at all—and then saw his face as he stood looking down. She closed her mouth again and set the candle on the bedside table and went away, leaving the door open behind her.

The light shone across Tibby's face on the white pillow. He pulled the chair nearer and sat down with his chin in his hand, half smiling, unable to tear himself away. Finally, though he had not moved, her eyelids quivered and lifted halfway.

He did not speak, and her eyes closed again, so he thought she had dropped off without fully regaining consciousness.

"If I look again," she said softly, "will you be gone?"

"Try it and see," he whispered, motionless—and for a long moment they looked at each other in the candlelight.

"It's really you!" she cried, and sat up to make sure.

"Sh! Lie down quick, or I'll catch it from Aunt Anabel!"

With a guilty glance at the door, she dropped back against the pillow.

"HOW long have you been here?"

"Only a minute."

"How long can you stay?"

"Not much more than that. I'll come back in the morning, though. I've got a week's leave."

"Only a week? Isn't the war over?"

"Not exactly. We've got to take back New York and Carolina."

"Don't let them send you away!"

"Sh!" He leaned forward and took both her hands in both his on the coverlet. "I've got everything arranged very nicely—I think. . . . I'm to stay here in Williamsburg with Rochambeau. . . . Tibby—how long must I wait for you to grow up enough to marry me?"

"M-marry—"

"I know it's too soon to speak of it, but—now it's too late not to. You're mine, Tibby. I want you." He laid his face against her palms.

"Oh, Julian!" she crooned above him. "I never thought you'd ask me!"

He moved from the chair to the edge of the bed, and she felt his arms slide between her and the pillow. She lay back against them confidently, looking up at him with shining, unembarrassed eyes. She

had a feeling of warmth and comfort and security she had never dreamed of—with an irresponsible fringe of sheer joy.

"You're sure nothing will cure you of this?" His own eyes were grave. "You're sure you won't just wake up some morning able to see at last that I'm a very ordinary sort of man, no better than a lot of others, and maybe not so good?"

"I'll never see that as long as I live." She laid a small warm hand along his cheek.

He drew in his breath. "I'm going now, Tibby. You must get your sleep."

"Did you *mean* that—what you said about marrying me?"

"Yes, I did. We'll talk about it in the morning." He rose reluctantly from the edge of the bed, and she held him by one hand.

"But if we're really going to be married, couldn't you kiss me good night?" she entreated.

He caught her to him recklessly and found her lips with his. It was no child's kiss she gave him; it was warm and yielding with a knowledge beyond her years. Much shaken, he forced himself to release her, and she nestled into the curve of his shoulder with a sigh. "I never thought you would," she sighed.

"Tibby, I don't know what to do about you. I—you've rather knocked the breath out of me."

SHE leaned against him contentedly. "When can we be married?" she inquired. "I'm almost as old as your mother was when you were born. I'm almost seventeen."

"Well, how did that happen? I thought—"

"I lied to Lafayette about my age that day. I had to. Kit's voice was changing."

Julian rocked with quiet laughter, cradling the thin, eager body in his arms. "Tibby, I can't live any longer without you! There's no use even trying. Do you remember the first piece you ever said for me, from the Book of Ruth?"

"I know a better one now."

"Tell me."

"'As it was in the beginning,'" said Tibby, pressing closer to his shoulder, "'is now, and ever shall be—world without end—amen.'"

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It!

on page 54.

1. Edith Cavell.
2. Fred Allen.
3. Charles Darwin.
4. (Thomas) Woodrow Wilson.
5. George Eliot.
6. Alfred Smith.
7. Benjamin Franklin.
8. T. R. Ybarra (Young Man of the World).
9. James Bryant Conant.
10. Gypsy Rose Lee.

LADY WITH THE HAUNTING VOICE

Continued from Page 13

of the road. Lord, they must be very faded lilies indeed if they mind touring. I love it—the drafty dressing rooms, the rats, the horrible hotels, the poorly cooked meals, everything! I was never so happy in my life as now, playing one-night stands in The Corn is Green. I expect to fall into my grave playing it, which I hope will not be soon."

She has no patience with people who dare to cast aspersions on the theatrical profession. When a sob sister asked her once, "Miss Barrymore, do you think it is possible to be a successful actress and mother?" she replied icily, "Well, my dear, I was born, and so, I have always understood, was my mother!"

Broadway being what it is, a place where they steal tunes, plots, and, above all, wisecracks, it is impossible to determine the original authorship of the phrase "I can't imagine Ethel Barrymore mothering anything but a lion cub." The fact remains that she did give birth to three children, two sons and one daughter, and that all three feel about the theater exactly the way she does. While still in their teens they made their debuts, received the traditional red apple from their Uncle Jack, and never stopped begging the managers for a "real part." They may not have inherited their mother's and uncles' talent, but the dusty smell of the stage is the only perfume they like.

When Ethel's younger son was asked what parts he thought he was best fitted for, he replied without a moment's hesitation, "Shakespeare, George Kaufman, Noel Coward. Tragedy, comedy, slapstick. If necessary, I can do grand opera, too."

When one becomes a legend at the age of twenty, one stands an excellent chance of remaining a child long after one has ceased to be a wonder. It is to Miss Barrymore's credit that she has never fallen victim to her own publicity. While untold millions of American girls were raving about "the Barrymore voice" and were straining their spines to imitate "the Barrymore walk" and acquire "the Barrymore neck," Ethel laughed off the whole thing as a press agent's pipe dream and concentrated on the business of learning her art.

"Have patience, Mrs. Burr—we'll find your other shoe!"

Whether it was God or the fellow who treated her for tonsilitis who inserted that huskiness in her voice does not interest her in the least. Her walk and neck she attributes to her extreme shyness. She was so frightened and self-conscious as a girl that in order to overcome her bashfulness she had to assume "airs." The business of crossing the stage was, to her, nothing short of swimming the English Channel. Hence, she would walk perfectly straight, with her head high up. The critics decided she was being regal. They said, "No theater is big enough to hold Miss Barrymore's personality. She makes walls of small rooms bulge."

She herself knew better. Even today she suffers from acute attacks of stage fright. Her favorite fright story has to do with a Red Cross benefit given at the Metropolitan Opera House during the first World War. Caruso and John McCormack were scheduled to sing. Miss Barrymore was to follow them and recite The Battle Hymn of the Republic. She was so sure that she would forget her lines, though, that she begged her brother Lionel to go into the prompter's box. In due time she made her triumphant entrance, bowed gracefully to the assembled notables, and proceeded to read in the huskiest possible voice. She mastered the first four lines all right, then she blew up.

She stopped, as if touched by the beauty of the Hymn. Lionel, the only one in the house who understood the real nature of her predicament, swung into action. She listened to him, but she could hear nothing.

FINALLY, in desperation, he began to shout. "It sounded like a lion's roar to me," she recalls, "but unfortunately I could not distinguish the words." She moved her arms in a majestic gesture and finished her recital in a whisper that no one could have heard. But so tremendous was the impact of her personality that even that cagey performer John McCormack was taken in. He rushed backstage and cried, "Ethel, I've heard the Battle Hymn thousands of times before, but never, never such a dramatic rendition of it!"

"Thanks, John," Ethel said sweetly. "I am sorry you haven't seen me as Juliet."

She didn't bother to explain that, when she was playing Juliet a few years before, the idea of lying in the tomb depressed her so much that all through the play she had to fight her hardest to keep from fainting. One night she actually lost consciousness for several moments, and Romeo had to wait quite a while to hear his beloved speak.

"It takes a Barrymore to give that additional touch to Juliet," said the critics.

In her seventh decade, her tempestuous youth behind her, Miss Barrymore has acquired, if not exactly mellowness (no Barrymore is constitutionally capable of becoming mellow), at least a certain philosophical approach to history in the making which helps her to retain her sense of values and humor. She reads a lot—from two to three books a day. She argues a great deal. She is tremendously interested in sports, and immensely proud of the fact that she can describe round by round every fight in which Joe Louis was involved and inning by inning every game Joe DiMaggio starred in.

NOTHING amuses Miss Barrymore more than gloomy prophecies about the future of the theater. As long as she can remember, some one always expected the stage to go to the dogs. When she was fifteen and playing in The Bauble Shop with John Drew, people were saying that the bicycle craze was sure to put Broadway out of business.

When she was forty and was scoring one of her greatest triumphs in "Déclassée," the wise money was giving twenty-to-one that the motion pictures would close every legitimate theater in New York.

When she was sixty and was playing the part of a hundred-year-old matriarch in Whiteoaks, the theater was doomed again—by the radio and television this time.

"There is nothing wrong with the theater," proclaims Miss Barrymore, "except bad plays. But then, there have always been bad plays. Take my word for it, any theater that can take William Saroyan is healthy. . . . Four thousand years ago in Greece they were saying the theater was on the skids. Well, it never was, and never will be. The theater is the healthiest art there is."

In a speech acknowledging the many tributes paid to her on the occasion of her fortieth anniversary, she said: "If my years are to be lined up and counted off, I can think of no pleasanter way for it to happen. If I have little consciousness of the burden of years, it is because so many people, known and unknown to me, have conspired to make those years light."

She stopped and, after a long pause, added her famous line from the play Sunday in which she appeared many years before: "That's all there is, there isn't any more."

Then she began to cry, freely and unashamedly.

Next Week—more highlights in the brilliant career of this great lady.

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By* *FRANK W. BROCK*

GIFT KITS FOR SOLDIERS

PETTY crooks are busy selling gift kits for soldiers, to be mailed "sight unseen" by the purchaser. A New York union contracted for a quantity of such kits at three dollars each. The contents of each parcel was specified, but letters of thanks from recipients mentioned two packs of cigarettes instead of a carton, or a half dozen razor blades instead of the eighteen. The union paid for an investigation. Every package was found woefully short. The outfit was arrested for mail fraud.

More recently, Mayor LaGuardia listed the contents of another kit retailing for a dollar forty-nine which, he said, had a top value of eighty-five cents. In Philadelphia, a twenty-five-cent cloth-and-cardboard case containing ten pieces of cheap writing paper, ten envelopes, and a fifteen-page writing pad would be mailed to any soldier on payment of two dollars by the giver. But the disparity between the selling price and the ceiling price of the merchandise was so great that the OPA is now collecting further evidence for the purpose of federal prosecution. Possible penalty: $5,000 fine or a year in jail, or both. Other cities report similar schemes.

When the National Better Business Bureau asked the President's Committee on War Relief Agencies about kits supplied by honestly organized and well meaning private societies, the Committee replied:

"By way of general comment, organized campaigns for the supplying of personal kits to the armed forces, particularly when involving the solicitation of funds, are not encouraged . . . it is not deemed advisable that soldiers be provided with additional kits of personal articles, since these would add unnecessarily to that which they are always required to carry."

Send your soldier anything he *asks* for, by all means, but buy from responsible merchants. Don't buy a "kit" from a gyp.

ON GUADALCANAL WITH THE MARINES

Continued from Page 11

that not only troops but heavy fighting equipment had been landed.

The bombers made several patrol flights during that day without finding anything, and at dusk I returned from my last patrol. Deadeye, my gunner, was really grousing now. We hadn't spotted a thing, But at 11 that night we heard distant shelling. The phone in our bivouac rang. Operational Headquarters told us that reconnaissance planes had located the Nips thirty miles up the Channel, attempting a landing under cover of the fire of several destroyers.

We hadn't yet gotten our supplies for a night lighting system for the runway, but we had improvised means for taking off after dark. Jeeps rumbled out and trained their lights on the runway, and some smart fellow had thought of lighting up huge jugs of saki that had been part of the Jap stores. A squall had come up an hour before and the runway was soggy and dangerous. But we got off all right. We kept on until we figured we were over the spot where the warships were. It wasn't possible to hear whether they were still firing or not, because of our earphones and the roar of the motors. And we couldn't see a thing; we were right in the rain. The major dropped a flare. As it went down we could just see the outlines of some of the ships.

The major ordered bombs away, and we let go with some 1,000-pounders. We weren't afraid of hitting any of our own men, for none were there that night. Then we beat it back to the field. Next morning we went back to see how we'd made out. Apparently we had scared the Nips off. The tracks in the sand indicated that there had been very little activity on the beach.

ON the 23d our supplies arrived. At eleven that night we got word that a light cruiser, seven destroyers, and four transports were heading in the direction of Guadalcanal. They had still been quite a long way off when night fell, and Intelligence figured that this was to be a bold daylight attempt at a landing, for they wouldn't get to our island until after dawn.

So we fell into a sound sleep in preparation for a dawn scramble and our first big battle. At midnight we were jolted awake by the sound of a shell.

"That's probably only Little Oscar," Captain Brown told us. "I'm going back to sleep. Call me if anything hits us; we have a big day tomorrow. And remind me to tell my wife about this."

Little Oscar was a submarine that the Japs trotted out at frequent intervals—always in the dead of night. After lobbing over a few shells—just enough to wake the boys up and make them sore—it would go away again.

Little Oscar lobbed over just two shells that night, so we all went back to sleep.

An hour before dawn Major Mangrum had a little talk with us. "It's your first fight, boys," he said. "I know what you want to do. You want to sink every one of those eight warships and the four transports." The major paused. We certainly did want to do just that. "But remember this, fellows. While we are all expendable, we are not so expendable that we have to take unnecessary chances. Your mission is to sink as many of those ships as you can. But a still more important mission is for all of you to get back here—whole. This war is young yet; we can die later."

TECHNIQUE FOR LOVE

'Tis better in a love affair
To have the *man* adoring—
For *him* to have the greater love.
'Tis better, yes—but boring!

EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

Eight of us went out—five marine bombers and three navy bombers. The sun was already hot and bright, and we were going to come down on our targets with the sun at our backs and in the Japs' faces.

We were almost over our target before I realized it. I kept repeating to myself that I had to come through, and that my thorough marine training would make this seem just like another bit of practice. But I got pretty excited when I saw the four Jap transports in a line, with the eight warships all around them.

We got the signal to dive. I found that I acted mechanically. I went down at what seemed incredible speed. For a fleeting instant I could see nothing at all. I was going through a cloud at 450 feet a second. Then there was a Jap destroyer in the sight.

Larry Baldinus, one of my pals, had gone down ahead of me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him drop his egg. Then I pulled the bomb lever and let mine go. As I started to level off I heard Larry's shout through the earphones: "That's for Pearl Harbor!" He had put one right down the smokestack of the cruiser. I didn't see what I had done; Deadeye, in the back, would look after that for me.

The cruiser was already in flames and one of the transports was beginning to burn. I had never seen anything so fascinating in my life. Then suddenly I became aware that my ship was acting queerly. Deadeye's voice came through my earphones: "Lieutenant, let's get the hell out of here! They're sending up everything they got right at us—and I think we're hit!"

Ack-ack was bursting all around us. Orange streaks of tracer bullets were making a crazy quilt against the deep blue sky of an early tropical morning. I realized that I was perilously close to the water, yet I knew that if I leveled off too rapidly I would black out. I tried to come out of the dive in such a way that I would miss the water and a blackout too, but I couldn't escape a partial blackout for a second or two. When I came out of it I saw that we were not twenty feet above the waves.

I clicked a switch which would prevent my voice going out over the air and would let it reach only Deadeye, my gunner. "Are you all right?" I asked.

"I'm O. K., lieutenant," came his answer, "but we got a few pieces of scrap metal in the tail section."

"Can we get back all right?"

"Yes, if we keep on going like hell. But I thought we were done for back there."

"How did the other boys make out?"

"Beautiful! A destroyer and one of the transports are in flames, and there's a hit on a cruiser."

"How'd I do?"

"You got the hit on a DD"—DD meaning destroyer.

I was zigzagging away from the Japs as I talked, and was sticking pretty close to the water.

"Everything seems to be under control," said my gunner. "Gee, but that was fun!"

WE were halfway back to Henderson Field, off by ourselves, when we spotted a cluster of two Nip observation planes and a Zero fighter. They had come out of a cloud ahead of us, and they had the advantage of height. I told Deadeye I was going upstairs so they couldn't come down on us.

"The Zero's coming in for us now," Macias finally reported. "Just leave

everything to me, lieutenant, and keep right on the way you are now."

There was silence for almost a minute. Then again his voice came through my headphone. "Gee," he said, "but that was fun!"

He had just waited until the Zero rushed in for the kill and then had beaten the Jap to the punch. The Zero was smoking above the engine cowling and when last noticed was losing altitude over the sea. With the Zero out of the way I was safe, for I could now outrun the two observation planes, which had also been closing in.

When we got back to the field, Lieutenant Oliver Mitchell, with whom I had gone through flight training, had arrived to join the Red Devils, as we dive-bomber boys were calling ourselves. Mitch had a round, good-natured face and was always cracking jokes. His specialty was imitating Jerry Colonna, the comedian on the Bob Hope radio show. But his humor was only a front. He hated war and he hated killing—though, when he had seen that war was inevitable for the United States, he'd gone into flight training with the marines.

"Mac," he said, drawing me aside, "I'm never going to leave this place alive."

"That's no way to talk, Mitch," I told him.

He looked at me levelly. "Don't get me wrong. I don't mind dying. But this whole thing should never have happened. The last war was fought to prevent this one. This war is being fought to prevent another one. I wonder if it will."

"Sure it will, Mitch," I said. "This is really a fight to the finish."

"I wish I could convince myself of that," he said. "Then I could go over happy." As he walked away he came upon three pilot friends. "Hello there, Hope!" he said to one of them in his Jerry Colonna voice. "Let's go down to the Owl Drug Store and line up a couple of blondes." The boys began to laugh. Oliver Mitchell sure was a carefree cut-up—they thought.

AFTER four days at Henderson Field I was getting to like the tropics. It was still a great adventure. The boys of the ground forces had it tougher than the fighter and bomber groups. Many of them had to sleep in fox holes. They'd had little time to get acquainted with jungle fighting before they were right in the thick of it. The Nips, on the other hand, took jungle warfare in their stride. They had uniforms that blended in with the jungle foliage. They had specially made cloven rubber shoes—the kind Japanese acrobats used to wear in American vaudeville acts—so they could do all sorts of things, including climbing trees like chimpanzees.

At night, when the Nips wanted to draw the fire of sentries so that they could see by the rifle flashes where they were, they used to clap bamboo sticks together to make a noise like machine-gun fire. But by now our ground fighters had developed a trick of their own. A sentry would dig himself a fox hole in a spot where, lying on his back, he would have an uninterrupted view of at least one fairly bright star. It was so black down below and the Japs were so adroit at moving noiselessly that the man in the fox hole normally had no way of knowing when one of them passed right by him and through the lines. But by this scheme a marine knew when his view of the star was blotted out that a sneaking Nip was in the way. Still prone, he would make one quick deadly upward thrust with his bayonet. There was seldom a betraying noise as the Jap died.

I was told that a Jap prisoner once came running out of the jungle onto Henderson Field with his hands up, yelling in perfect English, "To hell with Tojo! I'm a *New Yorker!*"

ON numerous occasions marines had advanced to take men who had their hands in the air, and had been cut down by snipers. Several times our fellows approached fallen Japs, carrying stretchers to bring them to the hospital, only to have the Japs set off grenades, blowing themselves and their rescuers to pieces.

Several days after I first landed on Guadalcanal I was out on a routine search when a message came through my headphones from one of the planes searching north of me. Our reconnaissance pilots had spotted four destroyers at a spot close to where my navigation had placed my latest position. The message I received ordered me to proceed immediately to where those destroyers were spotted and sink them.

I was flying high when I spotted the destroyers on the horizon. Hitting a destroyer in my first daylight engagement had given me confidence. I just kept circling high, with the low sun behind me and in the faces of those on the destroyers, until it was time to go down. I said to Macias, "Here we go, boy," and away we went.

It all happened much more quickly than it takes to tell about it. When I got down several hundred feet I had a destroyer in my sight, and I pressed a lever and let go with a

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1,000-pounder. I went down a few hundred feet more and then began to level off.

Macias said, "You laid that one right off his beam, lieutenant: I can't see a thing for smoke and flames. Gee, but this is fun!"

I was out of range of fire when I heard one of our planes' radios asking whether those were friendly or enemy destroyers.

Apparently the pilot had not received on his radio the message I had. Atmospheric conditions are sometimes quite bad around the Solomons. I answered him. We kept our radio talk brief so that the Japs wouldn't have a chance to figure out our wave lengths and start jamming the air. "O. K.," I heard Colonel Mangrum replying. "We're going in and take up where you left off."

Halfway back to Henderson Field I heard the colonel's voice in my earphones. He and the others had bombed two of the three remaining destroyers right out of the war and badly damaged the fourth.

When I landed I was surprised to learn that neither my message to him nor his report to the field had come through to the field. So I rushed into the operations building and told the commanding officer that altogether we had destroyed three out of the four destroyers. Then I blurted out, "May I express apologies, sir, on behalf of the colonel, for not getting all four?" There seemed to be a smile on the C. O.'s face as I saluted and walked out.

WHEN the planes came in, one was missing. The colonel motioned us all over to the bivouac. He opened a bottle of brandy. We raised our glasses and the colonel said, "To Lieutenant Mitchell." The Nips had gotten him with ack-ack right after he laid one down the alley.

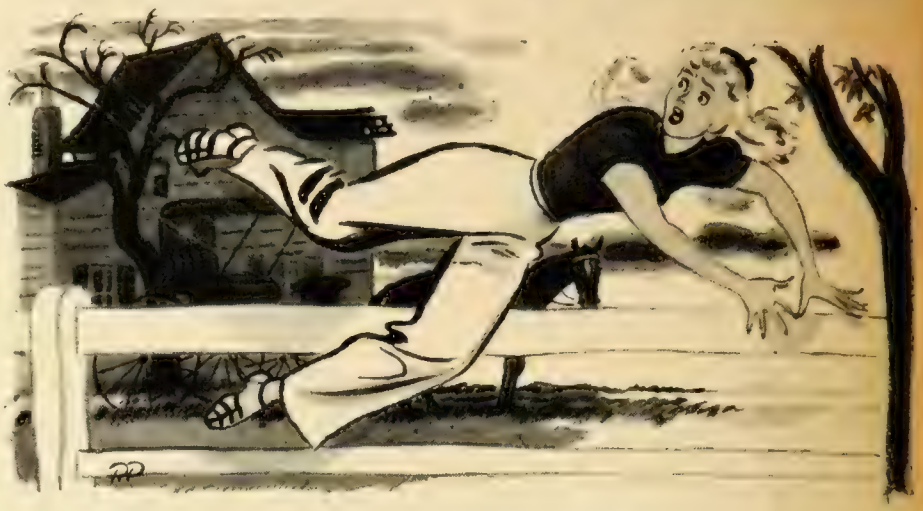
Several days later Lieutenant Baldinus and I were off on a morning patrol northwest of Henderson Field, each piloting a plane. Baldy's voice came through the headphones: "Mac, notice anything peculiar about that little island just below us?" There was a long wake, like a big white tail, sticking out from it. I began to look around for the ship that had made the wake. I couldn't see any. Neither could I figure out how a ship large enough to have made such a wake could have concealed itself in a cove on such a small island.

Then Baldy and I started speaking into our radios at the same time. The island was moving!

An island moving? How come? Lieutenant McCafferty will tell you and go on with his story in Liberty next week.

DAFFY GETS A HORSE

BY REITA LAMBERT



"Well, I was petrified and ran like mad."

Huntsdale-on-Hudson.
Lt. Perry Cooper, U. S. N.
Care Postmaster, New York.

PERRY darling:
I'm so sorry those newspaper stories upset you, but that MRS. DAPHNE COOPER NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH headline is silly because I didn't at all. I was behind the tree and the bullets didn't come anywhere near me but only into poor Harold, which was too terribly sad, because look at all the gas and rubber I would have saved.

I mean, if you can share a car why not a horse? So when I heard about this one and the darlingest little buggy being for sale I got this marvelous idea and decided to buy it and turn the garage into a stable. Everybody said, think of the smell. But people didn't use to have anything *but* horses and they must have smelled the same way then.

So I went ahead and bought him and the next morning Billy Selby came and hitched him up for me before breakfast, because I thought the first time I drove him the less traffic the better. Well, it would have been easy if Harold hadn't insisted on turning up that dirt road through those woods around the reservoir. I kept saying whoa, but he only went faster and didn't stop until we came to this lonely place with this old boarded-up shack.

So then I realized that this must be where he'd lived with that old hermit who had owned him before he died. So I got out and was trying to turn him around when suddenly I heard this awful voice coming from the shack saying, "You will pay for this with your life."

Well, I was petrified and ran like mad, and after a while this milk truck came along and we drove to a farmhouse and phoned for the police. So when they came I drove back with them to show them the scene of the murder, only when we sneaked up on the shack all we could hear was an orchestra playing Jingle, Jangle, Jingle. So then I realized it was only a radio I'd heard, and the policemen were furious with me and were just starting to leave when I saw this man come out of the shack and run toward the woods and I screamed.

I wish I hadn't now, because the policemen saw him too then and ran after him, and he dodged behind Harold, so the bullets went into him instead of into the man and the poor old darling fell down dead. Well, I cried my eyes out, but of course in a way he did die for his country and Secretary Ickes should be flattered to have a horse like that named for him. I mean this man turned out to be a spy who'd been hiding in this shack with a short-wave radio sending messages to Hitler. I suppose when I first heard him he was just brushing up on his technique listening to one of those murder programs.

So you see all that talk about my catching a spy and being brave and in danger is silly because it was really Harold. And now all my plans for serving my country and saving gas and rubber are spoiled and all my gas coupons are used up. But I'll think of something, darling, so you just stop worrying about me and concentrate on this war so you can finish it and come home again to your own

DAFFY.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"Beware of drafts" will have a new meaning now, with the lack of rubber for galluses coinciding with the three-inch cut in shirttails.

We've wondered when some of our masterminds would get around to it. The Beveridge report recognizes the housewife as a producing member of society. We would even go further and say that without housewives there would be no society.

There can be no unemployment for years to come when the war is over. The longer the war lasts, in fact, the longer the postwar prosperity must last.

The reason is obvious. "Depressions" come only when there is a surplus of goods. Assuming 16,000,000 men to have been diverted to wartime industry (a conservative estimate, since 3,600,000 were employed in automotive and allied products alone) and that 12,000,000 of these (also conservative) were producing for domestic use, it will take at least as long as the war period to replenish our domestic stocks. It is estimated that at least six months will be required to completely retool some of our present war industries for private production.

In his paper-hanging days Hitler should have pasted on the wall a cartoon that appeared in the old (now defunct) Life magazine. It might have saved countless lives by giving him a better perspective on his own insignificance.

The cartoon showed old Father Time suspended in space, his scythe over his shoulder and his nightshirt whipping about his bony knees. He was peering through a magnifying glass at a sphere about the size of a pea. Senile astonishment was written on his face, and he was saying, with a toothless grin: "Why, there's *live* things on it!"

Bleakest winter scene to come back by wire-photo from Russian front thus far showed an abandoned German gun in the foreground, and in the background snowdrifted graves of German dead stretching into the lifeless far distance.

Yet a significant detail stood out in that whitened desolation. No pagan markers had been reared above those lonely mounds, but the symbol of hope for the German people and all humanity: the Christian cross.

Last summer, when heat waves shimmered over the parched hills near Bakersfield, California, a vast fire broke out. It threatened farms, grazing lands, even a rich oil field. And all available men were gone. In a desperate experiment with desperate men, seventy-five convicts from Folsom Prison were taken out to fight the fire.

Most of the men were hardened criminals. Some were seeing the outside world for the first time in twenty years. How many would attempt a dash for liberty? None did.

After the fire had been put out, guards herded the weary, sweat-stained men back to prison. As the gray gates closed after them they seemed a little happier—not so sullen. One man was asked why.

"Pal," he said, "there's a war on. It was a chance to help. We know what it is to lose."

Only those who have lost it can appreciate the full meaning of freedom.

Our current inflation dilemma, with high wages forcing up the cost of living, and the cost of living, in turn, making higher wages necessary, is remindful of the two old plainsmen who were surprised some distance from their camp by an exceedingly short-tempered buffalo.

The pair sprinted up a near-by ridge, with the buffalo snorting at their heels. One scrambled up a small tree; the other spied a hole under the ledge and dived into it.

Soon the one in the hole crawled out again. The buffalo charged. He ducked in again. In a minute he crawled out once more. The buffalo drove him back again.

"Ye durn fool!" his companion shouted from the tree. "Stay in there, once."

"I can't!" came the harassed reply. "There's a b'ar in that hole!"

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

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ZEMO

PAPER CHASE

Continued from Page 21

house on West 110th Street." Her face lighted with a sudden inspiration. "Here's our lead. I'll call him up right away and make some excuse to go and see him. Maybe find out something about this Mercer."

She ran into the other room to get the telephone book. "I'm sure he'll remember me," she said. "I'll just say I'm in town for a few days and would like to see him again and when could I call."

"Doesn't he know you live in New York? Maybe he's seen your books and—"

"Not a chance. He's buried in the history of the Balkans. He wouldn't read stuff like that."

While she dialed the number, Jeff tore the few remaining pages out of the little book and held them over the vapor. Nothing showed up on them. The writing on the other sheet had turned brown by this time. He picked it up. The names confronted him like four riddles. Were they all to meet the same end as Kempen?

Elizabeth hung up with an impatient click. "The line's busy."

"I have to get married. I caught the bouquet at a wedding last week."

THE line was busy because Mr. Henry Ballister was conversing with Professor Frederick Rowe. He was pretending to be a man named Albert Mercer, and to his relief Professor Rowe indicated he did not disbelieve him.

"—and so, professor, here I am, on the rounds to collect the—ah—papers." Mr. Ballister tried to speak in the jovial manner Mr. Mercer had used. "When can I see you to make arrangements?"

Rowe's voice came over the wire, each word pronounced with care and exactness, each word distinct from the ones before and after it. Although this gave his speech a clipped English sound, there was no hiding the fact that English was not the tongue he was born to.

"There is the matter of identification first, of course," he said.

"Of course," said Mr. Ballister. "How about lunch at twelve at the Tavern? I'll have to make it early so we can do our business this afternoon. For reasons you can imagine, we are in a hurry."

"Yes. I have been expecting you for quite a while now—from the beginning of the unfortunate occurrence of last December. I am relieved that you are here."

Mr. Ballister didn't answer, not knowing what the professor meant, but the professor took his silence as a rebuke for too much conversation. Without further comment he agreed to the lunch, the time and place.

"Fine," said Mr. Ballister. "I will be there a few minutes early. When you come, just ask for my table."

"I understand. Good morning, Mr. Mercer."

Mr. Ballister put down the phone, picked up his cigarette from the bedside table and took a long deep drag. Carola was stretched out on the bed beside him. They were trying to rest and cool off on the cheap bed in the cheapest double room the Hotel Lanely had to offer.

Carola sighed happily. "Well, it worked," she said. "I feel good."

Her husband was more pessimistic.

"I'll feel better around three this afternoon, after the stuff is in my hands. The worst is yet to come."

"What do you mean, the worst?" Carola turned wide indignant eyes upon her husband. "I wish I were going to the Tavern for lunch. I wish I were going to have a nice fresh white roll and liverwurst and a plum tart and some cold, cold beer."

"I have an idea I won't be tasting the food. I'm going to be nervous. Out of practice, I guess."

"You're not fooling me." Her voice was full of contempt. "You're worried about last night on the train."

"All right. I am."

Her fists clenched. "Good heavens, what is the matter with you?" she raged. "Is it age creeping up at last?"

"No; it's murder creeping up at last."

"Why not? It had to come sometime, didn't it? If you hadn't been so rotten sentimental once before, we wouldn't be here now in this dingy dump—risking our own necks."

"I'm just wondering if that was the right way to begin our career in America."

"Right way! Cheating, stealing, blackmailing—that's O. K. with you. But a bullet where necessary, and your stomach turns. Where have you gotten us? You've ruined us. From now on I take over and you can keep your compunctions to yourself."

"I have no compunctions, as you call it," he answered her coldly; "just a certain amount of caution."

"How is that job going to be traced to us? They can't prove anything just because we were seen in the club car with him. By the time the gun's found it'll be mighty weathered. What's making you so shaky?"

"I'll tell you what." Henry Ballister swung himself off the bed and paced the dingy room. "The way Mercer acted last night. Didn't you find it peculiar?"

"He was furious because we'd outmaneuvered him. It's no fun to have

some one cut in on a good racket."

"But there's more to it than a racket. Racketeers don't go about elaborately identifying themselves to their victims. This menu, this peculiar way of carrying about wills and lists of securities!"

"They're being devilishly clever, that's all. That's probably why Mercer was so infuriated—to think we'd got on to his tricks in spite of it."

"Maybe. A big maybe. We'll soon know." He stopped his pacing and glanced at his wrist watch. "I'm going down to buy some papers. If Rowe happens to read anything before our appointment, I'll bet I never live to finish that lunch."

Carola groaned. "Mercer—there must be a hundred people in New York named Mercer. It's only a little better than Smith. Why should he suspect a connection between you and anything he reads in the papers? Get yourself a drink while you're downstairs. You need one."

He went over to the dresser and picked up some bills and change that lay on it. "There isn't much money left. You know we hadn't counted on the plane tickets from Syracuse."

"I know. I know. It was bad luck that Mercer wasn't carrying any of the money in the briefcase. I wonder where he arranged to have it mailed to him." Carola closed her eyes and tried to restrain herself from screaming at him. "If you hadn't been in such a hurry to get out we might have found a few hundred in his wallet."

"Perhaps I shouldn't spend money on a drink—"

"For pity's sake, take the money and buy yourself a good stiff brandy; anything to keep you from sniveling." She was screaming as the door closed behind him.

She lay back on the bed and stared at the soiled, discolored ceiling. There were three cracks in it just above her head. They made a little triangle with a handle, just like a good thick lamb chop, she thought. She closed her eyes again and tried not to think how hungry she was.

JEFF read a whole page in the tenth chapter of Death Takes a Somersault while Elizabeth was talking to Professor Rowe on the phone. Neither the reading nor the talk took more than a minute.

When Elizabeth put the phone down, she was feeling moderately triumphant.

"There!" she said. "Without me, just how could you have managed to get yourself invited to Professor Rowe's for cocktails today?"

"Did you say I was coming too?"

"I told him I had a friend with me, and he was very polite. He's the politest man I've ever met in my life, counting you. It seems to be bred in the bones of these Europeans."

"Isn't he an American?"

"No. Didn't I tell you? You'll know as soon as you hear him talk. I'm not sure what he is. Just something Central European. But he's been in this country for years and years—since he was a young man. He's not a refugee. He came over long before the Hitler business started."

"What are his feelings about that—business?"

"If he's a friend of mine, just what do you suppose his feelings are?" She sounded offended.

"You know what I meant. He may have changed his attitude. You haven't seen him for six years."

"All I know about him is that he was a terrific liberal. A real anti-Fascist. He impressed it on us all the time."

"Good." Jeff shut Death Takes a Somersault and sat down at the table again.

"How do you like it?" She pointed to the book.

"I bet I know who done it."

"You looked at the end."

"No, just the middle. I don't know a thing except that it's about circus acrobats. But from reading that one page where Tulio Faracini makes the long speech about testing the ropes himself before the fatal performance—I know he did it."

"How?"

"He doth protest too much. He didn't have to go into such vivid detail about the tests if they were his routine—unless he was trying to hide his guilt. Am I right?"

"You're right." Elizabeth laughed again as she had laughed the first time on the train. "One reviewer called that book a *'tour de force,* full of circus lore and the smell of sawdust.' I thought he was very kind to blame it on the sawdust."

"By the way, what time does your polite friend serve cocktails?"

"Politely late. He said he couldn't possibly see us before six."

"I wonder if his business is with a good-looking couple."

"You ought to write books too. Big scene: We walk in at six, find other cocktail guests are a certain *femme fatale* and her boy friend."

"Chances are they're married."

"Now don't take all the dramatic possibilities out of it."

"Anyway, what would they want

"Well, dear, you're always bringing soldiers and sailors for dinner, so I decided to do my part too."

with Rowe? They're probably a good safe distance away, counting all the dough in that briefcase. Say," Jeff jumped up, "I'm going down to the corner to get some papers. There ought to be something in them by now. If this Mercer was a somebody around here, maybe there'll be all the information about him that we need right in the papers. Then we won't have to go and drink cocktails."

Elizabeth handed him his hat. "If we do go to see the professor," she said, "we'd better rehearse exactly how much and what we are going to tell him."

"Right. I'll be back in a few minutes."

JEFF came back with the papers and a frustrated expression. They would have to go to see Rowe after all. Mercer's murder was reported fairly prominently as a mystery killing in one tabloid, but relegated to a small story on the inside pages of the other newspapers. The reason it was buried was that neither the police nor any one else knew a thing about Mr. Mercer. The body bore no identification whatsoever. A waiter had reported hearing him addressed as "Mr. Mercer" by a man and woman who were drinking with him in the club car. The police were now trying to locate the man and woman.

A YOUNG man with a bulging forehead and the rest of his face squeezed together beneath it, opened the door of Professor Rowe's apartment to Jeff and Liz.

"Please be seated," he said. "Professor Rowe will be with you in a moment." He indicated the cigarettes and retired quietly into an adjoining room. Soon the sound of a typewriter came from the room.

Elizabeth formed her mouth for a silent whistle and looked about the spacious well furnished parlor. "He's either married a rich wife or come into a legacy," she whispered.

There was indeed a feeling of richness in the room's Orientals and gleaming mahogany furniture, a richness one would not expect to find around the modest-salaried professor Elizabeth had described. Expensiveness was apparent where it meant the most, in the fine details: A fine jade ash tray, an intricately carved wooden screen, rich bronze fittings on the desk. Jeff sat near enough to the desk to notice, too, a yellowish photograph in an oval frame. He picked it up and together he and Elizabeth looked at it. It was a picture of two young men, wearing breeches and puttees, leaning against a motorcar of very early vintage. The automobile, with its bug-eyed headlights and high canvas top, looked comic and frail, but the young men were beaming with great satisfaction out of their thin faces. Yet somehow, Jeff thought, there was something pathetic about the picture.

He was about to say so to Elizabeth when Professor Rowe appeared in the doorway. He saw what was in Jeff's hand, and a look of annoyance passed over his face. Half guiltily Jeff put the picture down. He realized he had been looking into the impoverished past of the finely tailored white-haired man who was walking toward them. There was a distinct resemblance between the professor and one of the young men alongside the car.

The professor greeted Elizabeth with warmth.

"This is my friend, Mr. Piper," said Elizabeth.

The professor bowed. Jeff saw now that the dwindling light in the room had made the professor's hair seem white. It was really a very light blond. He had a large healthy face with flawless moist-looking skin and high color. Behind his rimless glasses his eyes looked like pale blue marbles. He had filled out amply since the day of the photograph.

"I hope we haven't come at a busy time for you," said Elizabeth.

"My dear child," the professor took a cigarette and fitted it precisely into a slender black holder, "it is a pleasure to see you. How many years is it now?"

"About six."

"Yes, about. And not even a Christmas card I have had from you, my dear Elizabeth," he said half playfully, half reproachfully. "I thought you had forgotten me."

"I SENT a Christmas card every year," said Elizabeth. "You have moved, you know. They must have been lost at your old address."

"Oh," the professor nodded gravely, "that is so. I shall perhaps be going back to that house soon. You remember it? This belongs to a friend who has been away. He was kind enough to permit me to use it. Now he is coming back. Like a fairy story, I return to my pumpkin, eh?" He sighed. "I am spoiled, but there is nothing I can do."

"But that's too bad—"

"Perhaps it shall not be too bad," said the professor, and a little of the proud expression in the photograph returned. "My book is finished. Hear that?" He gestured toward the room where the typewriter was clicking. "That is the last chapter. I had to resign from the university to devote myself to this work—"

"If you must eat peanut brittle, madam, please wait till the battle scene!"

"Then you've finally found time to do the book!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I hope it will have a great sale."

"It might. Not as well as yours, however."

Elizabeth's mouth dropped open.

"Yes," he continued, "I have read your books. Quite nice, my dear child. Not so subtle as I myself would prefer, but quite nice. I was tempted once or twice to write you a fan letter. Then perhaps you would have come to see me sooner, eh?" He turned on his peculiar smile. "Tell me, what has made you remember a very dry dull old man after all this time?"

"As a matter of fact, professor, it was something—well, something queer." Elizabeth began the story that she and Jeff had rehearsed. "Mr. Piper and I returned to New York on the same train last night. In the club car we found a little memorandum book—you know, the kind people carry for addresses. Some one had dropped it, and while we were looking for the name of the owner, we found your name and address written in it, so evidently the owner of the book knew you, too."

THE professor's expression did not change but his fingers tapped sharply on his cigarette.

"When I saw your name, I remembered all the good talks we had had and the History Club, and I wanted very much to see you again. I told Mr. Piper that this was one of the first things I was going to do when we got to New York."

The professor's fingers kept on tapping, although the ash had long since dropped off.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, here I am," said Elizabeth brightly.

"Well, whose address book was it?"

"Oh," Elizabeth hesitated. The girl's an actress, thought Jeff. Her timing is wonderful.

"Oh?"

"Well, I'm afraid that's an unpleasant bit of the story. I—I hope he wasn't a very close friend of yours."

"Who?" Rowe's tone was sharp.

"Mr. Mercer. I suppose you read in the papers that he was killed on the train."

"Killed on the train!" The words leaped from the professor's throat.

"Oh dear, was he a very good friend of yours, professor?"

The professor seemed trying hard to get himself under control. "No, no. I can't even recall that I know a person by such a name. I—I am just deeply shocked at such a—at such an incident. How—how was this person killed?"

"The police don't know yet. You see, we never got to meet him. The porter said he'd seen a Mr. Mercer with a book like that and would take it to him. That's all we thought about it until this afternoon, when we read in a newspaper that a man identified as Mr. Mercer was found shot to death on the train."

The professor stood up suddenly. His rosy cheeks had turned pale.

"A dreadful thing," he murmured. "I can't think who the man could be. A—a book agent maybe." His voice was thick in his throat. "You will excuse me—I am going to get some drinks." He walked hastily through the door.

He had been gone only a minute when the big-brained young man appeared.

"Professor Rowe sends his regrets and hopes you will forgive him," he announced formally. "He feels very ill and has to lie down. He begs you to call on him again soon."

"Why, I'm so sorry," said Elizabeth. "Is there anything that we can do?"

"No, thank you," said the young man, moving toward the door. "The professor's health has not been very good for a long time."

Jeff saw they were being ushered out. He wanted this fathead to know he realized he was being pushed. "We understand," he said. "You may tell him that a client of mine in Cleveland became very ill at the mention of Mr. Mercer's name also."

The young man's eyes flickered as he closed the door gently after them.

JEFF looked down into Elizabeth's astonished face and put his fingers to his lips. Without a word they took the elevator down to the first floor, walked through the foyer and out of the building. Jeff kept his lips grimly closed as he steered Elizabeth up the walk to the apartment house next door and stepped with her into a tiled entranceway.

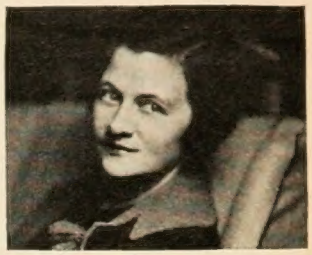
"Whatever made you say that?" she asked him. "You've spoiled everything now, you—you amateur! You've ruined our chances of finding out anything from him. Now he'll know we know a lot more than we told him. He'll know we were lying—"

"That's right," Jeff said. "He'll know we were lying, and now we know he was lying. That makes us even."

"Don't you see he'll be on his guard now? It probably won't do any good to try to see him again."

"Listen, Liz. You don't think we'll have to try, do you? We'll see plenty of him or that ghoulish houseboy of his without trying from now on. I imagine they'll want to keep an eye on us."

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



HERE IS REITA LAMBERT, whose delightful but somewhat delirious Daffy you first met in January 16 Liberty and who reappears in this issue. Daffy promises to flit through our pages from time to time, so watch out for her amusing visits. After the Pearl Harbor tragedy, Miss Lambert, who has eight romantic novels to her credit, thought she could never write again, but came to realize that laughter was sorely needed in the old world. Hence Daffy.

AFTER YOU READ
On Guadalcanal with the Marines, in this issue, you will more than ever appreciate the power of their rousing motto, "Attack!" and why they always "have the situation well in hand." The Red Devils picked up where Jimmy Roosevelt and his buddies left off, and one of them, Lieutenant Donald E. McCafferty, gives us an eyewitness scoop from behind the headlines.

FREDERICK VAN RYN, author of Lady with the Haunting Voice, which begins on page 12, is the man whose pen made Once a Grand Duke and Always a Grand Duke such fascinating biography that they became best sellers. In Ethel Barrymore he found a subject after his own heart (and ours)—the First Lady of the American stage, a great actress and a great woman.

A SIGHT OF THE WEEK:
Two little hairless Mexican pooches having their blankets, harnesses, and leashes changed from black to colored toggery in a swanky store. "They're just out of mourning for their master," explained the clerk.

THE EDITORS

"Well, what are we waiting in here for? To make it easy for them?"

"That's right. When I know I'm being followed, I can think of the damnedest places to go." Jeff leaned forward again and glanced at the entrance. "Look, Liz," he whispered. She stepped cautiously up to the door. Her caution wasn't necessary. Professor Rowe had come out of the apartment next door. He strode to the curb, beckoned an empty taxicab to him, spoke briefly to the driver, got in, and slammed the door. Jeff grabbed Elizabeth's arm and together they ran toward another taxi.

"Follow the cab ahead," Jeff instructed the driver as they climbed into the back. After they were in, they realized that this was the last cab they should have selected for such an errand. The driver, it is true, was roofed over in the front section, but the top had been rolled down and the back of the cab was entirely open.

BEFORE Jeff and Elizabeth had time to more than stare at each other in consternation, the driver gave them another reason for regretting their selection. He had raced after Rowe's cab as soon as Jeff had spoken to him and now, in an exuberant desire to please, he drew up alongside of it just as an intersection light turned red. There they were, sitting almost as close to the professor and certainly as exposed to his gaze as they had been a few minutes before in his own parlor. The professor turned his head slowly and leaned forward to peer out of his window. His round nearsighted blue eyes seemed to look through them as completely as if they had been made of cellophane. There was neither recognition nor a threat in his gaze, but simply a terrifying emptiness. Jeff and Elizabeth stared back at him as if hypnotized. Then the light changed and his cab pulled ahead.

"Want I should keep following him, Bud?" the driver asked.

"There's no use now, is there?" Elizabeth asked Jeff. "He's not going to let us follow him to any place important."

"No. Never mind," Jeff told the driver.

"O. K. Where to, Bud?"

Elizabeth shuddered a little. "Jeff," she said, "let's go somewhere where there's music and lights and a lot of nice normal people."

Where is Professor Rowe going? Can Jeff and Liz pick up his track again and find out something about the mystery of Mercer and the four wills? Next week the chase becomes dangerous for the amateur sleuths.

VACATION IN 1953

IT is a Sunday morning. Joe Doakes and his wife stand in the rotunda of the immense Pan American Clipper terminal in San Francisco.

At the far end, where the water lies, the tails of the mighty Clippers project into the structure from the huge hulls afloat beyond. All around flows the hustle and hurry of international commerce, surpassing the old days before the war when only ships sailed the seas.

Joe Doakes, average man, and his wife are off around the world.

The cost of air travel? Well, within the means of fellows like Joe.

Time and distance? These have lost their meaning.

Joe and his wife board the Clipper, big as a flying hotel and as comfortable. First stop: Honolulu, six hours away. The Pacific slides underneath at better than 400 miles an hour as Joe and his missus relax, stroll about, eat in the sumptuous dining salon.

Hawaii, busy crossroads of air commerce, is reached in midafternoon. Time to look around, go for a swim, plan the next day's sight-seeing.

Monday night finds Joe and his wife sound asleep aloft, on the way to Manila, fourteen hours nonstop from Honolulu. They spend the whole of Tuesday in the capital of the thriving Philippine Republic, a model of democratic self-rule among dark-skinned peoples.

Now comes the high spot of the trip for Joe—an overnight side excursion to the old battlefield of Guadalcanal, with its beautiful monument and memorial cemetery. Here Joe fought with the Marines during the Great War. The names on the crosses bring back memories. He gets the feeling that every man who lies here is glad he fought, and glad of his sacrifice for victory.

Back to Manila Thursday, and on to Shanghai. Friday in Shanghai, new metropolis of the East and capital of China. The menace of the short, squat people across the Yellow Sea is now only a memory. Shrunk within the confines of their insignificant islands, they expiate their sins of blood and aggression.

Saturday and Sunday are spent in Moscow, chief city of heroic Russia, mighty land of industry and agriculture, whose men and women, tempered in the fires of war, are proud of themselves and their country.

Monday afternoon finds Joe and his wife in Paris after a quick flight over the countries of the Danubian Confederation. These lands at last have found peace in unity and mutual effort toward increasing prosperity.

Paris is a more sober city than it was in the old days. Even now the effect of defeat and enemy occupation are visible in the faces of the people. It will be a few years yet before the French nation realizes its resurrection.

England is well worth the three days, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, spent there. There's much to see and enjoy. The beautifully rebuilt city of London strikes a new, modern note in a land of changeless tradition. The war has left its scars, but England is still England.

Saturday and Sunday bring Joe and his wife across the Atlantic and home, with ample time to spare for a whole day in New York.

The above is a vision, but it is not visionary. The machines to make this possible are even now in development. The aviation industry in the heat and shock of war is forging out the wings of peace. Ten years from now the world will be shrunk by the airliner to become the domain of everyman and his wife.

Paul Hunter

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

PORTLAND: ACE HOST TO FIGHTING MEN

BY VICTORIA CASE

A SAILOR pushed open the door of a six-story building downtown in Portland, Oregon, and straddled a stool at the snack bar. He downed a quart of Grade A milk, a lemon pie, jelly roll, and a double ice cream. He chose a cigarette, thanked the hostesses, and relaxed.

"First home-cooked food I've had in six months," he said to a corporal sitting next to him.

The corporal grinned. "I waited until payday and came heeled, but they won't take my money. I'm sure glad I made Portland on this move."

The George A. White Service Men's Center is devoted to giving away anything and everything that looks like home to a man in service. The Center was a year old last November. It is named after the late Adjutant General George Ared White, soldier and writer, who trained his nucleus of an army through the years after 1918, looking to the day when hell would bust loose again. But he died less than a month before Pearl Harbor. The Center is an embodiment of the things he worked to defend.

Already more than 300,000 enlisted men have pushed their chests up to the snack bar.

"You're crazy," said an enlisted man from the sidewalks of New York. "You're giving away real food here and not getting a nickel back. Where's your percentage?"

Just then a woman brought in a birthday cake. She looked down the row of young faces and said shakily, "It's my boy's birthday. He's somewhere at sea, so I thought maybe some other boys might like a piece of his birthday cake."

That is Portland's percentage.

This "giveaway" game is Portland's alone. Money comes from private gifts, business firms, social groups, and Portland's own exclusive war chest. The building is made available by a man who could have rented it for possibly $20,000 a month. Each piece of furniture in the lobby was made or given by some individual or paid for by a lodge, union, or business firm.

One day a bedraggled G. I. man asked, "Do you know where I can get a shave? I haven't any money." He'd been on the road three days hitching home, with his leave near its end. "Grandma will think I'm a hobo," he said.

"You get along to the sixth floor," the hostess told him.

He found electric and manual razors, shaving cream, soap, towels, hot water, a brand-new toothbrush and paste. When he came down, grinning, she had coffee for him, sandwiches, hot coffeecake and hot doughnuts, four kinds of fruit. Beside his plate was a bus ticket for the last eighty miles home. His grandmother wrote the Center: "Thanks for being so good to my boy. I'm all the family he has."

Ordinarily visitors are left to themselves if they want to be. But when a woman in dark clothes sought a seat in a far corner the hostess kept an eye on her. When she began to wipe her eyes, the hostess came over.

"My two boys joined the marines early in the game," she explained, "and they're both missing since February. I thought I could take it, but I can't. I came down here to watch some of these other boys, alive and enjoying themselves, to see if it would ease me up."

A first-class private bore down on them, clutching chevrons. "Excuse me. I've just been made a corporal, and I'm meeting my best girl in ten minutes. Could somebody sew these stripes on?"

The mother was already on her feet. "If I had a needle and thread—"

The hostess motioned toward the elevator. "Fifth floor; everything you need."

Three hours later the mother came down again. "Thank you," she said happily. "I seem to be extra good at stripes. I've ripped off a dozen and sewed them on right. I'm coming every day, if I may."

The snack bar is operated by women's groups on one-week shifts. They bring along at least 40 per cent of the food, prepare and serve it, wash dishes, clean up.

Garden clubs keep fresh flowers in the lobby. Vaudeville artists and musicians perform upstairs. Junior hostesses drop in, and so do older ones. The neighborhood barbers will come in and cut hair free.

The Center holds mail, makes appointments, offers a place for boy to meet girl by appointment. Its loud-speaker tells of arrangements for free outings and excursions.

One night a gob said, "Know what I'd like to have? A music lesson. And we're leaving at midnight."

The hostess said, "Well! Maybe I can arrange it." And a music teacher came and gave the lesson.

"Thanks," the gob said. "I don't stay in one place long, so I take a lesson whenever I can. I've had six so far, on four continents. I'm planning to take the last one in Berlin some day!"

THE END

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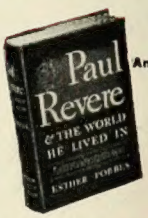

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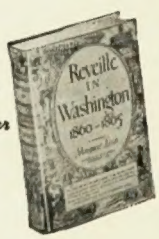

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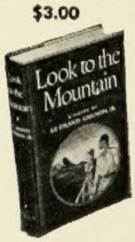

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